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Collier's

May 18, 1940

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AT WEEKLY

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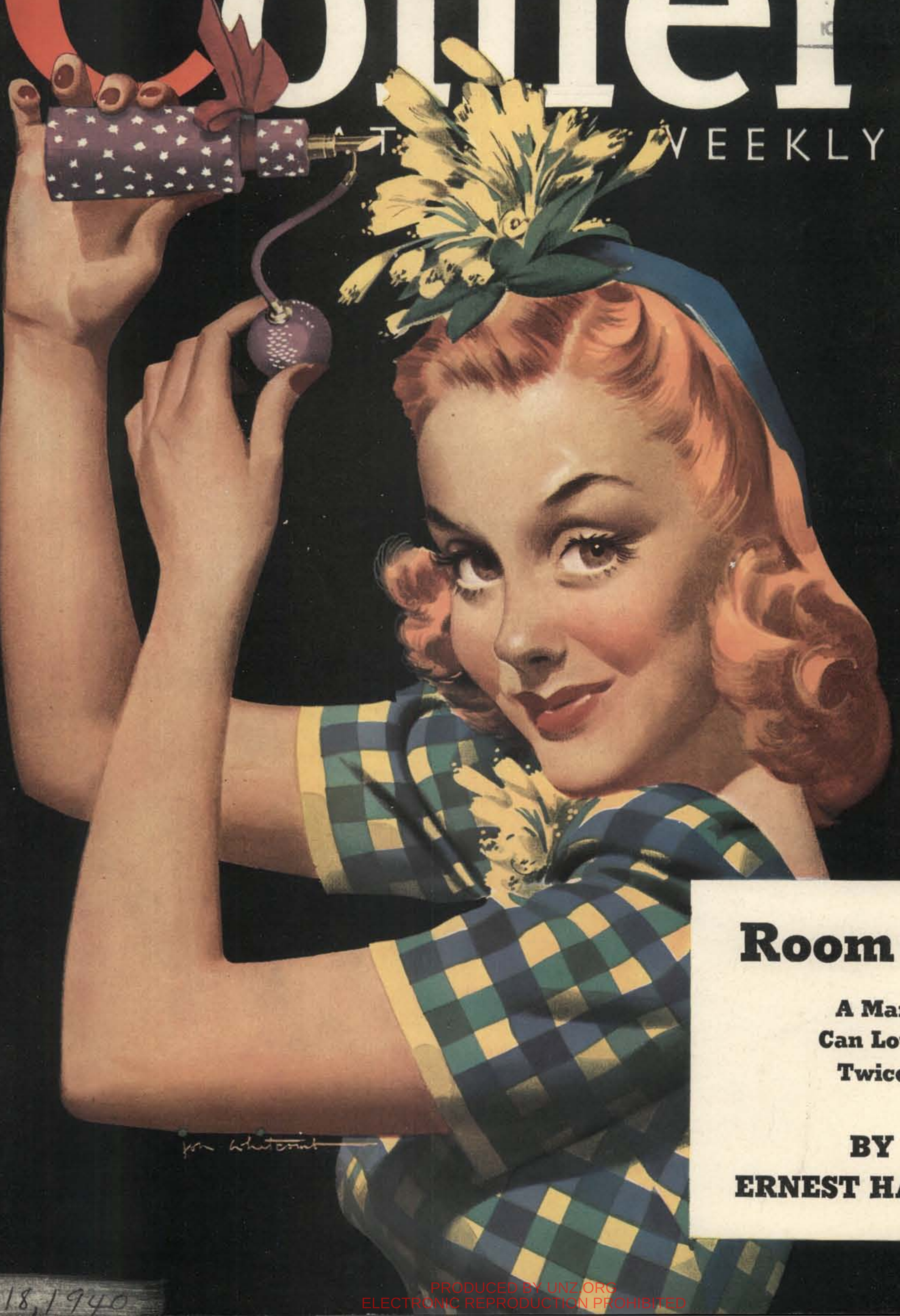

Room 515

A Man
Can Love
Twice

BY
ERNEST HAYCOX

May 18, 1940

Some arguments we refuse to settle...

SAYS ONE—"An Old-Fashioned isn't a real Old-Fashioned unless it includes fruit—orange, lemon, pineapple, cherry . . ."

SAYS ANOTHER—"Not for me! A twist of lemon peel, yes. But more than that is an unforgivable trespass on fine whiskey!"

ONE CLAIMS—"No Manhattan Cocktail should be called a Manhattan unless it is made with Italian Vermouth!"

ANOTHER COUNTERS—"Perhaps, you've never tasted a *real* Manhattan—made partly with Italian Vermouth and partly with *French* Vermouth!"

FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

—and one argument that never comes up

WHICH WHISKEY to use is never a matter of question—provided both sides have once tasted Four Roses.

So follow your own ideas for making your favorite drink. But let the most important part of it be this grand old whiskey . . . a whiskey we *know* is the finest we've ever made . . . a whiskey we sincerely *believe* is the finest in America.

Every drop of Four Roses is distilled in the slow, costly, old-time way—the *one* way in which a truly great whiskey can be produced. Moreover, Four Roses is not just *one* straight whiskey. It is *several* straight whiskies—each outstanding for some special virtue—combined into *one* whiskey that is finer still.

Try Four Roses today—at home or at your favorite bar. We'll wager that your first sip will convince you it's the finest whiskey you've ever tasted. *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof
The straight whiskies in Four Roses are four years or more old

GET THE CAR THAT GIVES YOU MOST!

OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS–
Plymouth has 21...Car "2" has 11...Car "3" has 8

USE THIS EASY "ONE-TWO" WAY

THE 1940 QUALITY CHART
PLYMOUTH IS MOST LIKE THE HIGH-PRICED CARS

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS

2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF

1 **See the 1940 Quality Chart to discover what each of "All 3" low-priced cars gives you in size...comfort...economy...in fine engineering. You'll be amazed at the differences!**

2 **Take the 1940 Plymouth's Luxury Ride to learn how much more enjoyment is yours when you drive the one low-priced car that is most like the high-priced cars! It's delightful!**

SEE THE FACTS before you buy! Compare size, features, riding comfort, the new "One-Two" way! *Then*—buy the car that gives you *most for your money!*

The 1940 Quality Chart shows you that only Plymouth of "All 3" *low-priced* cars gives you a majority of the 22 important features found in *high-priced* cars.

Only Plymouth gives you a 117-inch wheelbase...coil springs on *all models*...a big, *Floating Power* "L-head" engine.

See the revealing 1940 Quality Chart at any Dodge, De Soto, or Chrysler dealer's. Then take Plymouth's great Luxury Ride for still further *proof* of Plymouth's finer quality! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P.M., E.D.S.T.
SEE THE NEW LOW-PRICED 1940 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

PLYMOUTH

COUPES START AT	SEDANS START AT
$645	$699

DELIVERED IN DETROIT, MICH., including front and rear bumpers, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (21.6 cubic feet). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

EASY TO BUY

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

May 18, 1940

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK GERVASI	Mediterranean
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports	MARTHA GELLHORN	Scandinavia
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
		JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

WITH war flaming in Europe, the sleepy New England town of Wallisport finds itself the scene of international intrigue, conspiracy, sabotage and murder. And in it are caught Hope Shaler, who betrays her lover to save a man she scarcely knows, and Natalie Gabriel, who comes to love the man she has done her utmost to destroy. "Rain Before Seven" is an exciting story of modern espionage, forbidden love and ruthless passions that blend together into a tense novel. The first installment of this new serial by John August begins next week. It will keep you at fever pitch every moment.

ITALY'S destiny lies in the hands of three men: Mussolini, powerful dictator of today; his son-in-law Count Ciano, who has already been selected as tomorrow's Duce; and a very tough young man named Ettore Muti, who is secretary general of the Fascist party and No. 3 Blackshirt. Muti is a close friend of Ciano and wields tremendous authority in Italy. As soldier, early Fascist agitator and catch-as-catch-can skull-cracking tough guy, he came to power the hard way. Frank Gervasi, Collier's roving correspondent, tells you Muti's story, reports on the Italian political line-up of today and forecasts what it will be "When Mussolini Steps Down."

WHAT if the birds that fly south each autumn didn't return in the spring? Just a matter of interest to bird lovers? No, it's much more important than that. For without birds we would be faced with startling catastrophes — crop failures, reduced livestock production and even the loss of our oyster beds. Insect pests would rule the land and man's puny efforts to control them would be foredoomed to failure. S. Dillon Ripley points out the importance of our feathered allies to our economic order in "We Eat If They Do." Proving the point with two pages of beautiful full-color illustrations of birds at work.

IMBUED with the spring spirit, we present two grand sports stories: John and Ward Hawkins' "Double or Nothing," and Octavus Roy Cohen's "Spring Training." Alice-Leone Moats introduces you to Lord Lothian, Great Britain's astute ambassador in Washington. Ernest Haycox writes a powerful story of social distinctions in the pioneer West. And you'll also enjoy the choice contributions of Sidney Herschel Small, Quentin Reynolds, Curtis Vinson and others.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

JEROME WEIDMAN
A Girl to Leave Behind. A modern man finds that ancient customs are best. Page 9

ERNEST HAYCOX
Room 515. What a small town can do to a great love. Page 14

WILLIAM MacHARG
Too Much Proof. Detective O'Malley sifting the evidence. Page 17

ROARK BRADFORD
Call Your Sheep. There are saints as well as sinners on Little Bee. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Good Hunting, by Charlotte Hall. Page 22

SERIAL STORIES

LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN
Appointment in India. Conclusion. Here's the culprit. Page 16

KATHLEEN NORRIS
The Secret of the Marshbanks. The sixth of twelve parts. Cherry's first proposal. Page 24

ARTICLES

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W. B. COURTNEY
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HENRY L. JACKSON
Pick a Straw. Your hot-weather hat. Page 18

D. H. DUBROWSKY
How Stalin Steals Our Money. Conclusion. A racket that never ends. Page 23

STANLEY ROSS and AVERY HALE
Made for Speed. Pop Jacoby's boats bring home the blue ribbons. Page 58

●

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Keep Up with the World. Page 6

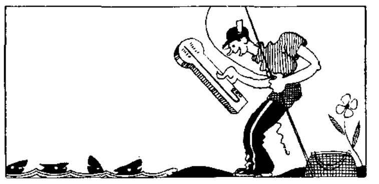
EDITORIAL
When Citizens Act. Page 74

COVER JON WHITCOMB

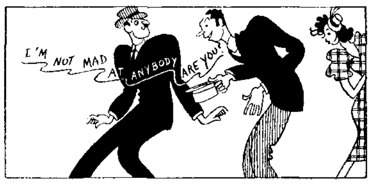
Any Week

CONTINENTAL AIR LINES, INC., can feel no worse about this than we do. It is our custom to submit articles and fiction dealing with aviation to aeronautical experts before publication. But we recently published a story—Night Watch, by Robert Carson—that escaped this acid bath. The result: We're somewhat scarlet. No expert saw the piece because we regarded it as a radio romance with aviation a minor incidental. We'll not do that again. We shouldn't have overlooked, for example, that, storm or no storm, field lights or none, all air transports carry emergency flares and are equipped with landing lights, enabling them to land without ground lights. And we certainly had no business to use the name of Continental Air Lines. As you may suspect, we're sorry. We're advised by Mr. C. C. West, Jr., Continental's general sales manager, that his line has had "a perfect operation record since its beginning in 1931."

MAYBE we let that one get by while lost in reflection about the numerous things in the world we don't want. For example, we don't want to be protected by Mr. Hitler. Nor do we want Mr. Chamberlain's assurances of assistance when we are in danger. Nor do we covet the viewpoint of Mr. B. B. Salt of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who gathers from this magazine an occasional tendency of its editors to "spout rotten Red pacifism propaganda which would make sissies of the sons of the AEF and spit in the faces of the heroes of Concord, Yorktown, Appomattox, San Juan Hill and Flanders fields." We've tried hard but cannot recall having been as objectionable as Mr. Salt says. Anyway, we'd hate to feel as bad about it as Mr. Salt, who concludes: "I hope you got sons of military age and they get drafted first."



SO WE'RE thinking of buying a reliable barometer and going fishing. Until we heard from Mr. Brainerd C. Snider of Lincoln, Illinois, we had no idea how important a barometer is to the angler. Since 1937, fishermen have been collecting data on the subject and relaying it to Mr. Snider. For example, you'll do well not to go fishing on a falling barometer. Wait until it is high or at least rising. A reading of 29.90 inches (approximately sea-level pressure) means average fishing, finds Mr. Snider. Below that it's scarcely worth while to throw bait or lure into the water. "Fish," he reports, "particularly the larger specimens, lie in deeper water and show diminishing activity when the pressure is low." Mr. Snider will be glad to tell you about it. And you need have no fear of misinformation. Mr. Snider is the son of a Presbyterian minister.


I'M NOT MAD AT ANYBODY ARE YOU?

WE'RE about to join the I'm Not Mad at Anybody movement started recently by Mr. Harry Young of Alameda, California. Mr. Young is widely known in California as The Hired Man. Mr. Young says that war and similar idiocies can be avoided or even halted if everybody adopts his slogan. He suggests that each of us—soldiers and civilians—pause every half-hour and, turning to his nearest neighbor, repeat the words loudly and clearly: "I'm not mad at anybody, are you?" We tried it on a gentleman who was standing near us in a theater lobby. He seemed a little frightened and moved away. We saw him talking to a policeman and nodding in our direction. But all good crusades have their bad moments.

SOME weeks ago Mr. Ben Knott of St. Louis, Missouri, was fired. For two years he had been in the shipping department of a large manufacturing corporation and thought that he was going great when, one Friday afternoon, the boss told him they'd try struggling along without him. So he registered with an employment agent who, presently, informed him that a couple of jobs were open. One was in the outfit that had fired him. "So I went over and got the job," reports Mr. Knott. "It's in another department and I get five bucks more a week than I got in the job they fired me from. When they asked me who I worked for last I made up a name of a firm and the guy who hired me said they had several men who used to work for that outfit and all of them were good men. Sometimes I think this world is kinda screwy."

KINDA? W. D.

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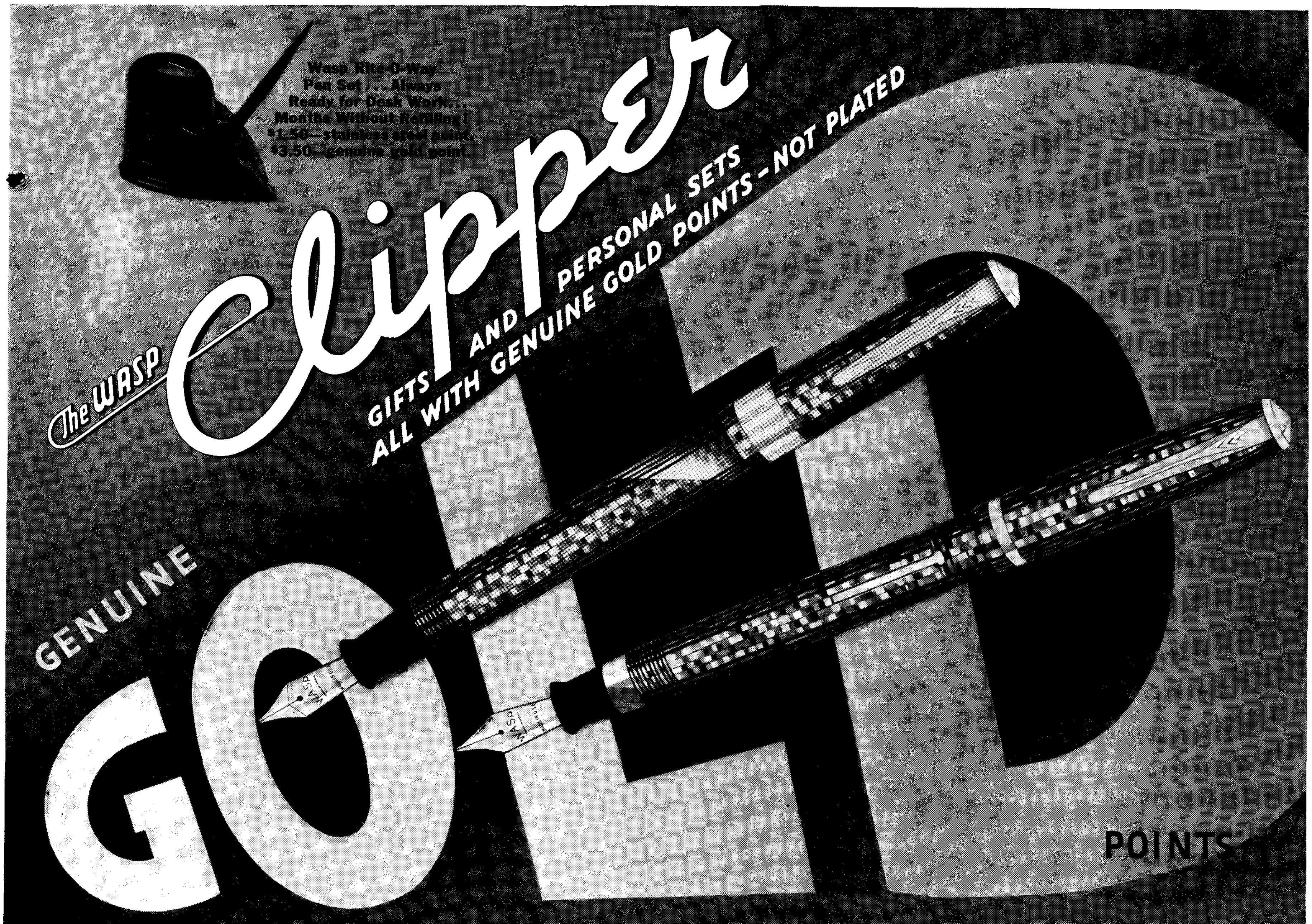


Wasp Rite-O-Way Pen Set . . . Always Ready for Desk Work . . . Months Without Refilling! $1.50—stainless steel point. $3.50—genuine gold point.

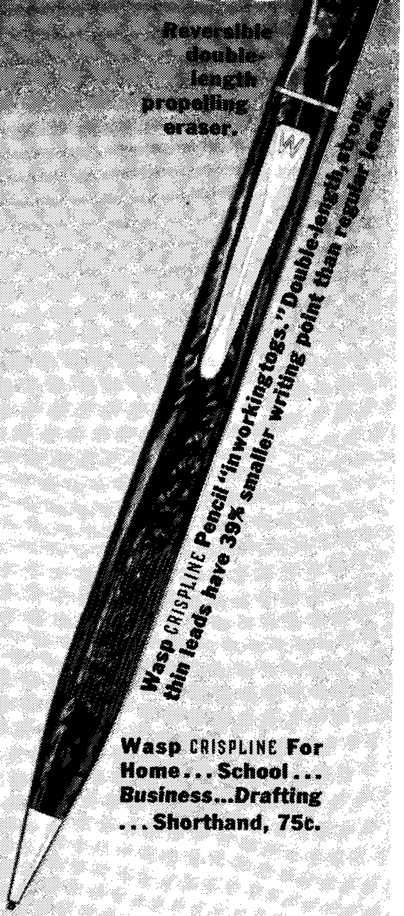
LASTING SATISFACTION STARTS WITH PEN POINTS OF GOLD

The WASP Clipper

De Luxe Super-Value Set, $7.50 Complete. Set illustrated, $5.

Set Complete, $3.95. Pieces bought separately, $4.95. Other Sets, $2.95, $1.95.

There isn't a brass or gold plated pen point in the entire reasonably-priced WASP CLIPPER line. WASP CLIPPER pen points are genuine 12K gold—long-lived, and non-corrosive. You buy a pen to write with, and only genuine gold—not gold plate—assures lasting writing satisfaction; Clippers are made to give you today's performance years from now. More than that, their fine iridium tips assure SMOOTH writing. There is full-length fluid visibility in Vacuum type CLIPPERS; a visible "warning to re-fill" in lever-type models—both types are ONE-STROKE fillers which fill and empty WITH FORCE. One stroke of the filler FLUSHES the pen clean, an impossible feat with multiple-stroke pens. In gorgeous gift sets, WASP CLIPPERS are mated with Thinline—the new permanently sharp pencil sensation. Wasp GOLD POINTED pens are priced at $5, $3.95, $2.95, $1.95 and $1.25—sets from $7.50 to $1.95. Get CLIPPER, get GOLD, get satisfaction!



Reversible double-length propelling eraser.

Wasp CRISPLINE Pencil "in working togs." Double-length, strong, thin leads have 39% smaller writing point than regular leads.

Wasp CRISPLINE For Home . . . School . . . Business . . . Drafting . . . Shorthand, 75c.

NOW 144% MORE *Skrip* CAPACITY THAN OLD-STYLE PENS

MADE IN THE PEN CAPITAL OF AMERICA

THE WASP PEN CO. INC. FORT MADISON • IOWA • U.S.A.

IT'S HEADLINE NEWS
with Working Girls . . . Everywhere!

Telephone Operator— "When you're living on what a telephone operator earns, a dentifrice, like Listerine Tooth Paste, that costs so little and lasts so long is a mighty welcome bargain," says Sally Graham.

Movie Usher— Here's how Vivian Palmer enthuses about Listerine Tooth Paste. "$18 a week doesn't leave you much extra spending money. It's certainly a big help when you can keep the cost of tooth paste down to less than ½¢ a day!"

Radio Writer— "The New Listerine Tooth Paste is simply grand!" says Helen Jemison. "It keeps my teeth sparkling white and, think of it! it actually costs me less than ½¢ a day!"

New Economy Tooth Paste Lasts 3 Months . . . Costs Less Than ½¢ a Day

That's right! . . . less than half a cent a day! That's all it need cost you to keep your teeth clean and sparkling with the New Listerine Tooth Paste, which contains wonderful Luster-Foam detergent. For the big, double-size tube, priced at 40¢, lasts a full three months. And that's without stinting, either! You can use as much as ¾ of an inch of paste per day.

Luster-Foam detergent, the amazing new cleansing ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste, is an important factor in this marvelous economy. This new-type ingredient multiplies itself instantly at the first touch of saliva and brush . . . enables a small amount of paste to do a real cleansing job . . . even goes to work on many of those tiny, almost invisible crevices on tooth surfaces where, according to some authorities, more than 75% of all tooth decay gets its start! Why not start today with the big, 3-months' tube of Listerine Tooth Paste! Remember, it's a Lambert product . . . absolutely dependable. Only 40¢ at any drug counter. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
NEW
DOUBLE SIZE
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Costs you less than ½¢ a day

DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

Contains LUSTER-FOAM

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Among the odd things that have exploded with considerable violence and noise are freshly mined diamonds, suddenly chilled elephant ivory and the ignited dust of dried milk.—*By Clyde R. Sherwood, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*

Telephone subscribers in Sao Paulo, Brazil, are listed in the Red Book under five classifications: name, street address, business or profession, post-office box and automobile license number.—*By Marian Birbara, Sao Paulo, Brazil.*

At certain periods of the year on the hot plains and deserts of South America, South Africa and Asia Minor, the bitter and burning winds are so nerve-rending that persons who commit crimes, even murder, during these gales are seldom punished.

Although meteorites shoot through the atmosphere in a blaze of fire and are thought to be very hot when they strike the earth, many are actually cold. In fact, one completely covered with frost fell in Colby, Wisconsin, on July 4, 1917.—*By Jean McCaleb, Chugwater, Wyoming.*

"*Justin Morgan,*" whose statue stands on a farm near Middlebury, Vermont, holds the unique distinction of being the only horse that created and permanently fixed a new type of animal, the famous Morgan breed. How his qualities have remained predominant in his descendants for the past 140 years is one of the unsolved mysteries of the horse-breeding world.

Not one of the score of Siamese twins who have lived to old age has ever written an autobiography to inform the world how it feels to go through life congenitally united to another person.

No one has ever succeeded in making perfume on a commercial scale from a number of flowers, such as the lilac, orchid, narcissus or lily of the valley. These essences have always been produced synthetically in chemical laboratories.

Like Venus' flytrap, more than four hundred different species of plants capture and digest insects.—*By Mrs. J. A. Harris, Shelton, Nebraska.*

After an earthquake has occurred in the territory occupied by the primitive Baigas in India, the men of the tribe drive nails into the ground to make it firm again.

Probably the only island whose inhabitants, normally about seven hundred, now consist solely of women and children is Molene, off the coast of Brittany. Every one of its men has been called for service in the French army.

The Army War College in Washington, completed in 1907, has eight niches designed to hold the statues of "great commanders." But so far only one has been filled —by a bronze likeness of Frederick the Great.

Light racing sailboats can be made to travel about fifty per cent faster than the wind when they are sailed at a certain angle to it.—*By Gordon X. Richmond, Orange, California.*

For twenty years, the Smithsonian Institution exhibited the "world's oldest ear of corn," a Peruvian treasure that was held by paleobotanists to be several thousand years old. In 1932, it was reexamined by other scientists who found that it was only a clay replica of an ear of ancient maize with cavities containing pellets. It was a homemade rattle.

A Negro, John R. Lynch, was the temporary chairman of the Republican national convention that convened in Chicago in 1884 and nominated James G. Blaine for President.—*By John D. Benedict, Muskogee, Oklahoma.*

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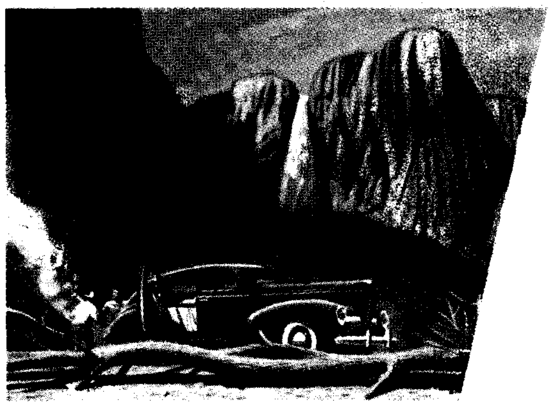
IT'S A SMALL WORLD for Nash's 99 H.P. Manifold-Sealed Engine. On the flat, it flashes you from 15 to 50 MPH in 12.9 seconds, *high* gear. Exciting New Fourth Speed Forward saves up to 20% on gas—has Automatic Overtake for quick passing pickup. More than 2000 Nash dealers, coast to coast. See yours today.



IT'S ALL VELVET wherever you go thanks to Nash's Arrow-Flight ride, *double* frame chassis. At night you're safe and snug in your Convertible Bed. Make today the day you drive a new Nash.

The One
You've Always Wanted

IT WILL BE one of those things you try to tell about and suddenly lack words to express—this day *you* drive a Nash.

It all begins when you first catch sight of its long, speed-sculptured lines. The instrument panel, you observe, looks as if it means business. You're startled to learn there's even a Convertible Bed in the back.

But, on the whole, you are rather calm—then, things begin to happen!

At throttle touch, an engine you can hardly hear whirls you ahead. The first gear feels like the usual second . . . the second like third. And the third gear—like nothing you've ever known!

Suddenly there's a click, the engine seems to rest—but, strangely enough you're going faster. This is Nash's Fourth Speed Forward—swift as a swallow, smooth as the feathered glide of a hawk.

A hill ahead!—at throttle touch, the Automatic Overtake releases *all* the fury of Nash Manifold-Sealed power.

Around a turn, dust hangs over the road. A detour! But as you watch, ruts and bumps rush up—then flatten out beneath your Arrow-Flight springing. And the air you breathe stays fresh and clean, thanks to the automatic Weather Eye.

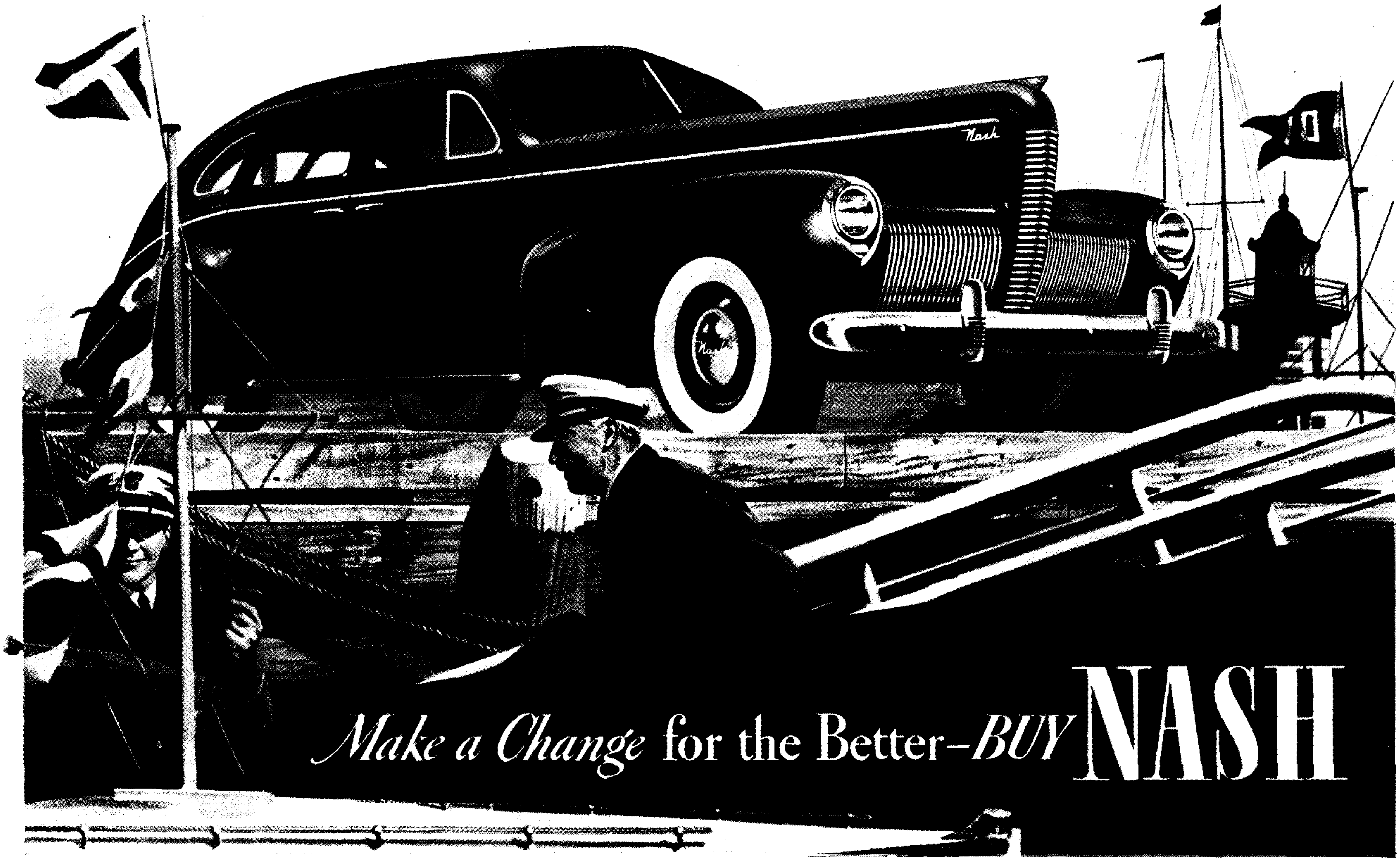
The last car dwindles behind, and you're alone at last. As trees merge into two walls of speeding green—you know in your heart that *this* is the one you've always wanted.

• • •

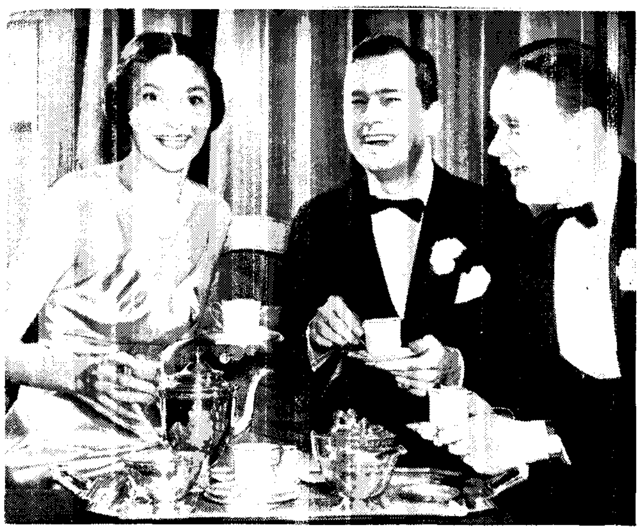
Like all fine things, a Nash is built to last far beyond the service you expect. A 7-bearing crankshaft, a double-framed chassis—are not usually found in other cars . . . and never at Nash's price.

Big as it is, this Nash beat all others in its class in the 1940 Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run (23.76 miles a gallon)—so the extra fun costs you nothing.

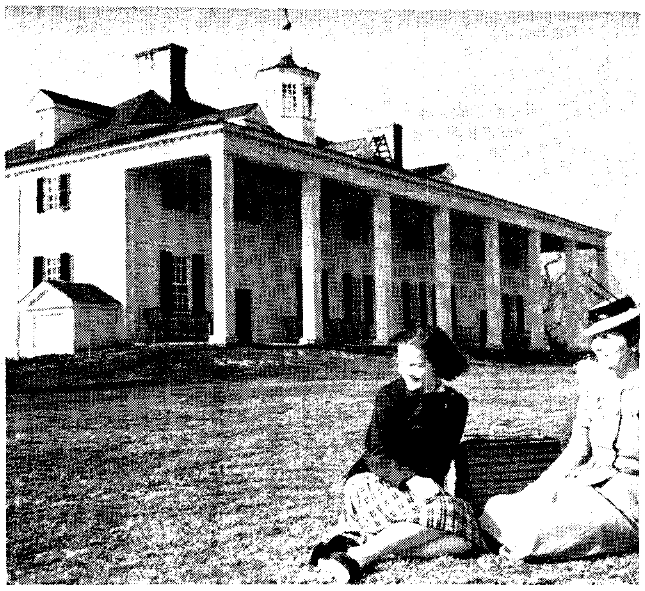
The privilege of driving a Nash is yours to have, ours to offer—any time you 'phone. Why not call up today?


Nash
Make a Change for the Better–*BUY* NASH

Chase & Sanborn's *"friendly flavor"* has an important date in Washington



Home of Mrs. Harold B. Hinton, popular Washington hostess noted for her gay and amusing parties both here and abroad, is in historic Georgetown; is rendezvous for international society. Mrs. Hinton is pictured here pouring rich, heart-warming Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee, called by thousands of charming hostesses—"Friendship in a cup!"



Jinny Davies and Mrs. Davies, from Ohio, have come for a long-planned vacation in Nation's Capital. Are enjoying the quiet loveliness of beautiful Mount Vernon. In picnic basket is a Thermos of mellow Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee—with a pungent aroma and rich, full flavor that Mr. Washington himself would have been proud to serve in his mansion long ago!

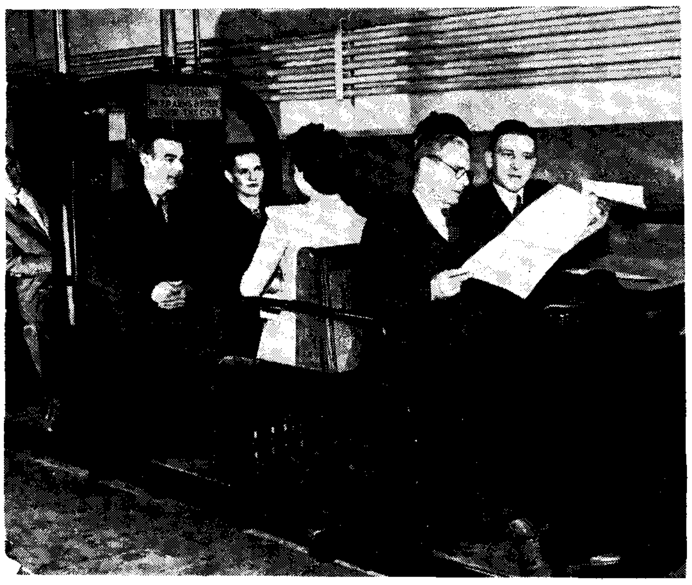
Copyright, 1940, by Standard Brands Inc.

CHASE & SANBORN
DATED
COFFEE
Dated Here
ONE POUND NET WEIGHT

About 3,000,000 eager tourists visit Washington annually, climb thousands of steps, walk through miles of stately halls in 69 public buildings. Two students have found a resting spot and an unusual view of the Capitol. Margie, from Florida, is almost tired enough to drop, but she'll get her second sight-seeing wind after a sandwich and a fresh, tangy, reviving cup of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee at near-by drugstore!

"The Press" eat bananas, apples, buns, drink Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee while we interview *them!* Favor Chase & Sanborn because it "tastes like coffee," and show their appreciation of richer, fuller flavor by fighting over extra cup. Agree unanimously that Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy is funniest fellow on the air. Always try to tune in Sundays on NBC Red Network.

Unique Tunnel Car, one of two, that goes like a streak from Capitol to Senate Office Building, avoids street traffic, insures rapid delivery of U. S. Senators to the Senate. Unique fresh-food delivery service rushes Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee to grocers—fresh from the roasting ovens every few days—assures U. S. housewives of extra-delicious flavor and full aroma.



Newlyweds Betty and Bob Graves from Connecticut gaze at themselves and Lincoln Memorial in Washington's famous Reflecting Pool. What Betty really sees is a picture of herself getting delicious, economical breakfasts for Bob in her own little house with her new glass coffee pot and the heavenly new Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee in the money-saving package!

2 pretty clerks stroll under Washington's famous cherry trees—laugh at the "high cost of living." They've pooled their funds, keep house, entertain royally. After trying various brands, have settled on Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee for its fresher, more thrilling flavor, its wonderful money-saving package with the date of delivery right on it!

Collier's The National Weekly for May 18, 1940

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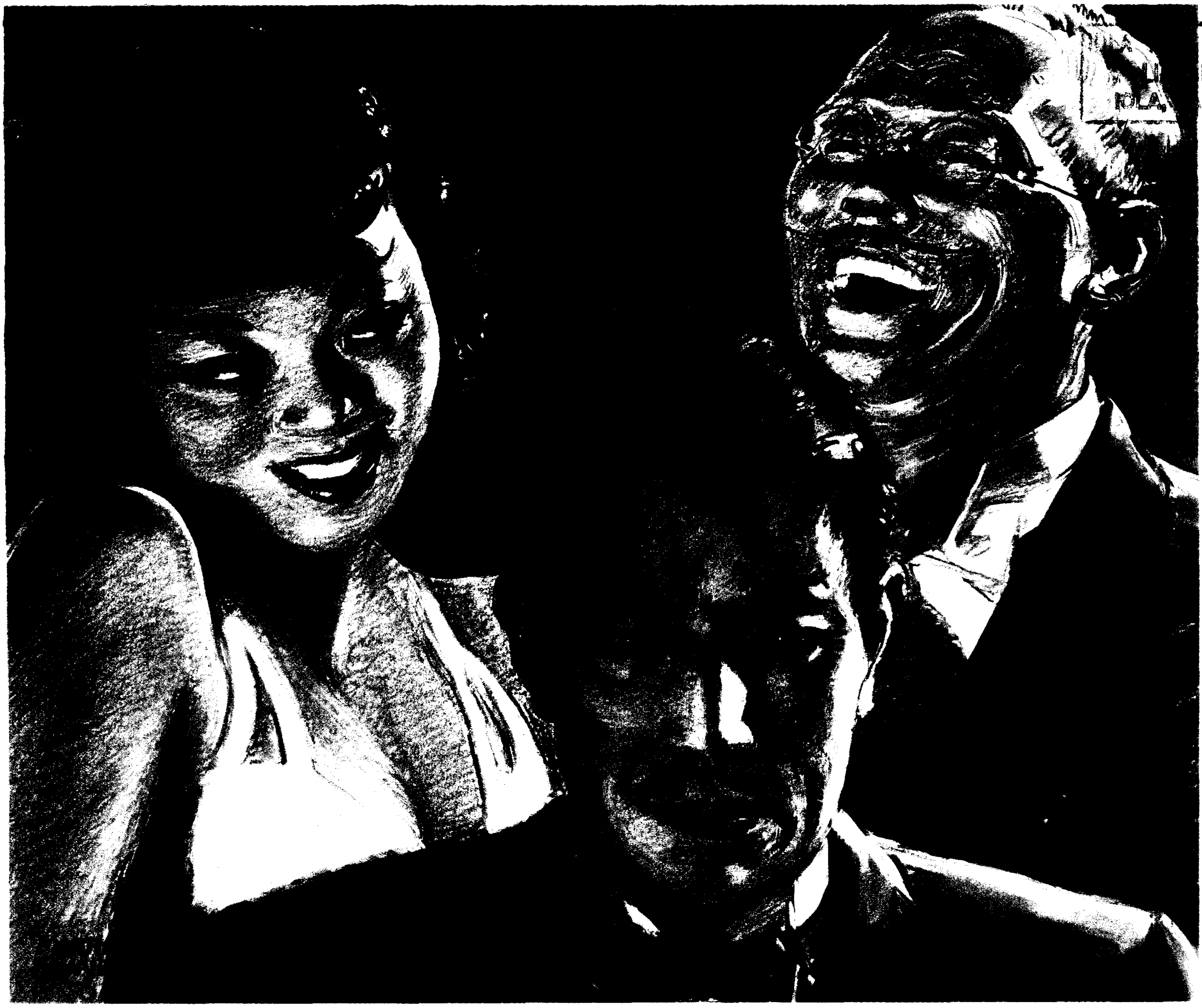


"But, Tommy!" she gasped, laughing. "Tommy, you're not serious! Why, no sensible Japanese has done that for almost two hundred years!"

A Girl to Leave Behind

By Jerome Weidman

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Tomasuchi Okara looks westward. The return of a native to something money can't buy

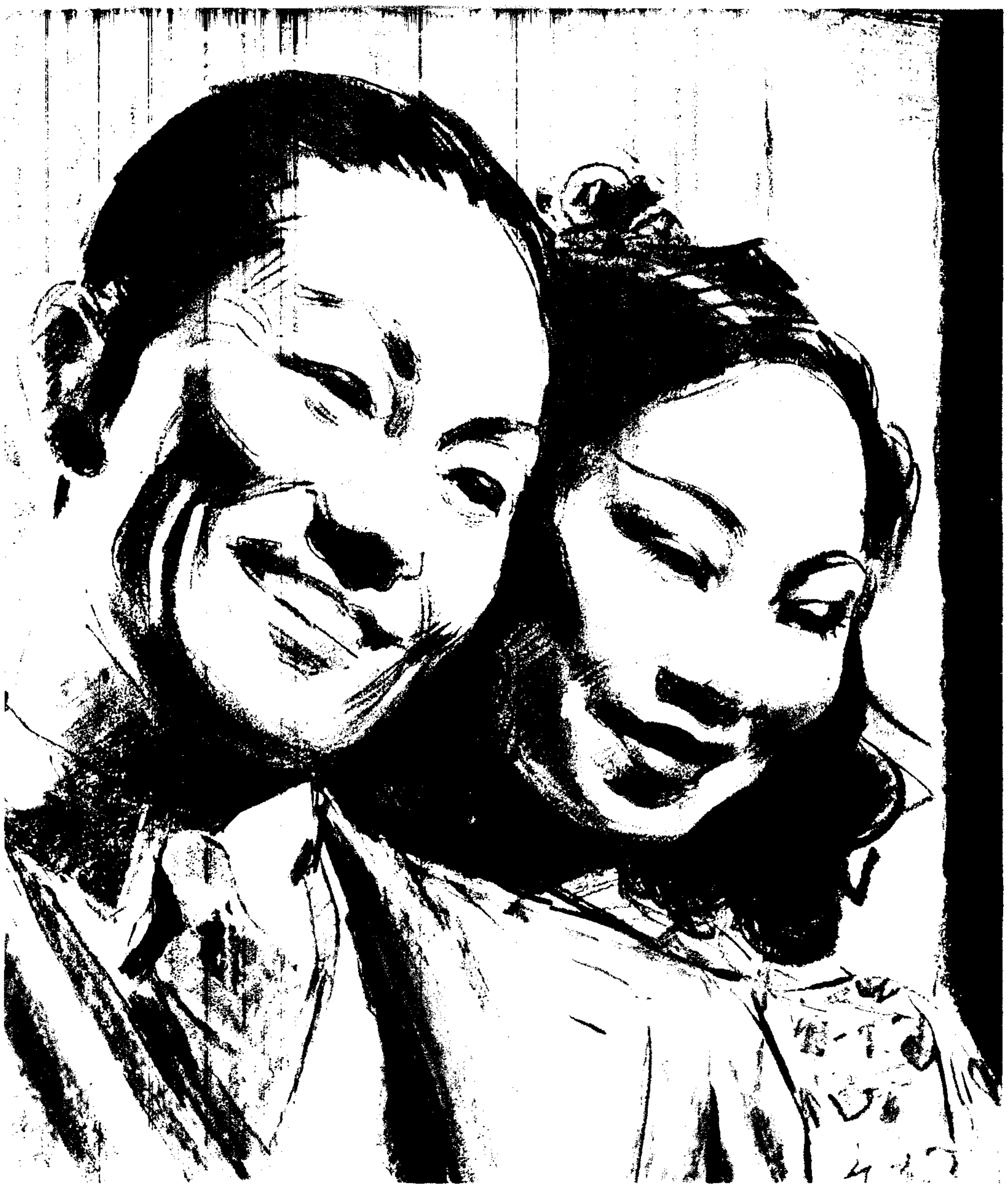
INSIDE the house it was very quiet. The only sounds were the rustling swish of our black robes as we climbed the stairs. Tomasuchi was in front of me and his short body, with the tremendously broad shoulders, blocked the stairway completely, so that I had to match my gait to his. At the top he turned to the right and stopped before the door. While he hunted for his key I found mine and slipped it into the lock. He nodded his thanks as I held the door open for him to enter first. Then I followed him in and watched as he walked to the window and looked down into the silent street.

There were a number of things I could have said, but at the moment they all seemed curiously inappropriate. The light from the street lamp fell on his face. The Japanese features were boldly outlined by accidental shadows, so that the high cheekbones stood out too sharply, the narrow, slant eyes were deep, tapering gashes, the neat black hair was a close-fitting hood. It seemed much more sensible not to say anything.

I took off my robe, folded it and placed it in the cardboard box in which it would be carried back to the shop from which it had been rented. On top of the robe I put the mortarboard. Then I turned and walked to the desk in the middle of the room. There was a package on it and next to the package a letter. The letter was addressed to "Mr. Tomasuchi Okara, 29 Reading St., Balliston, N. Y., U. S. A." I looked at the letter curiously because I recognized the rough blue-gray envelope and the crude, round, painful scrawl. I had seen several dozen of those envelopes during the past year, but I still did not know what they contained. I picked up this latest one and snapped on the light. Tomasuchi turned from the window.

"Here," I said. "This is for you, Tommy."

He took the envelope and turned it in his fingers, but he made no move to open it. Finally he took it to his dresser and propped the blue-gray square up in front of the mirror. On his bed lay a cardboard box exactly the same as mine. Slowly and thoughtfully, Tomasuchi slipped out of his robe, folded it neatly



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and placed it in the box. He had been carrying his mortarboard all the way from Tennyson Hall. Now he dropped the black, flat-topped hat with the tassel on top of the robe and closed the box.

"That is what you call the end," he said. "It is finished, Herbert."

He spoke English with the peculiar precision of a foreigner who had learned the language after his native tongue. For six years it had sounded a trifle funny. It didn't sound funny now.

"That's one way to look at it," I said. "But you don't have to look at it that way."

He took off his coat and opened his collar. From the dresser he brought out his dress shirt, his studs, the black bow tie. I watched him as he took his dinner jacket from the closet and started to dress.

"Listen," I said. "Do you really want to go to that shindig?"

"Frankly, no," he said, knotting his tie. "But I am afraid I am forced to. Importer Kini has made it plain that he is giving the party in our honor. I do not blame you for not wanting to go, Herbert. I will go alone and express your sincere apologies. Undoubtedly it will be extremely dull."

"Thanks, but if you're going I'd better go with you. I'll be dressed in a minute. You don't drive so well, Tommy, and it's forty miles to New York."

"You are very kind. I can go by the train."

"No, we'll drive. I'd like to see Kini's house, anyway. I've heard so much about it. Got an extra collar button?"

When we were dressed I went to the desk to put out the light and saw the package. I knew that handwriting, too.

"Here's your package," I said. "Right on time. It must have come with the letter while we were down at Tennyson Hall."

His manner changed at once. The somber, meditative mood disappeared. He took the old, bone-handled clasp knife from his pocket and cut the string eagerly. He unwrapped the several layers of brown paper, newspaper and dried seaweed until the rubbery, wrinkled abalone lay bare in the middle. This ceremony, which I had seen him perform once a month for nearly six years, was the most natural thing about him. When Tomasuchi Okara was opening the abalone that his family sent him every month from Hawaii he looked comfortable and at ease. He seemed to be in his proper setting. Actually, of course, he wasn't. For the time being it just seemed that way.

HE WAS the youngest son of a large family of poor fisherfolk on the island of Lanai in Hawaii. None of the other seven brothers and five sisters had ever gone to school. When Tomasuchi was thirteen they decided that he was to be the one member of the Okara family who would receive an education. He was sent to the government schools in Kaumalapau, where he did quite well. When he was eighteen his brothers mortgaged their catch for two years in advance with a Japanese moneylender in Kaumalapau and used the money to send Tomasuchi to America to continue his studies. He came to Balliston.

We became friends during our freshman year and roommates during our sophomore year. Throughout six years of college and law school we had been separated only during the summer months, when I went up to Maine to join my family and Tomasuchi returned to Hawaii to help his brothers with their nets in Lanai. He was the only Japanese boy at Balliston, which is not the most expensive school in New York but has a sufficient number of students like myself, whose fathers have more than just enough money. It was not the ideal college to be the only Japanese student in. Tomasuchi attracted a lot of attention from the very beginning. Most of it was merely idle curiosity and amusement. Gradually, however, the curiosity turned to respect. It had to. He was too decent and real not to command respect.

He was very poor. After classes he stoked furnaces and worked in a small hand laundry on Tennyson Road to help pay his board and tuition. He ate only one meal a day and insisted, in spite of my protests, that he didn't need more. Once a month his family in Hawaii sent him an abalone, which he would keep on his dresser next to his toilet articles. Every morning he would cut a piece from the huge clam with his pocket knife, stuff it into his pocket, and go off to class with his books under his arm. During the lunch hour he would sit out in the sun on the steps of Tennyson Hall, chewing the leathery piece of abalone and studying a textbook.

Now, in the quiet room, in spite of the tension we had both been under all day, he looked completely relaxed as he cut himself a slice from the newly arrived abalone and put it into his mouth.

"It is the last one," he said apologetically as he chewed. "You will excuse me?"

"Sure," I said, "but don't spoil your appetite."

The streets of Balliston were not as quiet as I had thought they would be. Ordinarily, it is not a demonstrative town. As we drove through to the state highway, however, we could hear the small sounds of celebration coming from open windows and doors. Music and laughter and voices singing Balliston songs. Neither of us spoke all the way to Grover's Junction, where the road turned right to New York. Tomasuchi sat slumped down on the seat beside me. The somber, meditative mood had returned. He stared straight ahead without blinking. Only his jaws moved as he chewed the piece of abalone slowly and steadily.

EVER since he had returned from his last summer trip to Lanai he had been given to long stretches of moody silence. I suspected that those blue-gray envelopes with the crude, painful handwriting on them had something to do with this. But he had volunteered no information and my curiosity was not strong enough to overcome the embarrassment it would have cost me to ask him. For a time I had thought that his friendship with the Kinis, which had started only three or four months before, would make him snap out of it. Instead, it had made things worse.

"Listen," I said finally. "You don't have to take it that way. In America we consider this a time for celebration. Look alive, Tommy."

He sat up a little straighter and smiled tentatively, but his heart wasn't in it. In a moment or two he was staring glumly through the windshield again.

(Continued on page 49)

Bright Beauty

By Kyle Crichton

Greer Garson has green eyes and red hair that she rinses with champagne, which gives you some idea why she gave up advertising for a chance to be an actress

THE girl is intelligent enough, having had a successful business career before taking up the stage, but this Greer Garson lady doesn't always function in the head. If she had any brains she would insist on appearing in glamor pictures or not at all. Because why? Because she has red hair and green eyes and is eight times more luscious off screen than a salary raise.

This is not always the order of things among the queens of Hollywood. In the flickers they can be made up to menace civilization but at home they are likely to resemble one of the Ten Most Deserving cases. They have freckles, they are bowlegged, they are cockeyed, they have a skin of such texture that it could be used for soling boots.

With Garson it is *au contraire*. In Goodbye, Mr. Chips she was attractive enough but nobody went around bumping his head on fence posts at sight of her. Her involvement with Mr. Robert Taylor in Remember? brought forth almost nothing but slight snorts of derision. Instead of looking like Greer Garson she was merely an actress who had let herself be trapped in a stinker. In brief, it will be necessary for M-G-M to run free excursions to Beverly Hills if anybody is to get a notion of what the real Garson is like.

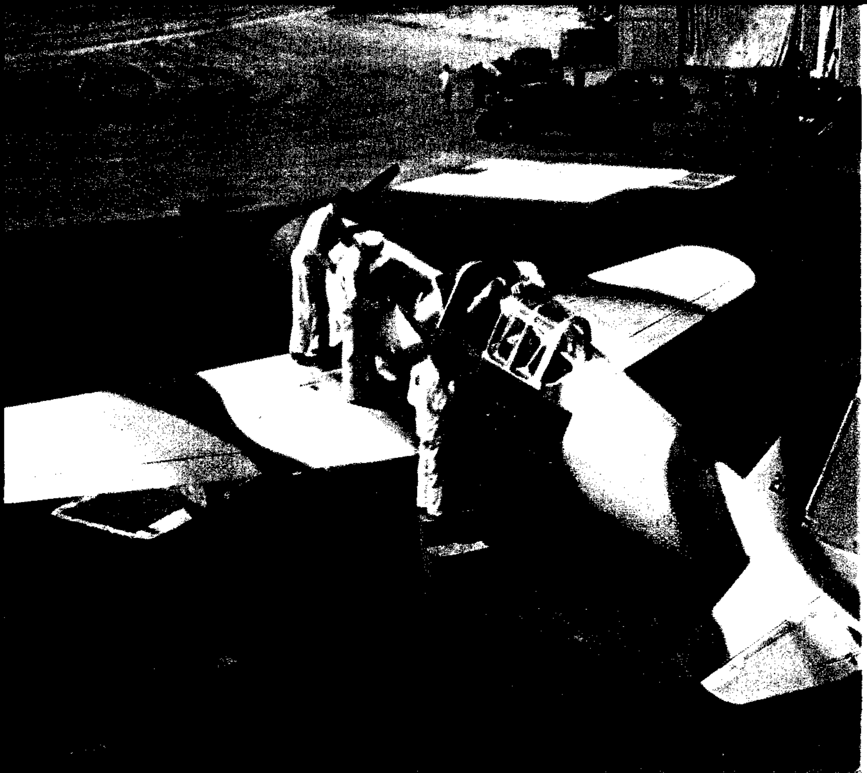
The whole Garson episode is nonsensical. Because she was a success on the London stage, Louis B. Mayer talked her into signing a very respectable M-G-M contract. She didn't want to do it, she put it off as long as she could—and then she came out to Hollywood and sat around for a year doing nothing. The effect upon her was almost fatal. Hollywood made her sick; not figuratively sick but actually sick. She developed a misery in the back which threatened to throw her for good. All she needed, said the physicians, was an operation and ten months in bed in a cast.

At this juncture M-G-M decided that she could go back to England and do Mr. Chips with Robert Donat. The ensuing order of events is a trifle confused but it seems that she leaped out of bed, upset a day nurse, a night nurse, two attending mourners and her mother, and was only kept from dashing to the train in her nightgown by a stern order from the publicity department.

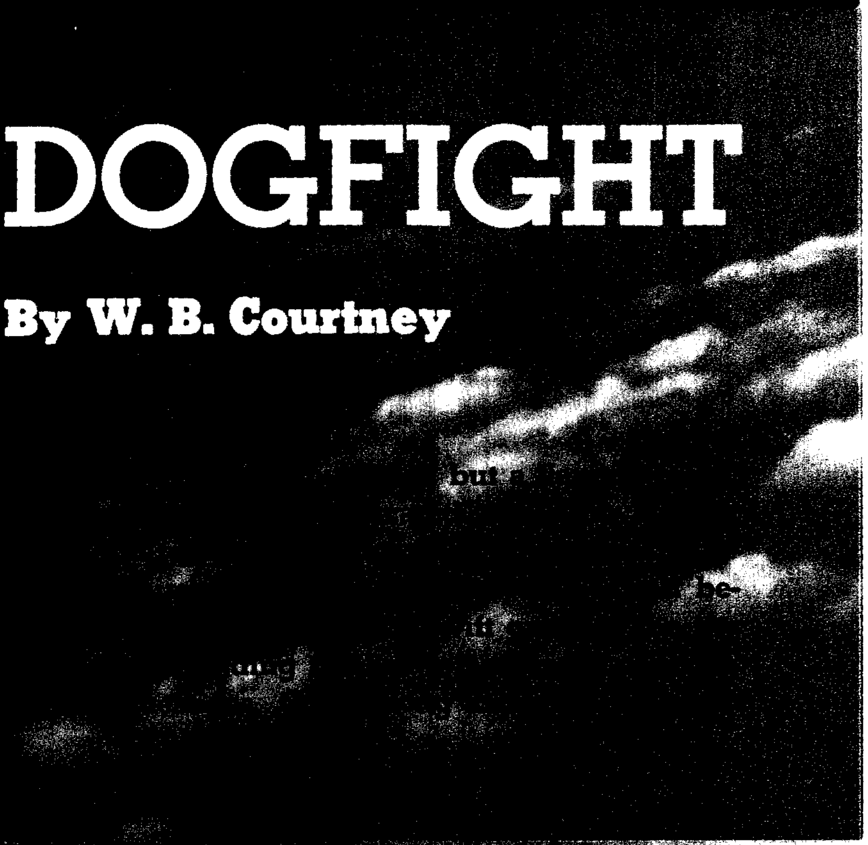
"Art is long and time is fleeting," cried the redhead ecstatically, as she wriggled herself into her bustle. "An actress is a girl who ought to act; that's what's been the matter with me."

(*Continued on page* 68)

WILL CONNELL



The Vultee Vanguard Pursuit does 400 m.p.h., or better. All its side panels can be removed in two minutes to make for speed in emergency repairs



DOGFIGHT

By W. B. Courtney

Did you ever have goose-pimples on the inside as well as on the outside?

You will today.

You are in the gunner's seat of a lone-raiding attack bomber, flying at eleven thousand feet in a sky variously layered with clouds of wind-spun cotton and clotted wool and a long smear of gray, linty overcast. Below and behind you, stretched full length on the floor, a strapped bombardier plays cat at the flexible machine gun in the tail-belly hole. Forward, above the edge of the rear cockpit instrument panel and the flat top of the bomb canister, you can see the back of the pilot's head as he twists and bends to peer anxiously from side to side.

Occasionally your eyes meet and exchange nervous winks.

You are nearing your objective—ready to let go your bomb load. You know there is a hornet lurking hereabout for a chance to flash in and sting you. This is the critical moment. Once your eggs are laid you will stand a better chance. Relieved of the weight of the bombs, your plane will be faster and handier. But you can't do a conscientious job of bombing and fight off a pursuit with any degree of fair show at one and the same time.

For his bombardier to work accurately the pilot must fly a straight and level course above the mission point, so that he can line it up and plot a good shot through the bomb sight. Rough air piles on grief.

So three pairs of experienced eyes—the bombardier at his floor hatch, alert for a sneak attack from below; the pilot and you under your transparent canopy with the complete arc of the cloud horizon and the whole arch of the heavens within range of your vision—search and watch and scan until they ache from the raw brilliance of the upper sky and the naked sunlight on the cloud roof in this high, thin air.

A Game Without Rules

"There he comes!"

Three pairs of eyes—and yet the enemy is almost in your hair before you and the pilot find yourselves banging simultaneously on the dual-control sticks to warn each other:

"There he comes!"

A colored plumb bob dropping upon you from the sun. A lacquered zipper neatly parting the middle of the firmament. It is like watching a flash of lightning on its way to strike you.

You shout futilely against the thousand horses of your motor. You know your mouth is open, and working, but you don't hear any sound from it. The lead of centrifugal pressure fills your veins, cumbers your limbs, pins your body hard in the seat while your pilot dives the bomber until the speed-indicator needle jerks past 360, then pulls up abruptly in a vertical climb. All these five seconds, each a century long, the back of your head feels exposed and bigger than the whole plane: you s wincing in expectation of a slug. Whe the bomber is literally hanging on th prop the captain kicks her off to on side and we reverse direction and fa into the rushing, screaming world c dive speed again—and keep looking fc our tormentor.

The desperate game has begun.

It's a short and savage game. Neithe men nor machines could "take it" fc long. At this top fighting rate, the pu suit cannot stay aloft more than on hour. In theory, it's a game withou rules; in practice, it's a dizzily glorifie three-shell-and-pea racket—now yo see it, and now you don't. It is prescribed by tactics you learned back i the Army school but conditioned b such imponderables as weather an men and machines.

When Split Seconds Count

You live briefly under a cataract c intense excitement, and in a confusio of angles and speeds in which, by ol laws, you are not equipped to think c act or feel.

You shrink into your safety belt an think wryly that nobody henceforth i going to be able to tell you that in suc ructions you are too busy, or too exalted, to be scared! You try to kee your eyes on the elusive pursuit an fancy him buzzing in your ears like a angry insect.

The lining of your bowels and th scalp on your head crawl at one and th same time and try to change place Your lungs are being groomed with wire brush. That blubbery shape floating out there ahead of the propeller—you realize that is your stomach. Tha ooze dripping away from a mirrore wing tip—that, laddie, is your courage

One moment the earth is parallelin your left ear. The next it is trying t slide down inside the back of your shir And then the horizon twirls in front c your nose like a college drum major' baton.

Meanwhile, don't forget what teache said—you are supposed to shoot dow that striped hornet, who is never wher you look, although he *was* there a win ago!

The pursuit is a hundred miles a hour faster than you are—furthermore he has greater maneuverability. You pilot must offset those advantages wit skill and fortitude, if we are to get away In only a restricted sense is this th boxer against the slugger of the skies For bombers, the aerial heavyweights must be shifty in their own right.

"There he comes!" Out of nowher again, to hang above your tail for a fe moments. On again, gone again. Capable of a level flight speed of 400 mile an hour, a dive speed of nearly 550, ye he only measures the time when he ca actually fire at you in tenths of breath. His engine sweeps him acros his target at a velocity nearly four time faster than that of the greatest recorde hurricanes.

Both of you have to spend minute of maneuvering for split instants c shooting.

You have what you, as a loyal member of a bomber crew, consider an advantage: a slower gun platform. Eve so, the way the pursuit flashes and dart in and out, now above you in front, no diving under you, now behind, it is har enough to keep him in view, let alon

The Vultee Attack-Bomber V12. Kibitzer, the author; center, Captain Jack Ayers, who piloted the bomber; right, Johnny Wagner, pursuit flyer

There he comes, out of nowhere again, to hang above your tail for a few moments. This bucko has 10 machine guns and if he ever does get a fair bead—!

to bring him within the gun sights.

You have another thin superiority—three gunners. He is one.

If he ever does get a fair bead on you—he has ten machine guns. Goom-by! His ship is the most heavily armed pursuit in the world today, so far as you know, and the knowledge doesn't dry your perspiration. This bucko has two .50-caliber and two .30-caliber guns synchronized to fire through his propeller, while three .30-caliber guns are set in the front, or "leading," edge of each wing.

But all his guns are "fixed." He must aim his whole ship at you.

Of your six guns, four are set in the wing edges—a .50 and a .30 in each. Your gun, however, is flexible, or movable; and so is the bombardier's. The latter has a limited range, through the belly hatch. Yours, mounted on a swivel post, has a much wider radius of action, up, down and roundabout, and you can swing your seat completely around.

"There he comes!"—and goes.

You are getting wise to his twofold plan of battle. You have a "blind" spot, underneath. Repeatedly he dives on your tail, then peels far away to one side and climbs until he is lost in sun or haze.

Next thing you know he is diving toward you at right angles to your line of flight. He tries to slant up beneath and just aft of the leading edges of your wings. He is out of sight of all hands in your ship there. If he makes it just right he can tear your whole belly out—riddle your gas tanks, bombs, pilot and all.

Your pilot has counters if he sees this maneuver coming. He can peel away and spoil the setup. Even if he doesn't spot it until the last second, the odds are still with him. Imagine the task of the pursuit. He dives under you at speed in excess of 500 miles an hour, yet is compelled to judge his passage so closely that inches out of line might put him at a fatal disadvantage.

You Can't Call It Fun

This attempt is too far back. Your pilot makes a sudden climbing turn, and gives your bombardier a fleeting whack at him.

Here he comes again. Now he is too far forward, and your pilot dives sharply with all his own guns bursting.

Up! Down! Right bank! Left bank! Now the sun is on your head, now at your feet, or you can look straight down off the wing onto a revolving earth. The needle on your rate of climb-and-dive indicator acts like the tip of a seesaw plank.

Once, in a sudden vertical dive, the pilot throttles all the way back—and the din of a klaxon incongruously fills the cockpits. The pilot looks around—*up!*—and you grin sweatily at each other. This is the position he would move the throttle to for a landing, and the horn is an automatic warning that your wheels are not down.

The pursuit wearies of the belly tack and begins to heckle at your other weak spot. This is your second "blind" area—exactly behind. If he stays exactly there you, as gunner, cannot bring your flexible .30-caliber to bear on him without shooting off your own tail. You bang on the stick to call your pilot's attention. He begins to fishtail a little. That is, kick on the rudder pedals alternately and ever so slightly. This swings your tail out of line and gives you blips past it at the pursuit. But the wily foe counters with "rock-a-byes" from one side to the other. You swing your gun frantically, but you cannot handle it fast enough to keep a bead on him.

Moreover, you are worn and groggy, and beginning to see from six to eleven pursuits where reason tells you only one is flying.

This business of air fighting, you sigh, may be romantic. It probably is important. It might be here to stay. Possibly it has restored for the young, carefree and wacky the grand tradition of derring-do. To armchair campaigners it likely symbolizes whatever individual heroism and initiative there is left to machine-age war. For all concerned it is no doubt thrilling. But you are now ready to wipe your nose on your sleeve and rub the moisture from your goggles, and tell the spinning world that you're damned if it's easy!

Too Real for Comfort

Humility swabs your mind. You see in aviation a mechanical weapon that man is not physically capable of fully exploiting. You perceive in it political and moral forces that are more dangerous in his hands than bombs, because he is not yet prepared for their responsibility.

Fortunately you can take time out now for all this philosophizing without getting your head blown off. The pursuit has come alongside. It is so close that you can see its pilot—slim, neat, young man old in the air, Johnny Wagner—grinning. From the bomber's forward cockpit, Captain Jack Ayers, veteran of air warfare on three continents, grins back. Bombardier-for-a-day Jack Bailhe crawls up behind you to see what is going on. Ayers turns and yells something you cannot hear, which probably is: "Some fun!"

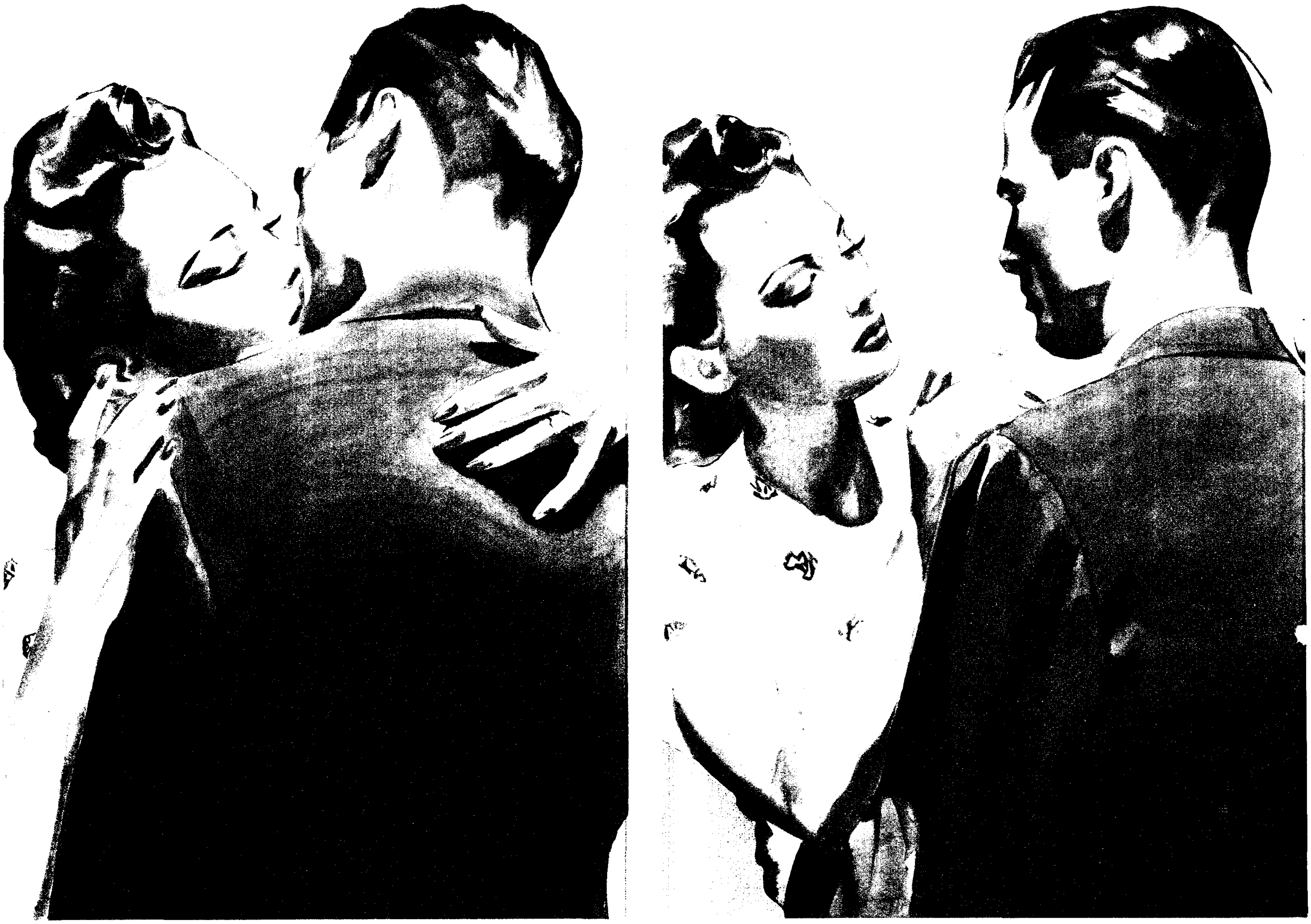
To which you add the reflection, as you glide homeward for a landing, how nice that it *was* fun—only fun—and that you were using cameras instead of machine-gun bullets. How reassuring it was, many times in that exciting hour, to look off to the snow-checkered range of the high Sierras or to the Pacific. How comforting it was to know that those white lines twirling around down there were the wide and fine and peaceful highways of southern California; that those dark patches were orange groves, not shell-tossed earth.

For your dogfight was in the bag.

You have just shared what is perhaps the most unique test flight in airplane-manufacturing history. Builders of military planes assay their ships elaborately and minutely for this and that flight characteristic; for booksful of technical aerodynamic data. So far as you know, however, this is the first time such a manufacturer has added to his routine trials a simulated combat with full armament load, so that his pilots can

(Continued on page 54)

You have six guns—and a steadier gun platform. Even so, the way he flashes in and out, above, under and behind, it is difficult even to keep him in view



Room 515

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

An old love smoldered in their hearts till wisdom blew upon it and scattered the ashes

MARK QUALTERS came down from Camp Nine late Thursday afternoon on the logging train and stopped at the mill office only long enough to read his mail. Afterward he moved along Pennoyer Street, a two-hundred-pound man built high and flat and solid. He wore a pair of work pants, calked boots and an old hat snagged with dry flies. His brows, very black, formed heavy lines above a pair of restless and seldom-smiling eyes.

Two days in the woods had dried him out and when he reached Bonnecastle's drugstore he turned in for a drink. Gerry Loring sat at the counter, sipping idly at a soda. He slid to a seat beside her and said to Will Bonnecastle, "A pop," and saw his burned, unshaven face stare back from the fountain's mirror; and in one moment of rare self-interest he thought he saw the surly reflection of temper at the angles of his eyes. A man got that way from living alone. He paid no attention to Gerry Loring, having seen her all the days of his life since memory began. It was like that in a small town: there was never anything new to say.

"Been in the woods?" asked Gerry.

"Cruising a patch of timber."

"Want a good meal?"

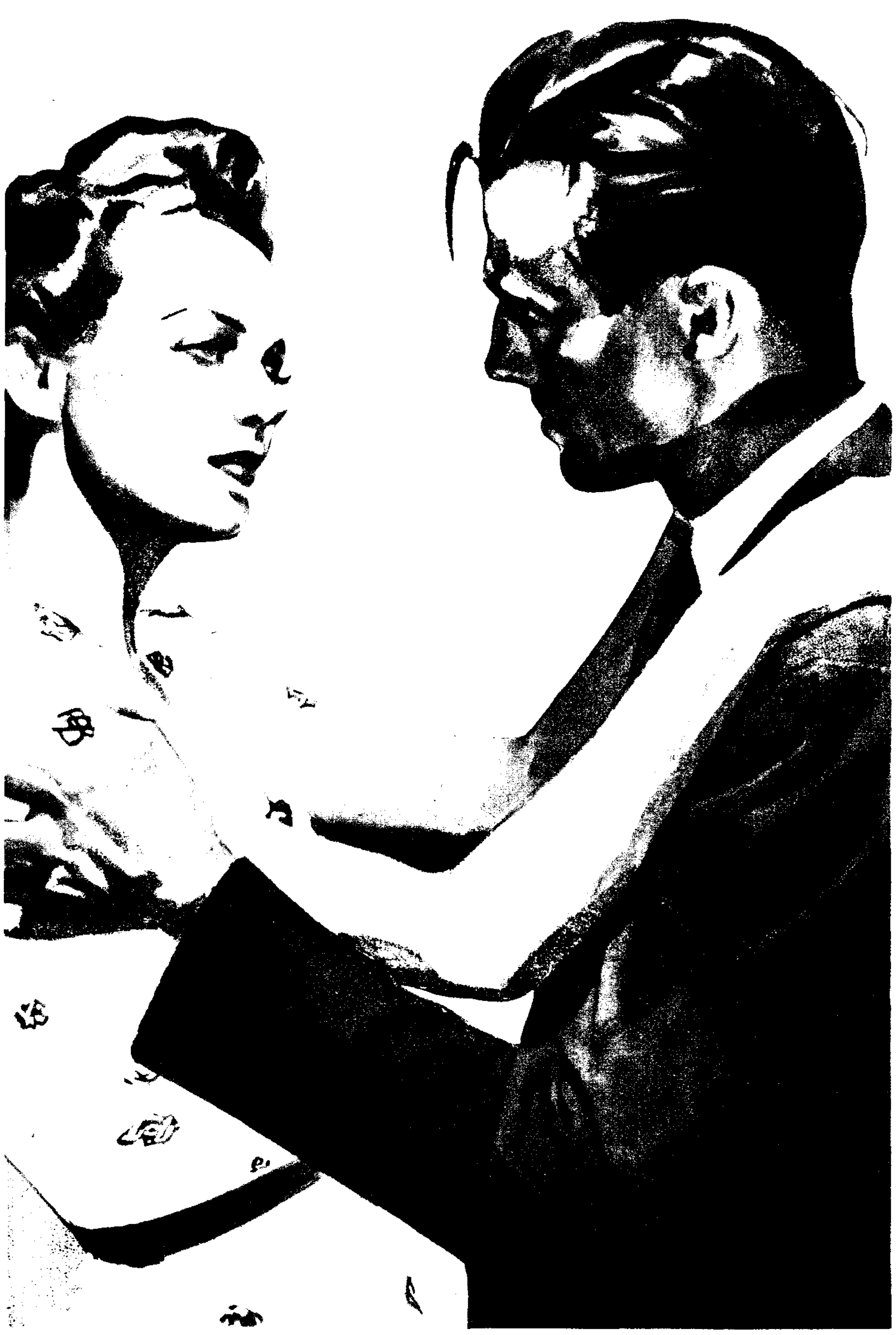
He said: "Not tonight."

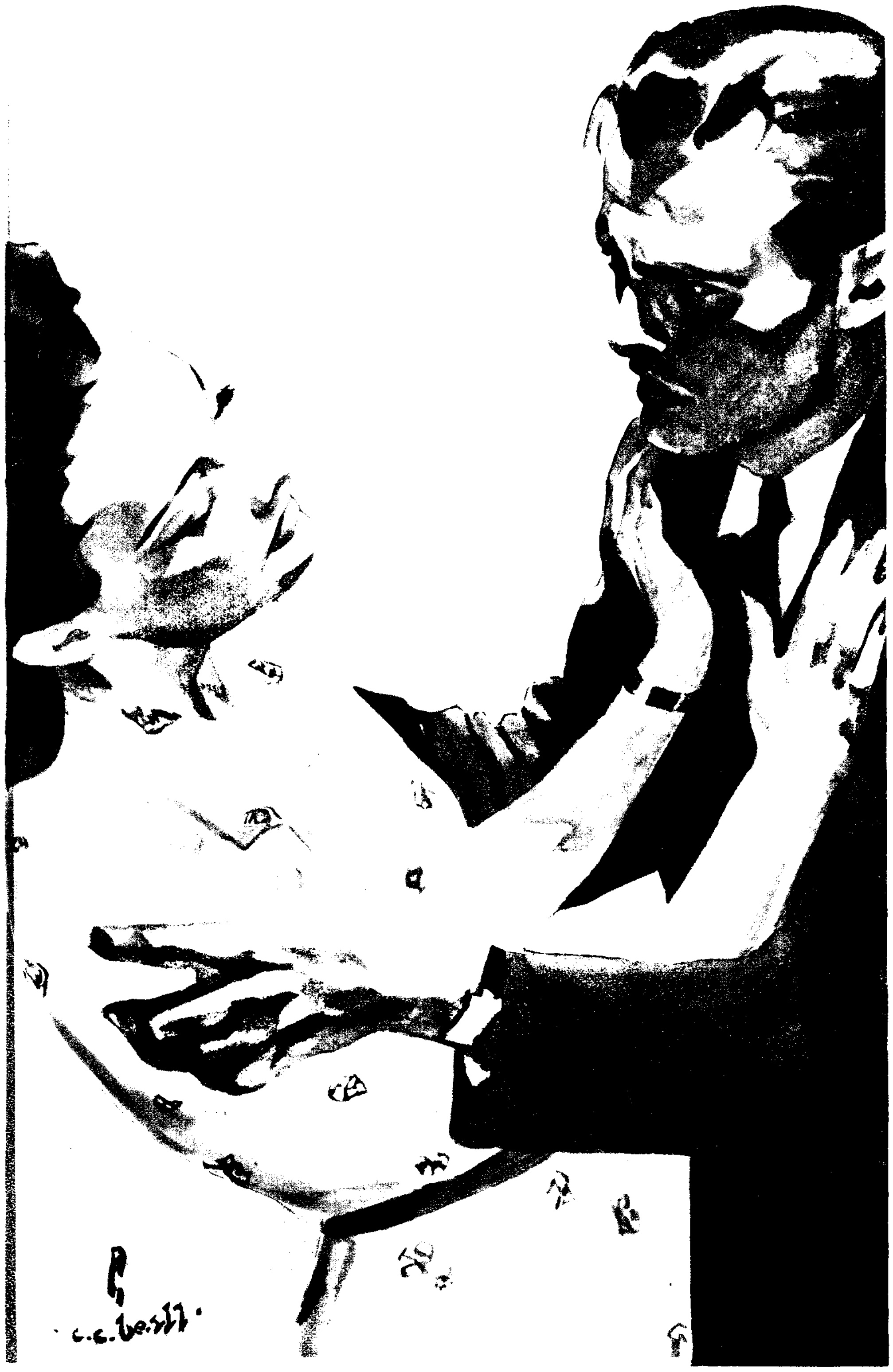
"IT WAS only a thought," she murmured, and returned to her soda. Nothing he said disturbed her. She knew him too well and he knew her too well. She was twenty-nine with a rounded shapeliness that hadn't changed much in the years. Her hair was a kind of black he had always secretly admired and she possessed a composure he had not broken since the days of high school when, for some reason he couldn't now remember, he had made her cry. In a town like this everything went on and on, the groove of life growing deeper. Everybody knew everybody else, from a thousand words and acts built one upon another; there was no novelty left, no mystery to living, no possible anticipation of surprise.

She finished her soda and found a lipstick in her purse, touching her lips with it and pressing them together. Mark Qualters took his drink by degrees, aware of the wheat-amber tan of her arms. Behind him a woman came into Bonnecastle's and when she spoke he recognized Helen Ireson's voice. "Will," she said, "where do you keep those little announcement cards?"

Mark Qualters slid the pop glass slowly back and forth on the counter, inner pressures slowly squeezing him. He pulled up his head, seeing her reflected in the fountain mirror. She stood at a corner counter, her head bent over so that he caught her face in profile, the rounded point of her chin and the curve of her lips. Her hair was deep brown; it was pulled away from her temples and lay in soft folds along her head. She had on a brown street dress and when she straightened from the counter her body was one straight line of vigor from shoulders to alligator shoes; her stockings, he noticed, were a pale rust color.

Looking at her with so close an interest, he forgot about Gerry Loring; and





When he kissed her and felt her response he had everything he had dreamed of wanting. But there was never such a thing as complete fulfillment. She looked up at him long and earnestly. She pulled slightly back. Her arms pressed on his chest

now noticed that she also looked into the fountain mirror, not at Helen Ireson but at him. Her eyes were fully open, catching him off guard and reading him in steady absorption. As soon as he met her glance the long curve of her lashes came down and hid her eyes. He finished his drink and turned from the counter. Helen Ireson came up and he said, "Hello," and the three of them left Bonnecastle's and went along Pennoyer Street in the summer's streaming sunshine, stopping in front of Ireson's car agency.

The two women were talking about some small matter that failed to interest Mark Qualters. The smell of summer came down from the roundabout hills and the sun, deep on the western edge, threw long shadows across Pennoyer. He stood aside, watching Helen Ireson's face. Her lips were full at the center, and freckles showed very faintly at the edge of her nose. Her glance struck quickly at him—the first direct look she had given him—and held him, and then she finished speaking to Gerry Loring and went into her husband's showroom.

He went on with Gerry Loring, out from the center of town into the great arch of black walnuts on Grover. Along this street lay the town's best houses, whose onetime pretensions of elegance had turned now to an old-fashioned ease. She turned in at her gate, so long accustomed to him that she didn't bother to speak. Mark Qualters continued to his own place. When he swung up the lawn walk he noticed that she had stopped and now watched him with a manner not entirely like her—dark and somehow mirroring worry. Her shoulders lifted gently, and fell, and she went on into her house.

THE big mill's whistle pounded its hard echoes across this green pocket in the foothills, the sound of it penetrating every house and touching every person. Mark Qualters washed up and ate dinner and later moved to a porch rocker while evening settled in one gray, soft layer upon another.

Mrs. Denn, who was his housekeeper, came out of the house. "What do you want for breakfast, Mark?"

"Anything," he said.

"I got some homemade pork sausage from Mrs. Milner," she said. "We will have that."

He said: "I won't be here for dinner tomorrow night."

She said: "You're going to Portland?"

He thought there was a thinner, quicker tone in her words, but when he looked at her he saw nothing; it was perhaps his own imagination. "Yes," he said, and went down Grover toward the center of town. He was restless again, as he usually was. By day it was easy to find something to keep his mind in gear, but at night nothing stayed the overactive tumbling of his thoughts and the inward eating of an appetite that never let him alone. He turned into Swenson's cardroom and found some of the mill hands deep in a rummy game. He joined them and played for an hour, until suddenly he could no longer be still, and rose and walked along the streets with his head down and his feet stepping fast. Floodlights were on at the Legion field and part of a crowd watched a game of night ball being played by a couple of home-talent teams. He swung on by, turning into the Silver Mills Road. At times like these there was nothing he could do but keep going until the sweat began to break and he felt the pull of his muscles.

Cars fled by, their headlights throwing pale, strange flares on the dark countryside. He cut over Bascomb Hill and circled back until he reached Monitor Grade and saw the town nestled below him. There was a red bloom from the mill burner, and the shine of half a moon on the log pond. The mill itself was a great, gaunt square in the night.

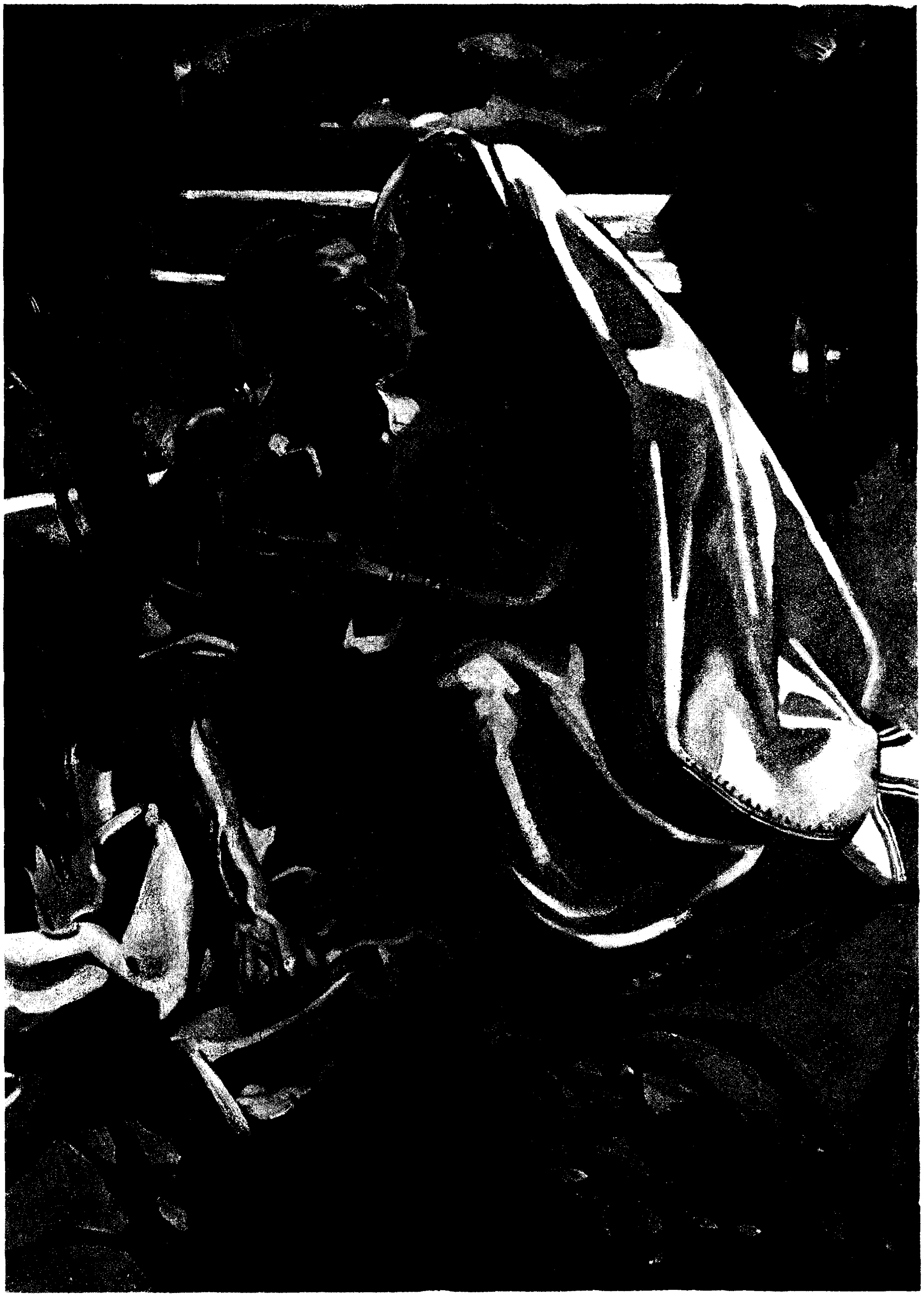
His father had built it and now he owned it. If the mill died the town died; its presence, its smell and sight and its sound were everything. By a word he could, if he wished, close it down, and yet it was a power that really didn't belong to him. For the mill was entangled with a thousand lives in one way or

(Continued on page 70)

Appointment in India

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



"Virginia," Fred began, "did you know I was going away with Rhoda tonight?" "Yes, I knew," she said

The Story Thus Far:

INSPIRED by German agents, the Spanish rebels send Fred Oaks, a young American, to India, where—working with one Ganeshi Lal in Shakkarpur—he makes plans for a native uprising.

Employed by a girl—Lucy Steel—to find Oaks, Bill Gabriel, a private detective from San Francisco, reaches Shakkarpur. The girl (who is with him) takes a room at Seaside House, a dilapidated hotel owned and run by an eccentric old woman: Gwendolyn Small. A few hours later, *both she and Miss Small are murdered!*

Meanwhile, two women—Virginia Hatton, sister of the district officer, and Rhoda Curring, wife of James Curring, a plantation manager—have fallen in love with Oaks. Now, since the evidence against him is strong, the young American goes into hiding; and he and Rhoda Curring plan to take a boat, run away together.

Investigating the murders, Gabriel learns: (1) that Oaks had married Lucy Steel and divorced her in Yucatan; (2) that Oaks' father, wealthy old George Francis Oaks, had given Seaside House to Gwendolyn Small, and later had created a forty-thousand-pound trust fund for her; (3) that the elder Oaks had disinherited his son; after which, he had altered his will and left everything to Fred with the proviso that the young man make "proper restitution" to the numerous women he had wronged. . . .

Ganeshi Lal knows that a large quantity of dynamite is stored in the local mosque—in the chambers of one Hajji Ahmed. Lal decides to detonate it, blow up the mosque, that very night, at nine o'clock. As he makes his plans, Virginia Hatton is paying a call on Rhoda Curring—who informs her that if she wishes to see Fred Oaks, she can find him at nine o'clock that evening at the mosque—in Hajji Ahmed's chambers!

Virginia, wild for a talk with Oaks, goes to the mosque, slips into it, hides under a rug. . . . Oaks leaves his hideout, finds his way to the river. The boat he hopes to take is waiting. Someone speaks to him—it is Shivaji Lal, Ganeshi's father. The old fellow says that he saw Mrs. Curring board the boat. Then he tells Oaks of his son's plan to blow up the mosque.

Conclusion

GOODBY, Shivaji," Fred said. "I haven't time to listen to—"

"You see a rose, admire its color, are exalted by its fragrance," continued the Brahman, retaining his determined grip on Fred's hand. "You enjoy the velvety touch of a rose petal against your cheek, perhaps like the sound of its name. You may even relish the taste of rose-petal wine. But in the end you are left with a feeling of frustration because you cannot go beyond the sense. Or a woman: You are caught by her beauty and do not rest until you have enjoyed her with all your senses—but you find only empty disappointment because there is still something of her that eludes you, despite the fact that you have possessed her with every means at your command. You are still alone. You—"

"Why have you picked this moment to read me Hindu philosophy, Shivaji Lal? I'm in a hurry. I have a rendezvous. . . ."

The Brahman still did not relinquish his grip. Fred knew he could overpower the old man without difficulty, yet something in the Brahman's tense, earnest, rapid speech made him wait to learn what lay behind all this talk.

"You did not attend the cremation this morning?" the Brahman asked.

"No." Here it was at last, Fred thought.

"Is it true that Miss Steel was once your wife?"

"Yes . . . in a way . . . long ago."

"It is a pity that your union with her was on only a material, inferior plane. Otherwise her death might have cured you. To be united to someone spiritually—to love her dearly, as you would say—and then to lose her, to see the body destroyed by flames . . . only to

(Continued on page 61)

Too Much Proof

By William Mac Harg

When a murder looks simple, call O'Malley. It's trouble for somebody, even the cops

"THIS case is a guy got murdered on his yacht," O'Malley said. "I got only what the harbor cops report on it. His name was Serden. He was a bachelor and inherited a lot of money, and he had nothing to do but look after his estate, and he hired a guy to do that. He liked boats and ladies, and his yacht always had a load of 'em aboard; and he liked gambling. Him and some friends went on a cruise to the West Indies. Last night they was back, and were coming up the harbor, and this morning Serden gets found in his cabin stabbed."

"Is there any indication who killed him?" I inquired.

"Some blood smudges went from the dead guy's cabin to the cabin of one of the men that were his guests. The guest's name is Ayton. There was blood on the handle of Ayton's cabin door. There was a glove with blood on it near the dead guy, and cops found the mate of it under a rug in Ayton's cabin."

"Have they discovered any motive?"

"Yeah, plenty. One of the ladies on the cruise is named Miss Carmil. When the cruise started, she was engaged to get married to this Ayton. When it ended, she'd changed her mind and was going to marry Serden. Last night Ayton and Serden had a quarrel about it and the report is Ayton threatened him."

"There seems to be more than the necessary amount of proof against Ayton," I decided. "Have they arrested him?"

"Not yet. Cops think there's too much proof."

THE yacht was at anchor in the Hudson. We went out to it. There were cops aboard it.

The yacht was quite wonderful. Guest cabins opened on both sides into a big saloon, and the owner's cabin, farther aft, was like a room in a fine hotel. The cabin was in disorder. A rug was turned back, books had been tipped out of some shelves and things from a dressing table were scattered on the floor. The dead man was still there. His face was peaceful. He had been stabbed in the neck.

"No knife?" O'Malley asked the cops.

"No knife, and no clothes with blood on 'em in any of the cabins."

"Anybody hear this?"

"No, nobody," they told O'Malley.

"It looks as though there had been a fight here, O'Malley," I remarked.

"Sure, that's how it looks. Well, what's the rest of it?" he demanded of the cops.

"The steward found him when he brought in some coffee. At first he didn't notice nothing wrong."

"Why not?"

"The bedclothes was smoothed up."

"What do you think of it, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"There ain't much to think. The guy got stabbed in his bed. It's my idea he was asleep when he got stabbed. I suppose I got to talk with these folks."

The police had forbidden the yachting party to go ashore. They were in groups or alone about the deck. A cop gave us their names. Ayton was good-looking and he was in his twenties. Miss Carmil was quite beautiful. There was a pretty girl named Miss Gorse and another one named Miss Lander. A man in his forties named Perring was the manager of Serden's affairs, and his wife, a dozen years younger, must have been lovely only a few years before. The last man was named Belfor.

"You knock this guy off?" O'Malley asked Ayton.

"I certainly did not," Ayton said.

We talked with Miss Carmil.

"I got to question you," O'Malley explained to her, "because that's my business. You tell us how this was about you and Mr. Ayton and Mr. Serden."

"I'll try to. Until we came on this cruise I'd never met Mr. Serden. He knew Mr. Ayton and invited us both. After I met him, I felt that I had been about to make a terrible mistake. Mr. Serden felt the same way toward me that I did toward him, and we didn't know what to do about it. Finally I decided there was only one thing for me to do, so yesterday I told Mr. Ayton how it was."

"YEAH? What did he say he'd do to Serden?"

"He didn't threaten him. He accused us both of having deceived him and was angry about it."

"Anybody else know about you and Serden before you told Ayton?"

"Perhaps Mr. Perring. Mr. Serden had told him he intended to get a new manager."

We went and saw Perring.

"What reason Serden was going to get a new manager?" O'Malley asked him.

"He expected to be married."

"Well, was that any reason?"

"He appeared to think so. He said he intended to give more attention to his business affairs."

"So you was sore about it?"

"Not that. I was unhappy. We had been associated for a number of years and our relations had been most pleasant."

"It didn't have nothing to do with your accounts?"

"No. My accounts are open to inspection. I owed Mr. Serden a small amount, which I had lost to him at cards, but I would have paid that to him any time."

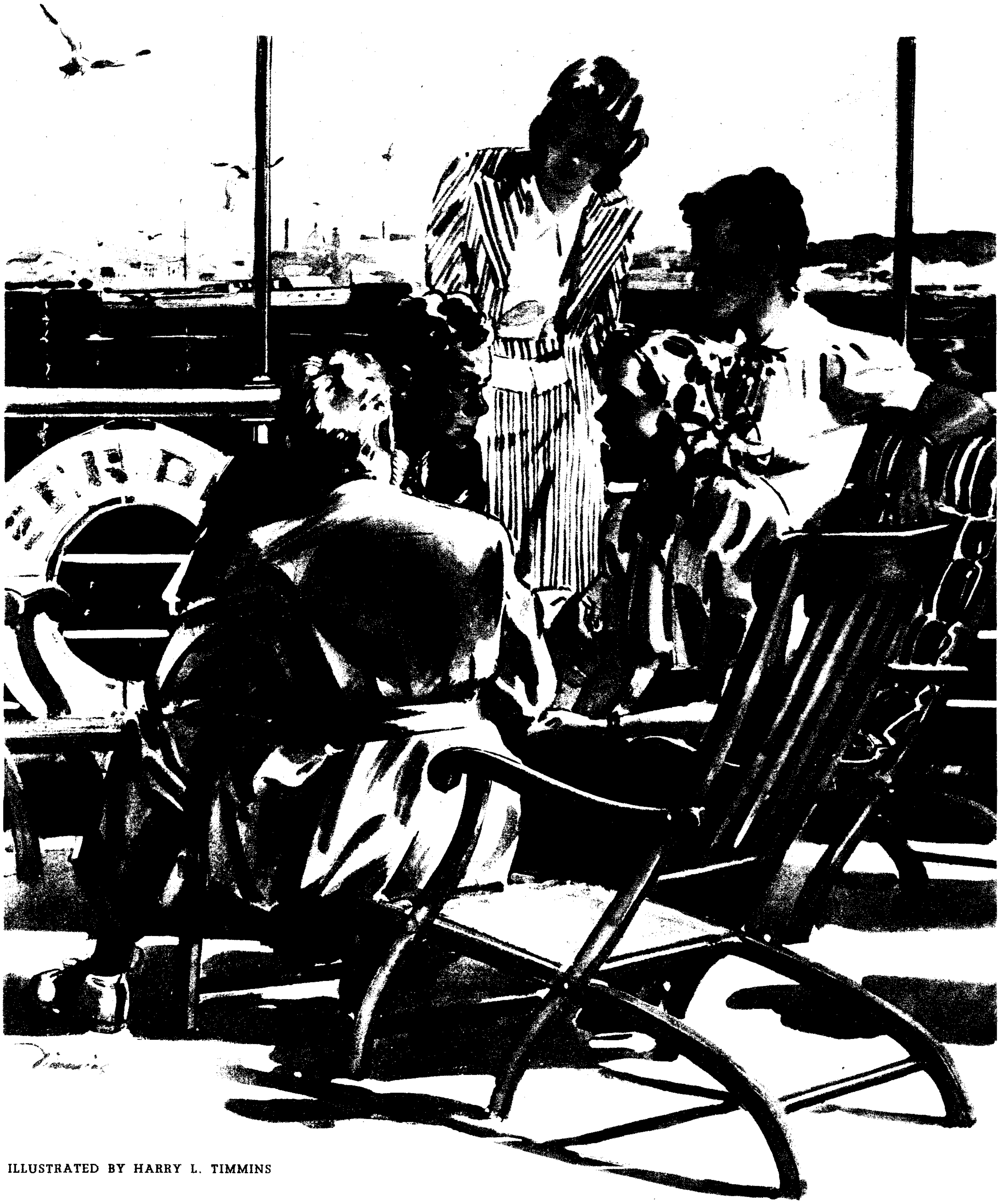
"Yeah? Anybody else lose to him at cards?"

"I know Belfor did. I don't know of any others."

"How much did he lose?"

"Only Serden and Belfor knew the amount. I believe it was considerable."

(Continued on page 43)



"You know if Mr. Belfor didn't like Mr. Ayton?" O'Malley inquired of them generally. They were surprised

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Baku hat, shown above at left, gets a place in the sun for travel, vacation and business. Washable seersucker suit, white shirt with pinned collar and summer tie

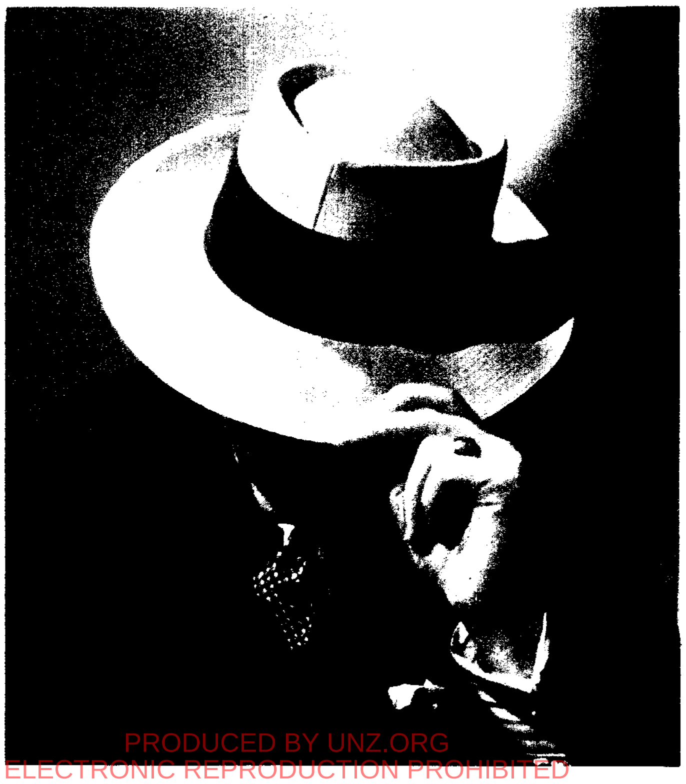
Two coconuts: he got his first and she had it copied. She also likes his tan Palm Beach suit, yellow shirt with its cutaway collar and the pipe-design foulard tie. Here's a guy who had better look out

The classic Panama for town, resort and travel. Worn, left, with a lightweight blue tropical worsted suit and madras shirt with colored stripes

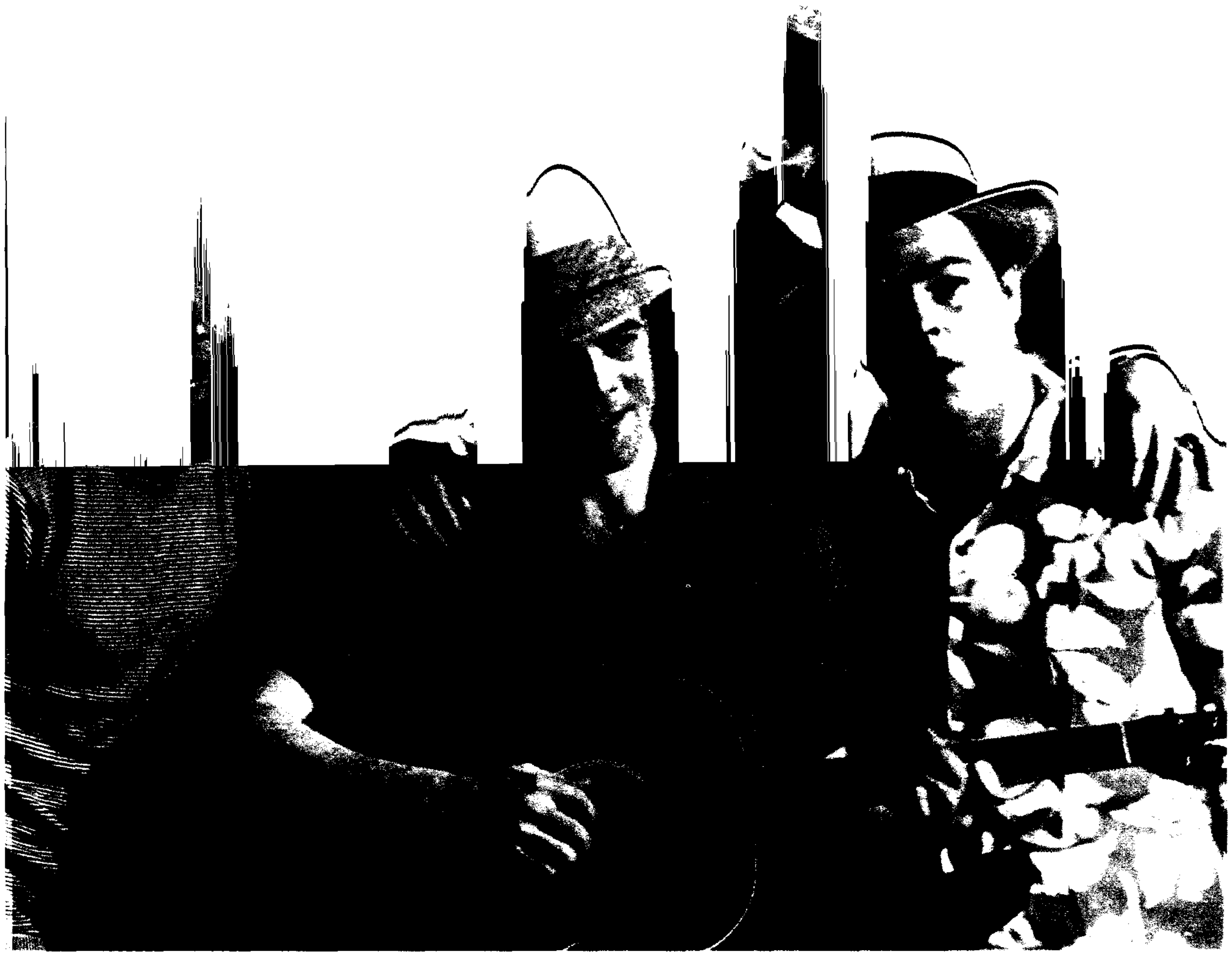
Leghorn is achieving a comeback, too. This one, far left, below, in rust color with club-stripe band, may be worn for town, resort or school. Well-proportioned, it may be worn by men of all ages. Gabardine suit and green oxford shirt set it off nicely

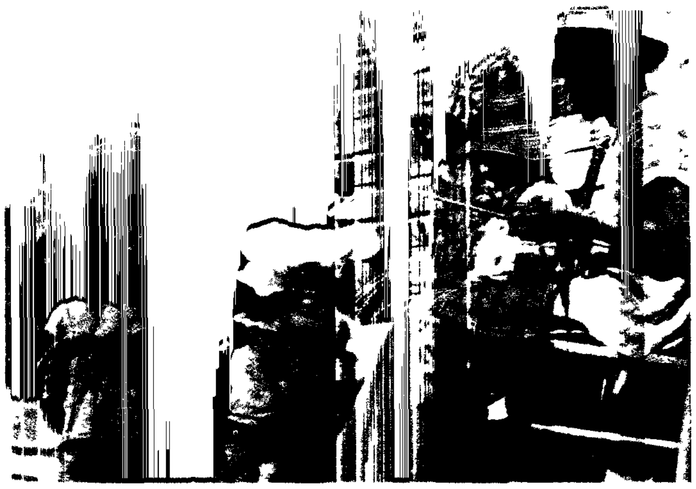
Above, the hat for college—hemp in a mushro
shape with colorful band. The tweed sports jac
is bold in pattern, the shirt the conservative b
ton-down collar-attached type with ribbon-bow

Left, Madagascar braid makes a hat good on
campus and good for vacation and resort we
The suit is of tropical worsted, worn with a foula
tie and striped madras shirt. Bands on all sumn
straws are easily interchangeable for greater varie

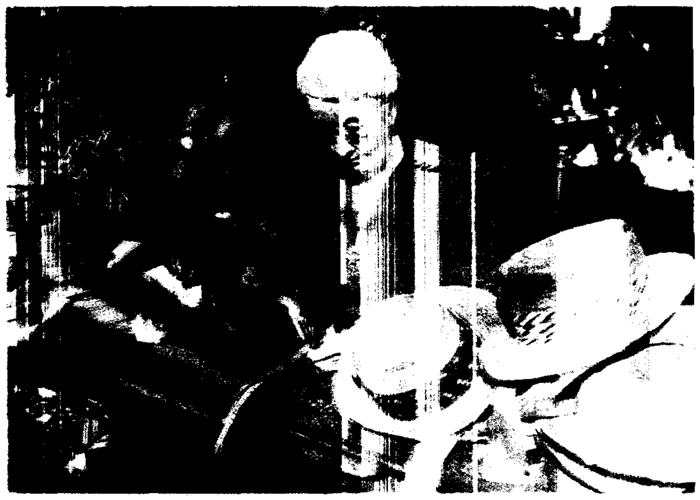


For formal evening wear the Coconut straw, rig
is worn with white puggree band replacing a c
ored band. White Palm Beach jacket, soft dr
shirt with pleated bosom, square-end black dr
tie and maroon studs. Don't forget the carnati





Entire family engages in thriving native industry of plaiting braid for the popular Coconut straw

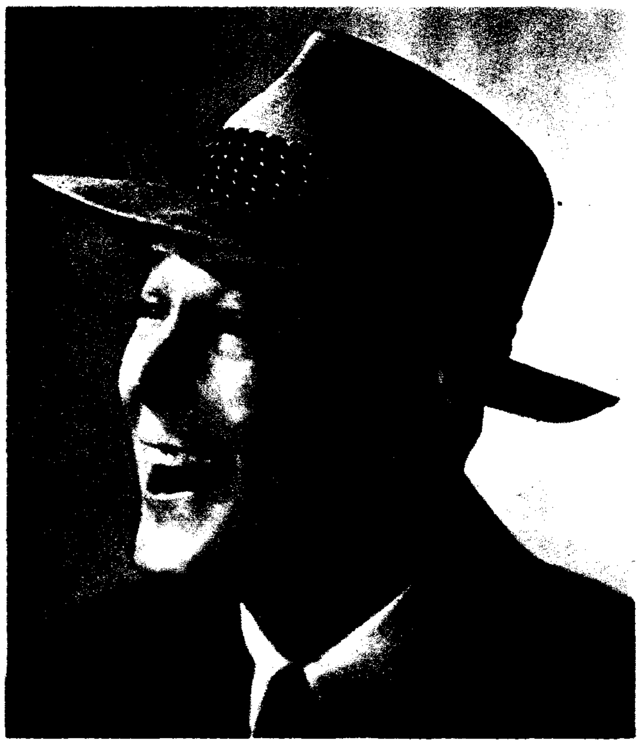


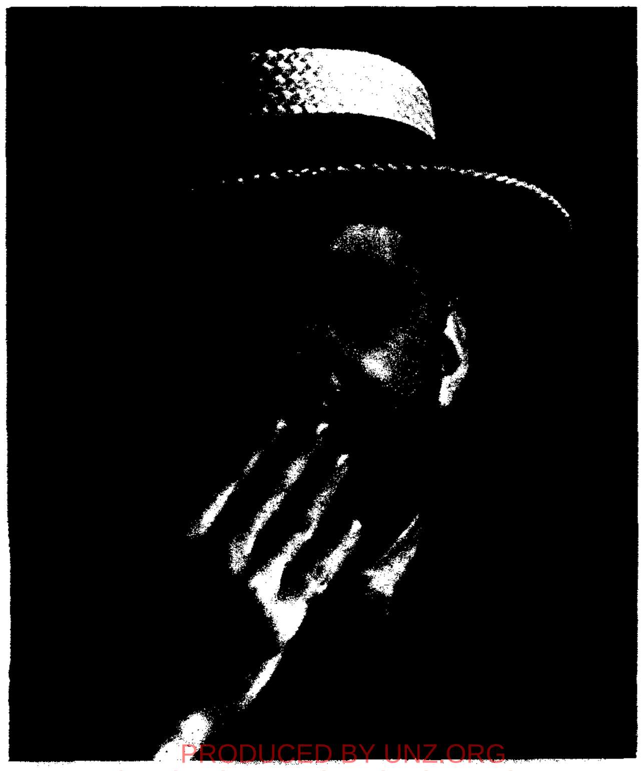
Miss Mary Wilson, who conducts a one-woman business in men's hats in Nassau, British West Indies

Clothes Harmony: At left, above, Canebrake straw with bright puggree band; guitar player in the Gualaquiza straw in Jippi Jappa shape; Peanut straw with dark blue band, worn with white suit. The Hawaiian-shirted tenor wears a Raffia straw

The lightweight Hanoki at the right may be worn correctly both for town and country. In this case the puggree band is polka-dotted. Brown striped Palm Beach suit, an ivory-color broadcloth shirt and ever-popular foulard tie help the effect

Streamlined straw Kelly, far right, below, has been brought up to date with a regimental stripe band for town wear. The suit is gray flannel, worn with a blue oxford shirt, with tie in regimental colors





Pick a Straw

By Henry L. Jackson

THE old straw Kelly ain't what it used to be. The variety in this summer's straws for men practically rivals the turnout in women's hats.

Within the next few weeks, you'll have to settle the problem of a lightweight summer straw. But to keep cool, comfortable and fashionable this summer you'll need a fancy straw. There are hundreds of them on the market. The hats pictured are types that men of all ages can wear. They were seen this past winter at Southern resorts and in California, and will be worn all over the country this summer.

The Coconut straw leads the straw-hat parade, and actually sets the pace for all the rest. Down in Nassau the natives have been weaving braid from the coconut tree for decades, fashioning it into crude but effective sun protectors. Americans whose cruise ships made Nassau a port of call saw them and adopted them for their own. But it remained for a little Englishwoman, Miss Mary Wilson, to turn native braid into head-conforming hats of a distinctive but uniform quality. As a final decorative touch she added a bright puggree band.

The Coconut straw started something that isn't finished yet. From Java we have the Canebrake, from Ecuador comes Gualaquiza, Peanut straw from the Philippines, Raffia from Tuscany, Coconut straw from Nassau, braids from Madagascar and from the Orient.

You will find the most popular hats this summer are generally made with low crowns and wide brims in deep tan or brown shades and decorated with colorful bands. They're all light in weight, woven to permit air circulation and, most important, flattering to the wearer. Most of them are right for town, country and semisports wear, with the larger shapes and brighter bands recommended for out-of-town. Note that by simply changing from a bright to a white band your Coconut straw becomes formal.

Don't overlook the combination of shirts, suits and ties shown. They've been chosen with an eye to color harmony for your summer wardrobe. They represent what well-dressed men showed a preference for at Southern resorts this past winter and are the types of shirts and ties that will be seen throughout the country this summer. ★★★

Call Your Sheep

By Roark Bradford

Caldonie's trouble was too much for the Widow Duck. It was too much for anybody but Caldonie herself—for she was equal to anything

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THE foreman was kind but firm. He sat astride the tall bay gelding and looked down into Caldonie's face as he talked. She, standing with her feet well apart and her chin high, argued with dignity. There was no bid for pity in her voice or words. The tears that came occasionally were started by the northern Louisiana winter's wind. And when her chin quivered, the foreman knew it was from the chill air and possibly from not enough good, solid food, instead of from fear or embarrassment. It was her desperate determination that kept him talking to her long after he had refused her request.

"Times," Giles told her, "is jest as tight in Bossier Parish as dey is in Caddo. Us got too many fo'ks over hyar, same as y'all got over yonder. And de Bossman say us ain't to move nobody else on de place."

"De land in Bossier," the woman pointed out, "is mo' gooder den hit is in Caddo, and you got a empty house, too. My mule is ole, like you say, but efn he kin run in de lot and git a few baits er cawn in his belly, he kin drag a plow. And my boy kin plow good. He'll make thirteen dis June. My gal kin chop cotton might' nigh good as me, and she won't make nine year ole ontwell next August. Efn you ain't got no spare cotton land, us kin wage-hand about to buy a little meat and stuff and us kin scrabble up a gyarden by de house, for de rest. Gran'pa, he kin do good in de gyarden."

Giles frowned. "Daughter," he said, "I ain't sorry for you jest cause you's a widow woman. I'm sorry for you cause you got de cheeks to stand up and tawk business when you got bad luck. Efn you'd 'a' come hyar beggin', I'd 'a' done run you off, and gone on about my business. But you stand up and tawk like you got somethin' to yo' mus-tash, and I'm got to listen on account er I'm got somethin' to my mus-tash."

"I don't ax nobody to be sorry for me," Caldonie said. "You got a empty house made for people to live in. I'm people and I ain't got no house."

"I hates to tawk about de ole and 'cropit," Giles said, "but you say yo' gran'daddy's blind and I ain't lettin' no blind man move on dis place. Us strickly ain't sendin' off to Caddo Parish and bringin' no blind and 'cropit to feed, good times *or* bad."

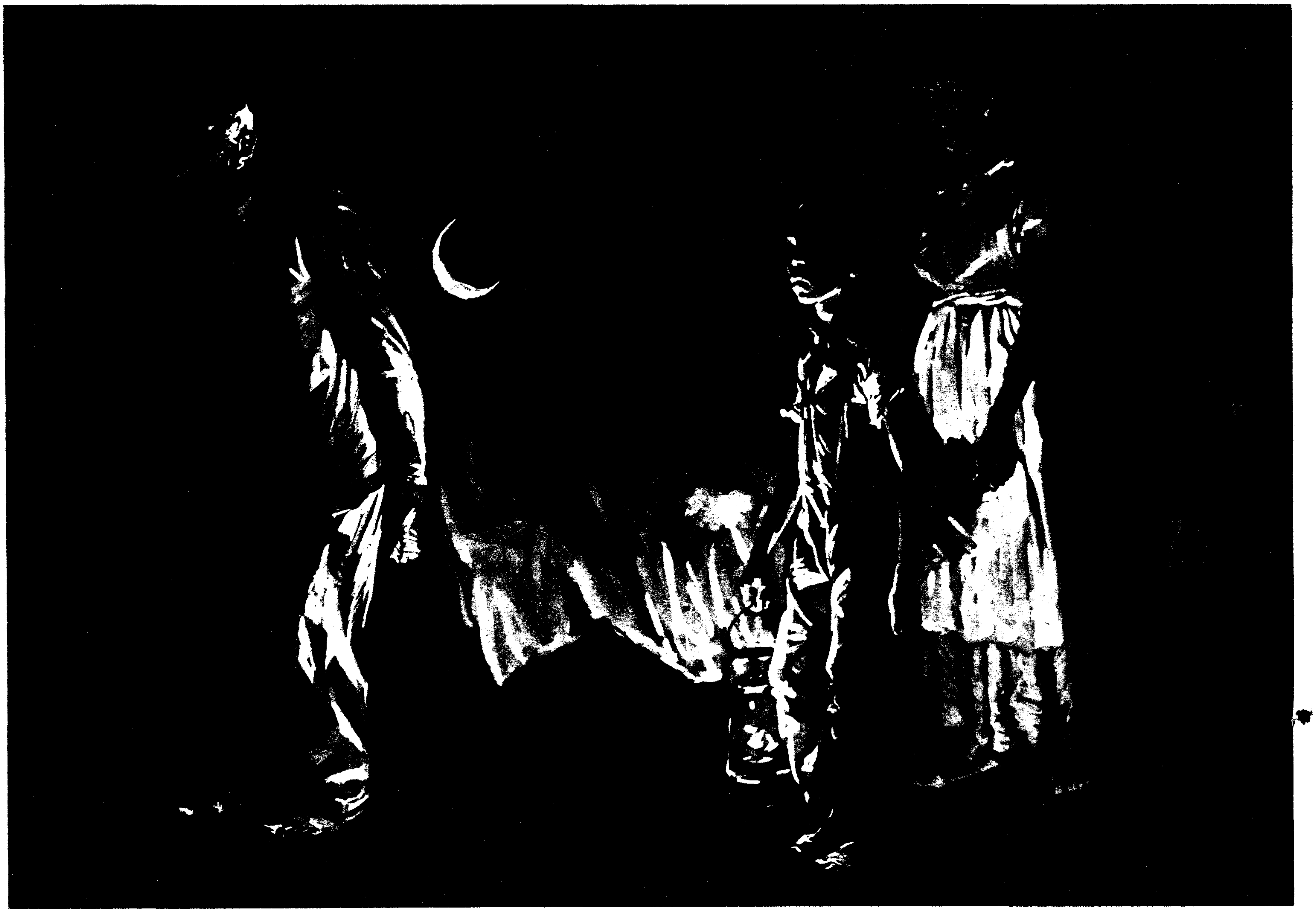
"And dat's right," Caldonie said. "I been takin' keer er my gran'daddy a long time. But I reckon when hit comes right down to taw, maybe I'm got to take keer er my chilluns and me, befo' I takes keer er him. 'Specially when I'm got a sister over in Shrevespo't dat kin take keer er him, same as me. So I'm fixin' to leave my gran'daddy in Shrevespo't, and den I'm fixin' to move in dat empty house, down yonder, wid my mule and my stove and my chilluns and all. Satisfied?"

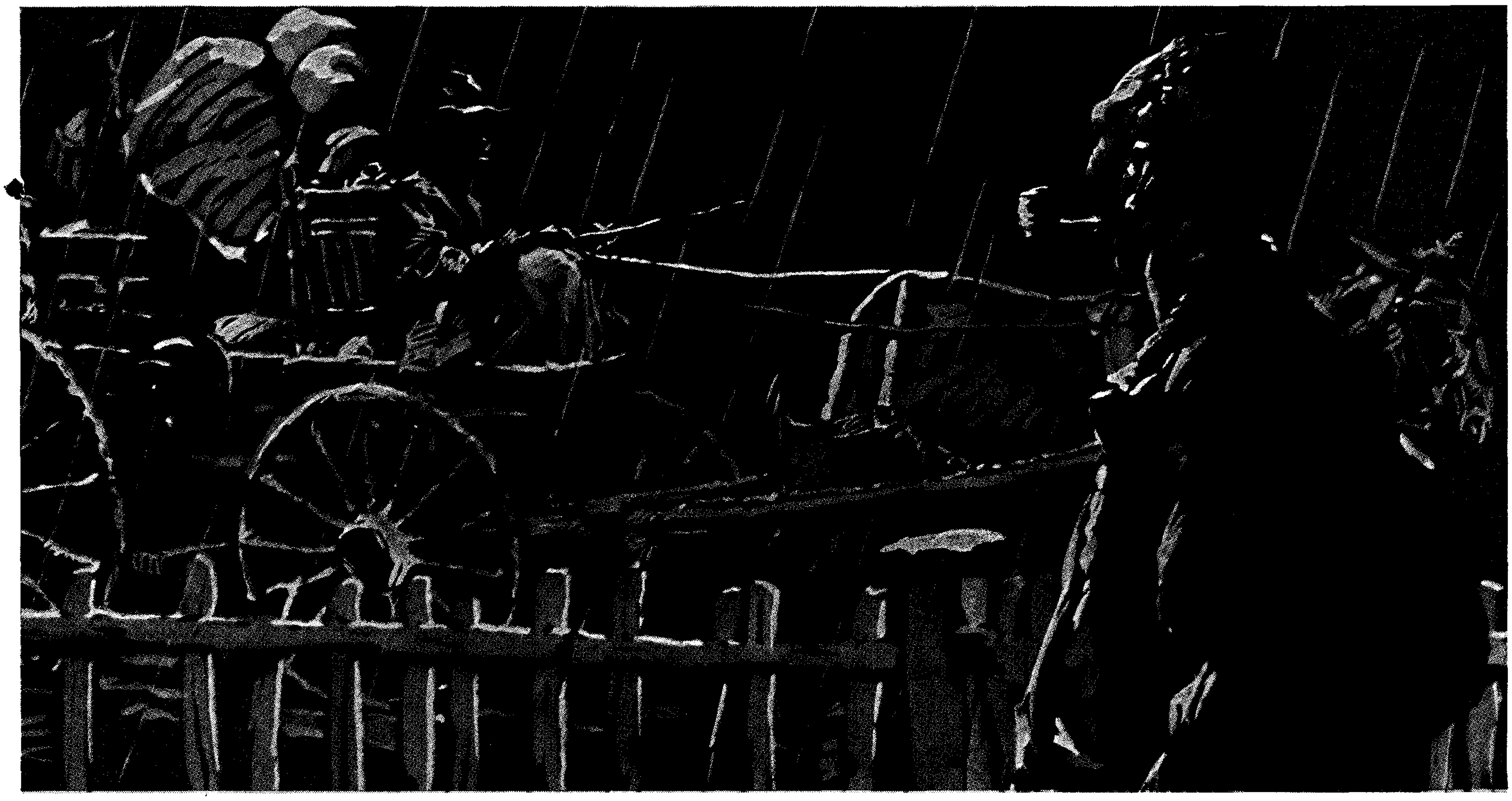
"Satisfied," agreed Giles. He rode off.

Caldonie moved the next day. It was almost dark when she drove up. A north wind was driving a biting, sleety rain across the broad fields drab with last year's cotton stalks. The bony old mule tacked from side to side, dragging a ramshackle wagon through heavy red mud.

Giles looked out the door as the wagon started past his house. For a moment he wanted to laugh at the sight;

They started out and the lotman sang. Caldonie and the children joined in. There never was a more solemn funeral





"Movin' in today?" the foreman called. "You sho picked out bad weather for movin' "

and then his face hardened, and he frowned. The entire possessions of the widow's family were piled in that little wagon: iron bedsteads with the paint scratched off, a stove with two joints of rusty pipe, a few pots and kettles and on top of the whole disordered pile was an old "store-bought" mattress soaked through by the rain.

Caldonie, sitting on a board across the wagon bed, was driving. An old felt hat, whose brim was beaten down, all but covered her face. Water streamed from the hat onto a homemade quilt she was using as a shawl.

In the rear of the wagon, the two children were huddled close, holding a large galvanized washtub over their heads for protection from rain and wind.

"Movin' in today?" the foreman called. "You sho picked out bad weather for movin'."

"Whoa, Luther," commanded the woman, pulling the mule to a willing halt. She turned the hatbrim up so that her face was exposed. Streams of water at once poured down her cheeks. "Hit wa'n't rainin' when I started out," she explained.

"WANT to come in and dry off?" Giles invited. "I'll git somebody to he'p you move yo' plunder in, after supper."

"Naw," Caldonie said flatly. "I'll dry off by my own fire, when I gits moved in. Me and de chilluns kin handle hit. Us kin 'tend to us's own." She paused and then added as an afterthought: "Thanky, jest de same."

"Hmm," the foreman thought. "Proud, maybe." He shrugged. If that was the way she wanted it, that was her business. "Satisfied," he told her. "You'll find de house efn you keeps down de road past de bridge, and den take de turnrow to de lef' hand. Hit's about a ha'f a mile f'm de bridge. You can't miss hit—hit's de onliest house down dat way. You kin burn dem ole rails dat's on de po'ch. You got a ax?"

"Nawsuh. Maybe I c'd borry yo' ax?"

"Sho," Giles said, stepping off the porch and starting toward his own woodpile. "I'll bring hit."

"Whipper!" Caldonie ordered sharply. "Go git de ax."

The boy slid from under the tub, raced to the woodpile and returned with the ax.

The foreman went back to the house and once more shrugged his lack of interest in the determined aloofness of the new tenants.

"My name," he called from the porch, "is Giles Arnold."

The woman relaxed for a brief moment to observe the social amenities. "I hyared yo' name spoke plum over in Caddo, Mist' Giles," she told him. "My call-name is Caldonie and de name for de book is Cally-dony Suggs."

"Well, Caldonie," Giles said hospitably, "efn you-all wants to change yo' mind and eat supper wid I and Betsy, you's welcome."

Caldonie froze once more. "Us make out," she said shortly.

"Like you say," he agreed. "When you gits onloaded, you kin send yo' mule to de lot by dat boy, and he kin tote back a few rations f'm de commissary."

"Satisfied," Caldonie said and, shaking the lines, she said to the mule, "Git up, Luther!"

Too many years of hard work on short rations and the long pull from the Caddo Parish hills to Little Bee Bend plantation, suddenly climaxed by a generous feeding of corn and hay, proved fatal to Luther. Uncle Henry, the lotman, found the mule just before daylight.

"He had a year er cawn in his mouf," Uncle Henry explained, "and a satisfied look on his face. I reckon he died off pleasant."

Whipper came to the lot that morning, the same as everybody else. Giles took a good look at him. He was tall and thin, and looked older than his years.

"Who sont for you?" Giles asked.

The boy looked frightened, though his voice seemed steady enough. "Nobody," he replied. "I'm de man at my house, so I comed to de lot."

"You name Whipper?"

"Dat's my call-name," was the reply.

"Whipper Snapper?" the foreman suggested kindly.

"Efn you likes," the boy said.

"And you's fixin' to work like a man?"

"I kin mock a man." His chin quivered, but he was defiant.

"You see any work 'round hyar you kin do?"

Whipper looked about. "I kin gear up a pair er mules," he stated, "and drag ole Luther off to de woods so's de buzzards kin git at him."

Giles grinned. "You'll do, Whipper," he said warmly. "Me and you gonter git along good. But fust thing you got to do is git fatted up some. Hit ain't no work, right now. But purty soon hit's gonter be a heap. You git on back to de house and tell yo' maw to feed you up good for about a week. Den you come on to de lot, and I'll see is you got anything to yo' mus-tash."

WHIPPER opened his mouth to speak but suddenly snapped his jaws shut, wheeled and ran off like a frightened rabbit.

Giles chuckled. "Wild as a buck," he said. "And no wonder. I bet he ain't had a strickly good bait er somethin' to eat in a month er Sundays."

"He had a nice look about de face," Uncle Henry put in, "but he had a secret look in his eye. When you spoke hard at him, he was all okay, but when you spoke friendly wid him that secret look crope in his eye."

"Aw, go 'haid," Giles snorted. "Fust off, a daid mule had a pleasant look in his face, and den dis young'n git a secret look in his eye, and now I'm got a tired look in my soul f'm listenin' to dat kind er tawk. You go git dem mules sheared whilst us can't plow. And you—Joe Booty!—ketch ole Hawk and Eagle and drag dat dead mule to de woods. And, Johnny, you he'p Grant fix de Widow Duck's chimbley whar de bricks is cavin' in. And de rest er y'all better scatter out and git yo'se'ves some rabbits. Cause cotton is so cheap and meat is so high dat I ain't fixin' to onlock de commissary door no mo' ontwell us gits started to plowin' again!"

On Little Bee Bend plantation it is considered a cardinal virtue to mind your own business. The people are friendly and kind, but they are not meddlesome.

"Efn you minds yo' own business rale good," the Widow Duck had often advised, "den you'll be too busy to mind somebody else's."

It was neither meddlesomeness nor curiosity that caused the Widow Duck to walk from her cabin on Willow Chute bayou to Caldonie's house on Cuckleburr Lake, the third day after the latter had moved in. As an officer of the Old Ship of Zion Church, it was her duty; and as a lifelong resident of the plantation, it was her pleasure to welcome newcomers to the community. She waddled the two muddy miles, down turnrows and little-used footpaths. As she walked she sang a pleasant little song:

"Dis little light er mine—
I'm gonter let hit shine."

At Caldonie's house, the Widow Duck met with the coldest reception she had ever received in her life. Caldonie was waiting on her porch, chin high and eyes stony.

"I'm Duckie Miller," the Widow Duck introduced herself. "I was down disaway and figgered I'd drap by."

Caldonie said nothing, nor did she move.

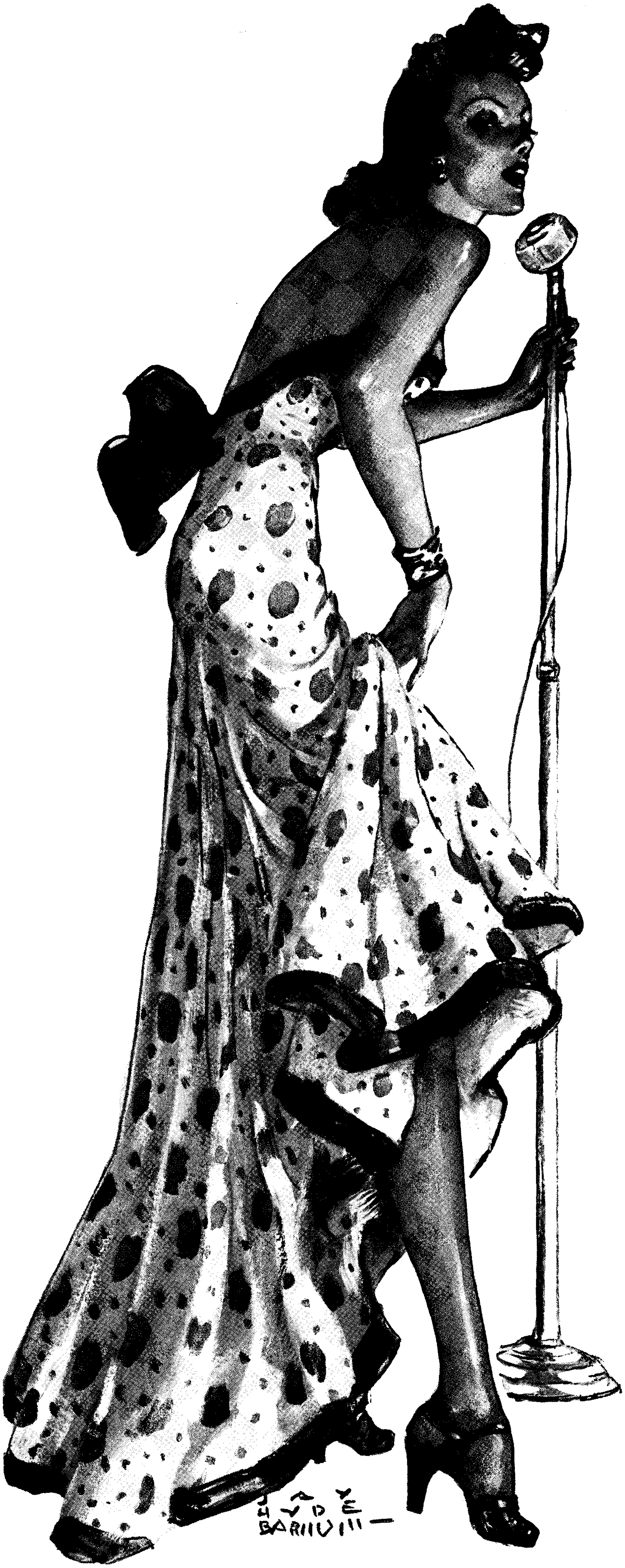
"I'm de senior usher at de church," the Widow Duck went on pleasantly, "and I figgered maybe—"

"Efn I wants to go to church," Caldonie snapped, "ain't nobody got to ush me. I knows when meetin' time come."

The Widow Duck was beginning to understand she wasn't wanted, but it was difficult for her to believe she wouldn't be welcome anywhere.

"Well, daughter," she persisted, "you ain't got to leap on me about de church.

(Continued on page 46)



Then Nora got a job singing in a club and they'd managed

Good Hunting

By Charlotte Hall

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

IT WAS comeback day for Tup Connor as he strode down the ramp at the Glendale airport and stopped at the newsstand to pick up a copy of the Hollywood Reporter.

When his cab slid away from the curb Tup opened the paper. On the third page his name caught his eye. He read the item with growing satisfaction: "Tup Connor has just inked a juicy one-year option with Major to script their series of flickers about the Armstrong family."

He folded the paper, knowing that the satisfaction was connected less with the contract than with Nora.

It was still early. He stopped at Tony's for a drink. Later he would take a cab out to La Brea Courts where she lived now.

Now that he was here at Tony's, where he and Nora had gone so often, a thousand memories of her crowded in on him—her laughing way of looking up at him, the honest gravity of her eyes, the light touch of her head against his shoulder when they were riding in the garish, cream-colored roadster they had bought soon after they were married.

Some of the memories, though, were sharp-edged with the bitterness of those lean months before he had gone east—alone. Tup couldn't help recalling how the break with Major Studios had come, abruptly, with only the curt explanation that it was necessary to cut the writing staff.

He had made the rounds—studios, radio stations, even publicity offices. Writers were a dime a dozen. Then he'd tried settling down to pound out fiction in their little room—because by that time they had given up the apartment.

After a while Nora got a job singing in a club and they'd managed to eat on it. "Just to tide us over, Tup," she'd said.

Then Tup began to wake up to the fact that, along with the apartment and the roadster and the parties, something else was being lost, some feeling between them—not love, but something more like mutual respect. He stayed home a lot, then, and it got so he avoided Nora's eyes when she came in.

THE break had come the afternoon he bought a couple of bottles of Scotch and invited some of the studio boys up to the room. Nora had walked in.

After the boys left she had faced him with tight lips. "Who bought the liquor, Tup?"

He had blown up, and they'd said things to each other they had never meant. But that was the way they were—strained, overtense with the drag of all those months.

Nora had left. "I've got a little pride, Tup, if you haven't."

He'd answered, "Going where the money is, eh, Nora? Well—good hunting."

He'd cleared out then, gone east, with little money in his pockets, and less hope.

All that was over now. It was the sort of screwy thing that happened in Hollywood, Tup thought. Called back to the very studio that had canned him. All because he worked with Broderick on a radio serial script and Major had decided to make a series from it. The job would last, and there'd be no more clubs for Nora.

He took a drink, and in the mirror, over the brim of the glass, he saw the girl come in through the screen door. He watched her walk across the room.

"Hello, Tup."

Tup put his glass down and turned. "Hello, Nora."

She slid onto the stool next to his, her eyes searching his face hungrily. Her words came out in an embarrassed rush: "When did you get back, Tup? It's such a surprise, seeing you here. I—how was New York?"

"New York was fine," Tup said. He ordered her a drink. "Fine."

"I'm so glad I found you here. You see—" Her glance fell on the Reporter near Tup's elbow and she looked away quickly, in confusion.

TUP glanced at her sharply. So she had seen the story about his job. Well, she hadn't wasted much time. She might have waited for him to come to her.

Suddenly she met his glance. "Oh, Tup, it's been so long."

Tup took another drink. He wasn't making it any easier for her. But then, she was too eager, now that he was on top again. "Yeah. A long time."

She laughed brightly. "You know, money matters were always our chief trouble, Tup. And now all that is all right again." Her eyes were frightened above the smile. "Isn't it, Tup?"

Tup said, "Sure, Nora, sure." But just the same, he couldn't help remembering the crack he'd made about good hunting. He wondered where her pride was now.

As if answering his thought Nora said, "Pride's a stupid thing. There shouldn't be *any* pride between us—*ever* again."

She stumbled over the last words, and Tup stood up. He hadn't wanted to embarrass her too much. Just a little, so she would know the hurt he'd felt.

Then, suddenly, he didn't want to be anything but just himself. Nora and him. He said, "Gosh, Nora, New York was lonesome. I missed you so."

She was in his arms with a little cry: "Oh, Tup—Tup."

The tumble of her words came to him muffled by his coat. "After you left I was so ashamed and unhappy. I knew, then, nothing mattered except being with you. And today when I got off the location bus and came here, it seemed so—so *right* to see you here. But I got scared when I saw the Reporter, and couldn't say things straight. I knew there'd probably be a story in it about my singing part in Major's new picture. You see, I wanted to tell you myself."

Her fingers gripped his arm. "It's such a good job, Tup. Plenty of money for both of us. And I was so afraid you wouldn't have me."

Tup's body tensed, and she said, "Tup, what's the matter?"

He met her eyes. They were big eyes, the way he remembered. "Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all."

And nothing was. In a minute he would tell her. But now he just wanted to stand there, holding her like that, feeling what a heel he was. And how in love he was with Nora.

Artists, peasants and American workmen are all grist for the Kremlin mill. They're the raw product from which rubles and dollars can be squeezed or sweated. Dr. Dubrowsky, from first-hand experience, shows you the mill in operation

Chali- basso, rais- cert p- d

HOW STALIN STEALS OUR MONEY

By D. H. Dubrowsky as told to Denver Lindley

IN 1920 Moscow was slowly starving. I arrived there in the spring, after breaking through the blockade with medical supplies for the Red army, and was given one of the best suites in the Hotel Savoy. But even for a privileged guest life was miserable.

The pavements of the city were still torn with the signs of street fighting, and an hour's walking in ordinary shoes such as mine would send me back to the hotel crippled and longing for hot water to soak my feet in. But water of any sort was hard to get. Since my rooms were above the third floor, it had to be carried up by the porter.

The only thing of which there was real abundance was bedbugs. Sound sleep was out of the question. After a night of tossing and scratching, I would jump out of bed and pour water over myself from head to foot to drown the pests.

These were incidental annoyances. The real problem was food, for, as I have said, Moscow was starving. My breakfast consisted of a thin slice of black bread, half straw and half unbakable dough, and a tea substitute without sugar.

For dinner a kind of watery porridge was served—made apparently of chicken feed. Or, by way of variety, we would be given frozen potatoes boiled into an unappetizing, soft, gray mass. There were no fats. Salt was worth its weight in gold.

The citizens of Moscow were sustained in these hardships by the hope of great things abroad. Russia was still at war. The main Red army under Tukhachevsky was marching on Warsaw from the northeast. The cavalry under Budenny, with Stalin and Voroshilov as commissars, was supposedly executing a flank movement from the southeast. From day to day Moscow was expecting news of the fall of Warsaw, the thrust of Communism into Western Europe, the spread of world revolution and the end of slow starvation.

But nothing came of these hopes. Stalin, as is generally believed by those who followed the operations, purposely delayed the approach of the cavalry—out of jealousy for Tukhachevsky. (It was Tukhachevsky's report of this maneuver that earned him Stalin's undying hatred and led, when the time was ripe, to Tukhachevsky's execution.) The French general, Weygand, seizing this unexpected opportunity and exploiting it brilliantly, turned the Russian attack into a rout. And the pall of despair fell over starving Moscow.

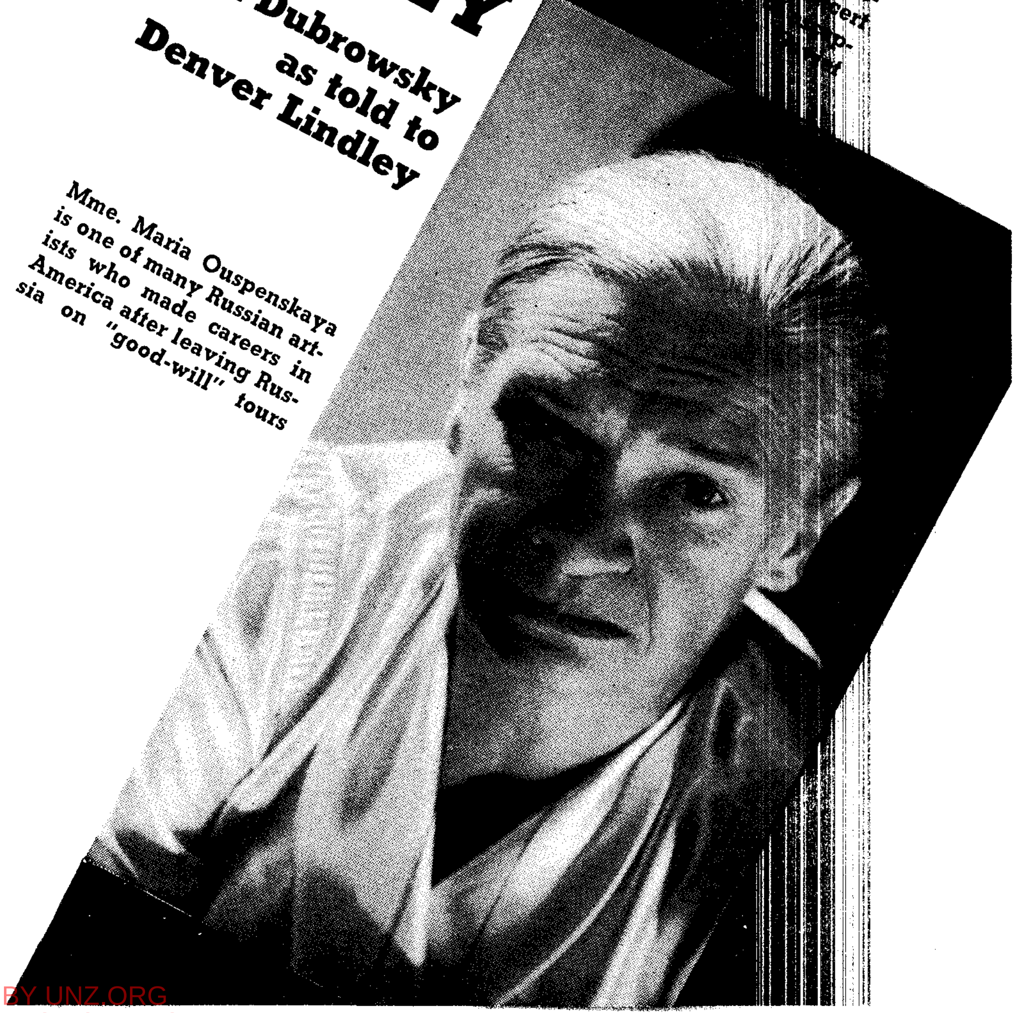
Only Food Had Value

In this atmosphere of brooding helplessness there were still a few bright spots. They were the concerts, the opera and the theaters. Men and women, weak from hunger and despair, could still find forgetfulness at the Bolshoi Theater, listening to the exquisite music of Tchaikovsky, or in watching the magnificent acting at the Moscow Art Theater.

Money was worthless in those days, and so the singers and actors were paid in food. I shall never forget my first sight of Feodor Chaliapin's dressing room at the Moscow Academy of Music. I had heard him sing and was taken backstage by Lydia Kopeikina, an assistant to Anatol Lunacharsky in the Commissariat of Education.

In one corner of the dressing room stood a sack of flour and beside it a sack of potatoes. On the dressing table were a mound of butter, a bag of sugar and even a small bag marked "salt." The highest-paid artist of the Russian stage,

(Continued on page 37)



Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya is one of many Russian artists who made careers in America after leaving Russia on "good-will" tours

The Secret of the Marshbanks

By Kathleen Norris

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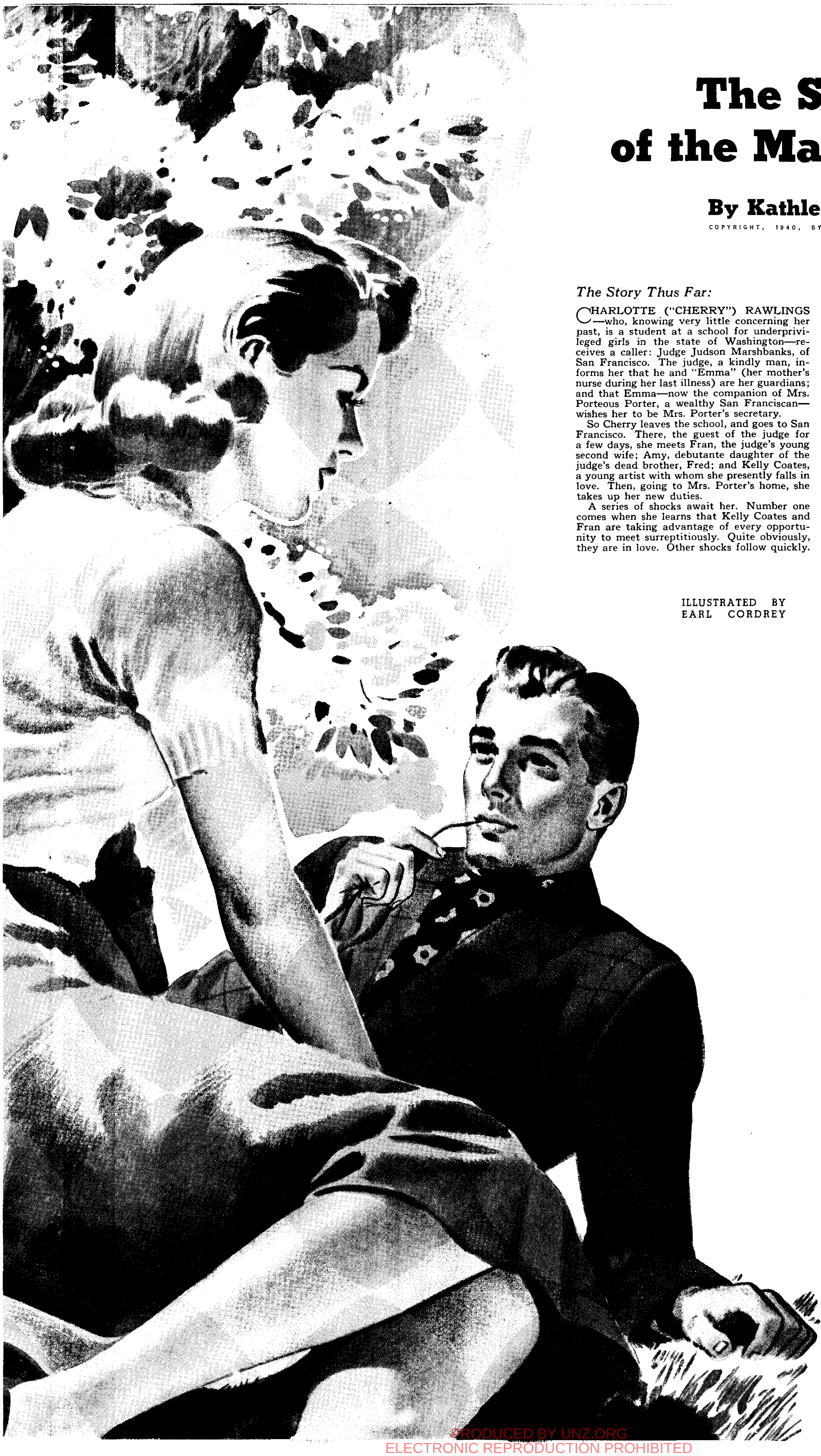

The Story Thus Far:

CHARLOTTE ("CHERRY") RAWLINGS —who, knowing very little concerning her past, is a student at a school for underprivileged girls in the state of Washington—receives a caller: Judge Judson Marshbanks, of San Francisco. The judge, a kindly man, informs her that he and "Emma" (her mother's nurse during her last illness) are her guardians; and that Emma—now the companion of Mrs. Porteous Porter, a wealthy San Franciscan—wishes her to be Mrs. Porter's secretary.

So Cherry leaves the school, and goes to San Francisco. There, the guest of the judge for a few days, she meets Fran, the judge's young second wife; Amy, debutante daughter of the judge's dead brother, Fred; and Kelly Coates, a young artist with whom she presently falls in love. Then, going to Mrs. Porter's home, she takes up her new duties.

A series of shocks await her. Number one comes when she learns that Kelly Coates and Fran are taking advantage of every opportunity to meet surreptitiously. Quite obviously, they are in love. Other shocks follow quickly. Emma, in a confidential moment, says that she is Cherry's mother's sister. Concerning her father (of whom Cherry knows nothing) the old woman will say nothing. That is shock number two. The third comes when Mrs. Porter, an invalid, dies, and—following the reading of her will (by the terms of which, Cherry is to receive fifteen hundred dollars)—Judge Marshbanks has a talk with Cherry. Usually cautious the judge lets slip a few words about his brother, Fred; and Cherry learns that Fred Marshbanks—Amy's father—had been her father, and that he and her mother had never been married.

The judge goes away. Crushed, in tears, Cherry turns to the one person who can comfort her: Kelly Coates. At his house, Topcote, near Sausalito, they go over the situation. Then Kelly drives her home. Preparing to part, at Mrs. Porter's—where Cherry, who is planning to enter Stanford, is still staying—they agree to meet, when either is in trouble. As they stand facing each other, Kelly takes her in his arms for a moment. He brushes her forehead lightly with his lips. Then, without another word, he leaves her.

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

VI

SO YOU start your collegiate career next week?" the judge asked Cherry as she and Amy, murmuring apologies, slid into their seats fifteen minutes after luncheon had been announced.

"I start coaching," Cherry answered, busy with jellied bouillon. "And then, if they let me in, I enter regular classes next September."

Her radiant, eager look went around the table and met with a response from everyone except the stern-faced old woman who sat at the judge's left. His mother accepted Cherry because she had no choice. Amy had grown to adore Cherry; Fran liked her in her indifferent way; the judge was openly fond of her, anxious for all to go well with her. The elder Mrs. Marshbanks could only fall in line. The judge had said to her upon one of the first occasions of Cherry's coming to the house, "You know who she is, of course?" to which his mother had returned frigidly, "Certainly!" and had asked in turn, "Does Amy know?"

"Certainly not," the judge had returned promptly, and that had closed the subject for the time. But he had known and Cherry presently came to realize that her presence in the Marshbanks mansion was heartily resented by the old dowager. Curiously, the effect of this attitude was to stimulate her.

"After all," the girl would think on the few occasions when she came into contact with the older woman, "you're my grandmother, you know, and you can't help it and I can't help it!" Whenever she said this, it seemed to her an easier thing to accept. A fact was a fact, and no matter how unbearable it seemed at first view, familiarity made it seem less and less important.

Emma had gone with her kitten to the country now, and Cherry was to leave for Palo Alto in a few days, to take

"I was wondering," Kelly said, "if you'd like to come and live at Topcote, Cherry." She looked at him, flushing and paling. "How do you mean?" "I mean marry me, of course," he said

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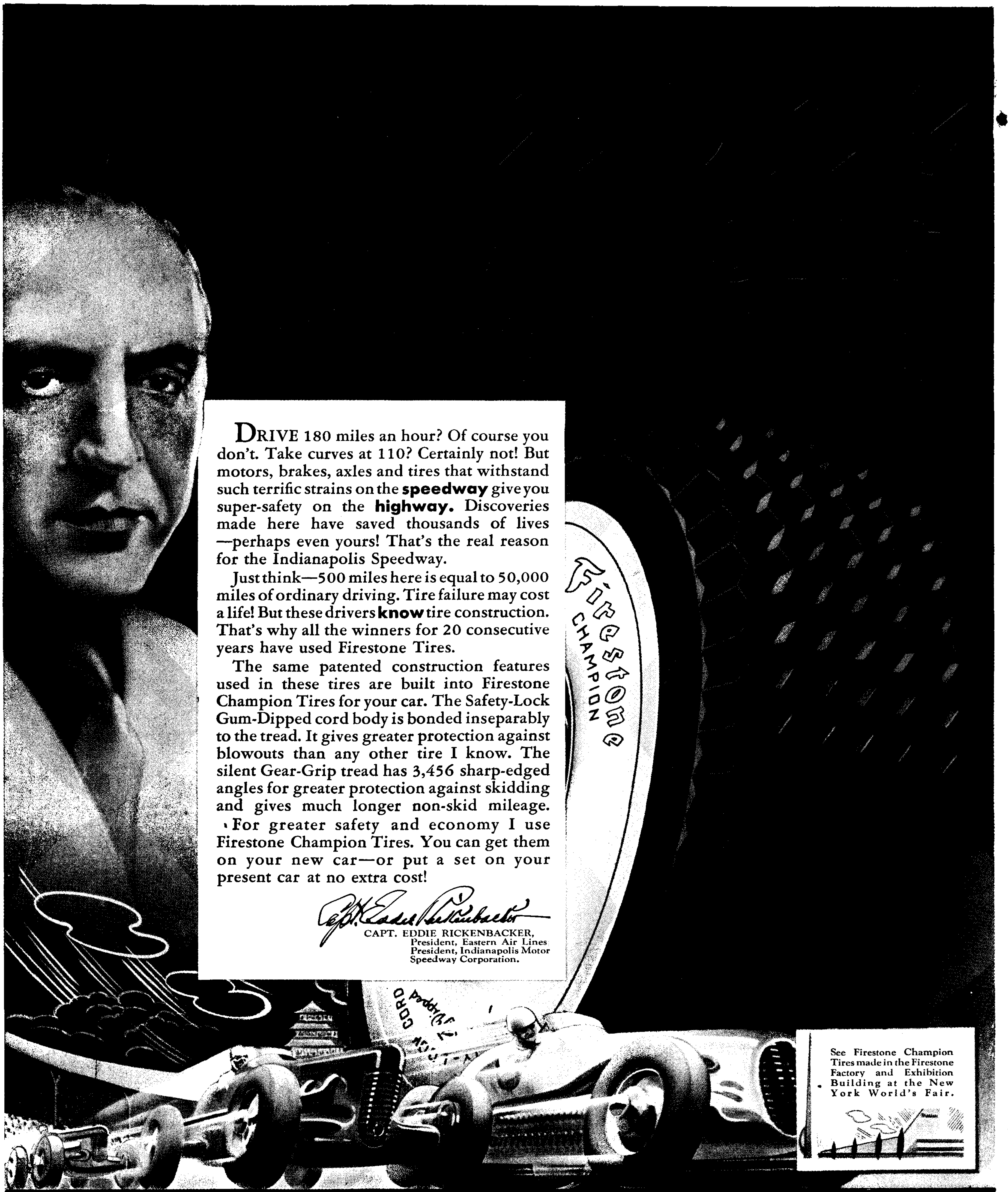

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possession of a room in the house of one Mrs. Pringle, and to begin summer-school work and to do a certain amount of coaching so as to be able to enter college as a regular student in the fall. On this particular day she was going down in the limousine with Fran who had a call or two to make in Atherton and Menlo Park, and who would pick Cherry up for the return trip after Cherry had introduced herself to her new landlady and inspected her quarters.

"I envy you!" Amy said. Her grandmother gave her a sharp, impatient look. To Mrs. Marshbanks the fuss they were all making over this ridiculous girl was in poor taste, to say the least.

"What do you envy, Amy?" the judge asked, as if he were not displeased.

"Oh, the fun! Living on the campus, racing around with all those boys, meeting new people," Amy answered. "I'm so sick of all my friends I could just die!"

"It *will* be fun!" Cherry's blue eyes shone beneath the tawny loose waves of her hair. "And I'll work like mad too! Amy," she went on, "why don't you come down with us today and go around with me?"

ACCIDENTALLY as she said it, her eyes went to Fran's face, and she could not mistake the quick wince, slight as it was, and the doubt and suspense in Fran's expression. It subsided immediately into a look of relief as Amy said dolefully that she had to stay for a "lousy" Junior League rehearsal. Cherry's high spirits experienced a sudden chilling check; Fran was planning something, that innocent little project of calling upon the Randalls and the Rasmussens wasn't to be quite what it had sounded. Her thoughts leaped to Kelly. Was Kelly down in that part of the world, and were they to meet?

All the fun and expectation died out of the expedition now, and she felt heavy-hearted and unwilling to speak. But when she and Fran were alone in the car, rolling smoothly through the Mission district and out past the big hospital into the open country, the turn of the conversation put everything right, and Cherry began to enjoy life again.

"Run the window down, will you, Cherry?" Fran presently said. "It's warm."

"Wouldn't you rather have the side windows down?"

"No, I want to speak to Rousseau. Rousseau, go the old road, will you, please?" Fran asked, when she could speak to the chauffeur. "For I promised I'd stop at the antique shop."

The young Frenchman did not turn his head. But he nodded slightly.

"No, wait a minute, I think we'll do that after we leave Miss Rawlings in Palo Alto," Fran changed it suddenly.

"Now what's she about?" Cherry thought. "She's meeting someone!"

"I've not seen Kelly Coates for weeks," Fran presently said thoughtfully, as if reading Cherry's mind. "He telephones, but I haven't happened to be in. I like him, too."

"He likes *you,*" Cherry said daringly. And at the same time her almost imperceptible nod indicated Rousseau, only a few feet away, and for all his squared back and his attention to the wheel, quite within hearing. Fran's answering faint nod and shrug suggested that it didn't matter what the chauffeur heard, if indeed he could hear anything. Servants, to Fran, Cherry reflected, simply did not exist as human beings.

"You see Kelly now and then, don't you?" Fran asked.

"Now and then."

"Lately?"

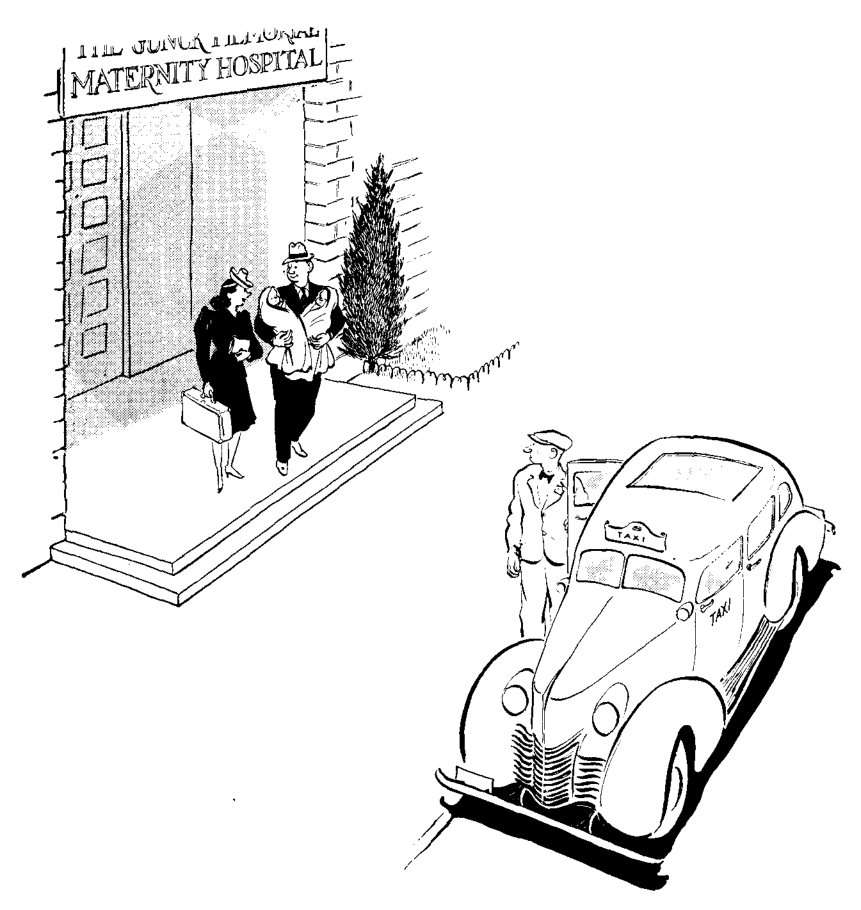
"The day we closed up Mrs. Porter's house—today's Thursday; that was Tuesday. He came there when Amy and I and Emma were finishing up. That was day before yesterday; I saw him then," Cherry said, thinking it out and omitting any mention of the Sausalito visit. "We walked a little while in the Presidio."

"You like him a lot, don't you?" the soft, hoarse voice with its hidden notes of laughter and of tears asked simply.

Cherry felt the blood in her face.

"I—guess so," she admitted, swallowing.

"Too bad," Fran said absently. "I'm



"Suppose we stop at the Hortons' first and collect that bet"

CARL ROSE

There's One in Every Neighborhood!

1. ONE DAY Marge and I are having ourselves a cozy little gossip when up strolls this neighbor we call "Mrs. Trouble." You know the kind that is full of conversation—but only about *herself,* and usually about her *ailments?* Well, today it was the irregularities of her intestinal tract.

2. AFTER SHE HAD GONE, Marge, the imp, sparks an idea. "These eternal sympathy-seekers!" she says. "Most of them just don't *eat* right. I'll bet a little *'bulk'* of the right kind in her diet would take the *blues* out of her conversation. Let's be her fairy godmothers and send her a letter and a package of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN."

3. "'MADAME,' WE'LL SAY, 'why *endure* your constipation first, and then try to *"cure"* it with purgatives? Better to get at the *cause*—and *prevent* it! If it's the common kind that's due to lack of "bulk," ALL-BRAN should do the trick. Eat it regularly and drink plenty of water.' "

4. I FORGOT ABOUT IT, until one day when Marge and I were together, in waltzes our "Mrs. Trouble" as chipper as a robin on a May morning. "A friend of mine told me," she says to Marge, "that it's to you I'm indebted for a wonderful favor. I've knitted you a little sweater to celebrate my joining the ALL-BRAN 'regulars.' "

Join the "Regulars" with
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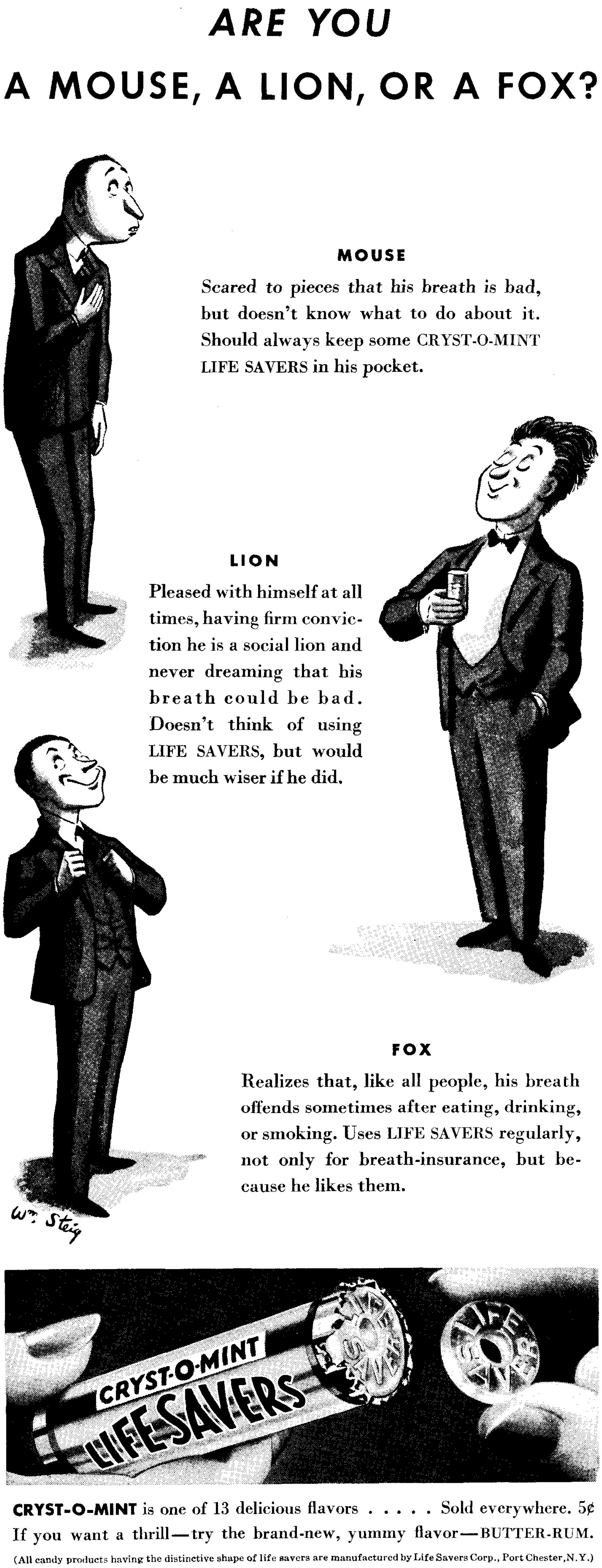

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Realizes that, like all people, his breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Uses LIFE SAVERS regularly, not only for breath-insurance, but because he likes them.

Wm. Steig

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sorry about Kelly! I was very unhappy when I married Jud," she presently went on, "and I told him that although I didn't love him as I might love some man some day—he's twenty-two years older than I am, you know—

"But that's all the more reason," Fran began again, after a pause, "why I should play fair with him." She paused. "Cherry, I wonder if you will do something for me."

"I'd be so glad, Mrs. Marshbanks!" Cherry, always responsive to this woman's strange charm and with her fascination increased by Kelly's feeling, was thrilled to the marrow of her bones at the little overture of friendship.

"To begin with," Fran said with a direct smile from under her silky black bangs and ultramodern hat, "don't call me 'Mrs. Marshbanks!' It sounds as if I were an elderly aunt."

"Fran, then. What can I do?"

"I'm trying to think it out, exactly," Fran answered. "I think I mean that I'd like you to be a friend of Kelly's, Cherry, and to help him see my position. If I were free," Fran went on thoughtfully, "I'd marry him. But I'm not free. You see, Cherry, two years ago—more than two years ago, when we'd been married—oh, perhaps eighteen months or so, I told Jud that I wanted to live my own life. I didn't want to be his wife any more. I—suddenly I went restless and unhappy, and it was that. I didn't want to be his wife!"

"I—didn't suspect anything, of course!" Cherry stammered.

"Well, don't look so scared!" Fran said, with her careless, characteristic half-laugh that had no mirth in it. "That's the situation far oftener than you think. And Jud understands—there's no one in the world so generous to anything small or mean in somebody else as Jud is!"

"Oh, I believe that!" Cherry said fervently.

"And for that reason," Fran pursued, "perhaps I'm a little less scrupulous than I might be about—I won't say flirting, I hate the word! But about friendships with men, liking men. I can't help it. I've made—" And to Cherry's astonishment the dark eyes so near her own were suddenly misting. "I've made such a mess of my life so far," Fran said, "that I'm going to play the game now.

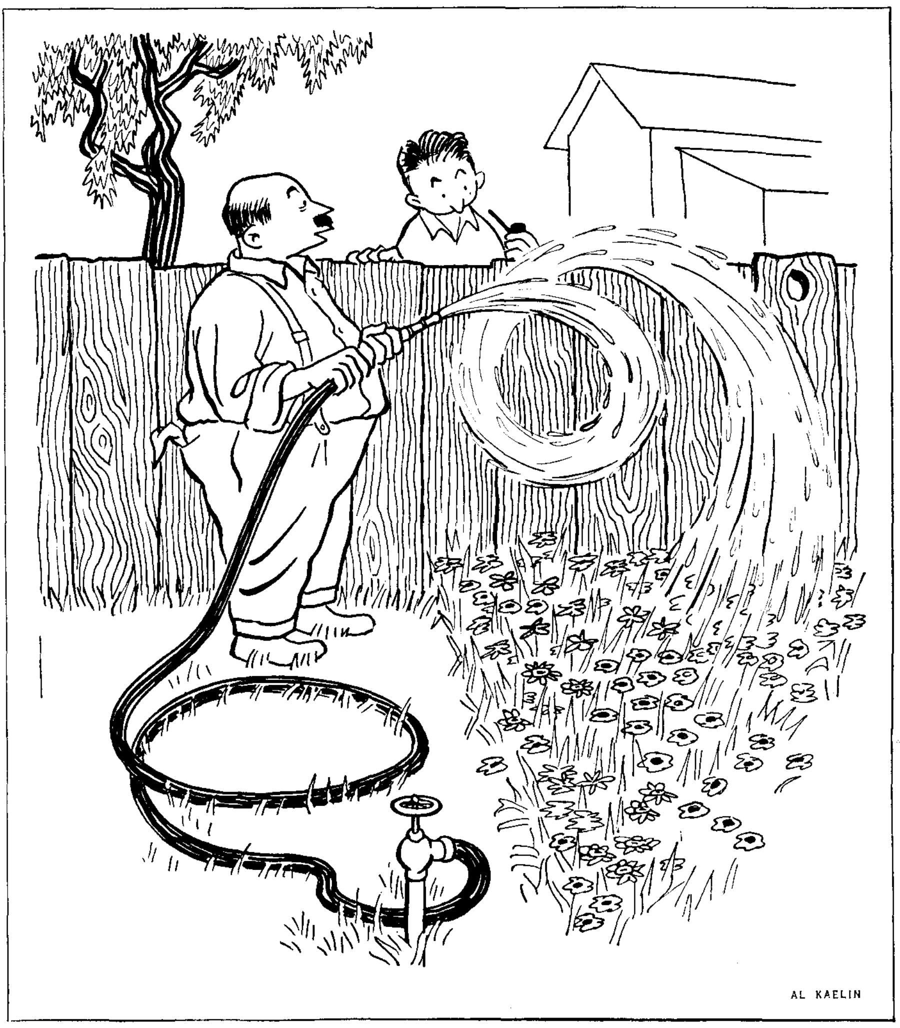
"So if you can," Fran concluded, as Cherry continued to watch her in silent fascination, "put that to Kelly. He likes you. He thinks you're interesting. And you see, nowadays I don't see him at all. I promised Jud I'd not see him unless it was unavoidable, and it *is* avoidable. That day you were with us, the day it rained, was the—no, that wasn't the last time," Fran interrupted herself to say honestly, "but at least I don't know when I'll see him again, and if you could rather put it to him that it's from a—well, a sense of honor, it would help. You don't think I have a sense of honor, do you?" she asked, with a careless, oblique smile in Cherry's direction.

"I know you have!" Cherry was ashamed of her own suspicions of Fran, and at the same time chilled to discover that the gentle and courteous manner in which the judge always spoke to her, her own affectionate and playful manner with him, covered so strange a situation.

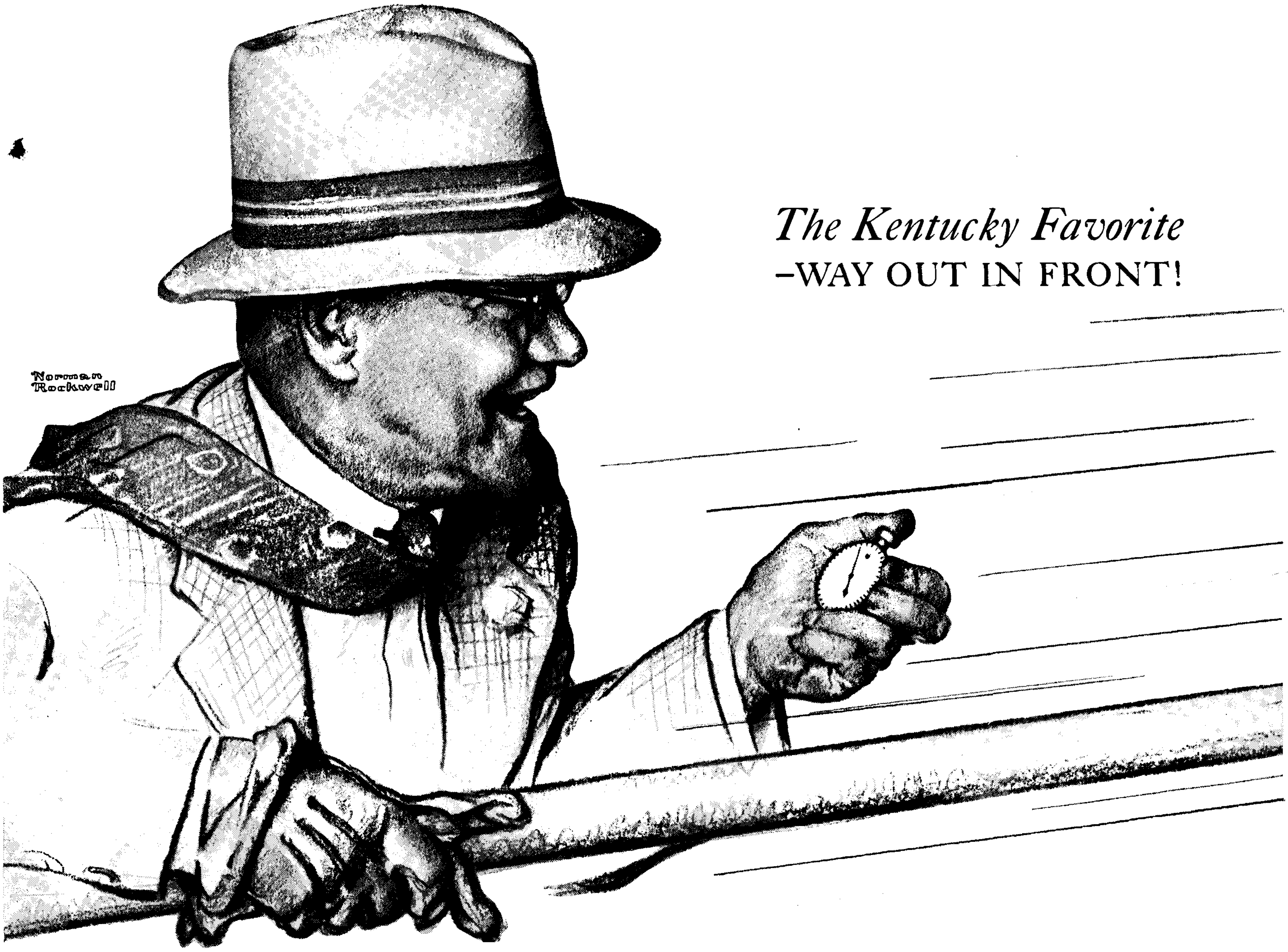
FRAN said nothing more, and Cherry was silent too, looking out of the car windows at countryside that was growing richer and more beautiful with every mile, at upper windows peeping over the fullness of spring gardens, and schools built like long, cloistered haciendas asleep under the oaks.

"This is your place; it looks comfortable enough," Fran said as the car stopped. "Ask Rousseau to go to the gas station in Atherton, will you, and we'll find out there where the Rasmussen place is. And we'll be back for you at five."

Cherry, delightfully thrilled, descended at a green hedge not too well trimmed, a stretch of lawn in need of cutting and a wide, square wooden house generously balconied with most of its many windows opened to the sweet spring air. Mrs. Pringle, large and untidy, was at home and took her up to



AL KAELIN


Norman Rockwell

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IN TUBE OR JAR

her room, which was large too, and if not untidy, somewhat bare in effect after the luxurious perfection of the Marshbanks home. But Cherry loved it at sight. It was her own, and when she took possession of it a day or two later she would be, for the first time in her life, free and independent, spending her leisure and her allowance as she liked.

The room faced the northwest, and through its white window curtains this afternoon the sunshine was streaming. The carpet was shabby, the bed large and flat and the allowance of towels laid out on the chest of drawers looked somewhat skimpy. But there was an old desk waiting for Cherry's papers, and a bookshelf ready for her books, and when she stood at the window she looked down into waving new maple leaves tipped with scarlet, and pleasant gardens and roofs, and the charm of a long, tree-shaded street.

When she had expressed herself as immensely pleased with it, and Mrs. Pringle had indicated that she was all ready to like Cherry, they went downstairs and looked into a dining room with one large table and four small ones in it, already set for dinner. At this point a tall boy dashed in, shouted that he had to find a blue paper, shouted further *that he had* "a four o'clock," and was forcefully arrested by his mother's big hand to be introduced to Miss Rawlings, who on Saturday was coming down to stay.

"Hello, Miss Rawlings," said George Pringle, all but breaking the bones of Cherry's right hand. "I'm late and it's mid-terms; I'll be flunked out next week and then we'll talk!"

He thundered upstairs, thundered down again, was gone and a pretty girl of perhaps twenty sauntered in from the kitchen eating a slice of bread with peanut butter lavishly plastered over it, and raised her eyebrows.

"Mother, I didn't know Miss Rawlings was here! I thought you had some of the Mothers' Club gals in here with you. How do you do? Are you hungry? What could I offer you?"

"How were your ex-es?" asked the mother.

"Repulsive," said Rebecca Pringle calmly. Cherry laughed and Rebecca smiled at Cherry and they immediately liked each other. "It was all stuff he'd never dreamed of mentioning to us before," said Rebecca. "But I think I hit some of it. You've been up to school?" she asked the visitor. "You haven't? Then I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll take a run up there now, and I'll show you 'round—"

"Oh, but you're tired! I wouldn't think—"

"I'd love it," Rebecca, whose manner was goddesslike in its serenities, said pleasantly. She and Cherry went out to a battered open two-seater at the gate and were immediately engulfed in a town full of small cars from which students dangled hilariously, each seat customarily occupied by at least two persons.

THE long main street was choked with traffic and humming with after-school activities. Rebecca did not go at once to the campus, but took Cherry about through some of the finer residential districts and dizzied her with visions of gardens bursting with bloom, tiled roofs where tree shadows were lying, shadowy oaks towering everywhere.

Then they went up to look at the college buildings, set in long cloisters and flower-edged lawns. When they stopped at the co-operative store, boys swarmed about the car and Rebecca introduced them, and Cherry could talk of classes she wanted to visit and of coaching in a group that was absorbed in the same interests. They were in Econ, too; they were in theatricals; they were reading a play next Thursday night, and she must come.

Altogether when they went back to the Pringle house and sat on the steps in real small-town fashion, greeting neighbors who were pruning hawthorne trees or cutting grass, and greeted by an occasional car flashing by, Cherry was half intoxicated with happiness and anticipation, and felt that of all the changing phases of her life this one promised her the most contentment.

SHE had telephoned Kelly only once in her life; she thought she might telephone him legitimately tonight, making an appointment to tell him of her good fortune, and perhaps hint something of what Fran had said. Also, she might not see him again, for Palo Alto was an even hour's drive from the city, and Topcote was another half-hour's trip across the bay. But although she put in the call immediately upon reaching home and waited for it until ten o'clock, the number was reported as not answering, and somewhat chilled, she abandoned the idea.

However, two weeks later when Easter vacations were over and she was conscientiously visiting classes, and studying dutifully with a coach who had been *recommended*, she had a telegram from him that sent her spirits to the skies.

"Coming home from Carmel Sunday morning. Can I pick you up for picnic at Topcote at about ten? Love, Kelly," read the message. Cherry could not answer it but she was ready and waiting when he stopped the battered old car at the gate, and when she settled herself beside him she would not have changed places with any woman in the world.

"Goody!" she said.

"Why 'goody?' "

"Because you're alone."

"Who'd you think I was bringing?"

"No one special. But it's more fun to be alone."

"I've been a little too much alone," he said. "I came down for the Rasmussen wedding, and then went on to Carmel and painted cypresses and rocks."

"When—" She felt a prick of sick premonition. "When was the Rasmussen wedding?" she said.

"Two weeks ago—two weeks ago Wednesday. Alice Rasmussen is the closest friend I have, you know. She's a peach. It was a small home affair; no fuss. Her brother must be fifty and the bride looked about that, and Stan wanted me for his best man. So I stayed there a couple of days—I was bluer than indigo anyway—and then went on down to Carmel."

"Then you saw Fran," Cherry stated rather than asked, with the bright day going dark about her.

"Fran?" His amazed eyes gave her a side glance. "How d'you mean?"

"She brought me down to the Pringles' to make arrangements and things. That was on Thursday, two weeks ago."

"I didn't know Fran was there!" He was honestly astonished. "Did she come to see Alice Rasmussen?"

"Well, maybe she didn't." Again Cherry must stand corrected about Fran. Instantly the solution occurred to her. Fran had learned in some way that Kelly was there, that by an extraordinary accident he was the Rasmussens' guest. And she had determined to avoid him.

Perhaps she had made her other call first and someone there had happened to mention him. Whatever she had done, Cherry knew she could believe Kelly now, for his consternation at the thought of her having been so near and his having missed her was unmistakably genuine.

This might be her chance to speak to him of Fran.

"Maybe she didn't want to see you,

What it hasn't - Gives it what it has!

Walter Hagen "CORELESS"

The things this Hagen Coreless lacks—for it has no center—no pill—no core—are exactly the things that make it lacking in nothing as a performer on the course.

The entire ball except the cover is formed of Para thread, so there's no troublesome center to shift, break, or get out of balance.

The Hagen Coreless comes to you round—stays round, round after round. The tough cover will absorb an unusual amount of punishment.

Here's a golf ball as trouble-proof as *inventive genius* can devise. Make the Hagen Coreless your ally in your assaults on old man par! It will never let you down!

The L.A. Young Golf Co.
GRAND RAPIDS • MICHIGAN

Kelly. Maybe she thought it would be no use," she offered timidly.

"I haven't any illusions as to its being any use, if by 'it' you mean my feeling for her," he answered decisively, almost savagely, and there was a silence. After a moment or two he said that he was sorry to be so rude, and they talked by rather awkward degrees of other things until they were at ease again.

But the morning's gala mood was hard to recapture, and Cherry felt something lacking in the beginning of the day. The bridge and the Sausalito hills were wreathed and buried in fog; the picnic turned itself into a house party. Three or four friends had been asked to lunch with Kelly, all bringing picnic contributions far more suited to the woods or the beach than to the living room.

But they roasted their frankfurters at the open fire, toasted their buttered buns with much dripping and burning, and brewed coffee, and after the meal, while the women cleared the room and got the kitchen in order, the men went out for a walk. Cherry liked gentle little Mrs. Wilcox and the talented portrait painter Helena Vere, but she felt cheated of Kelly's company and brushed the hearth and dried the dishes in a sober mood of disappointment.

IMMEDIATELY afterward, however, matters took a turn for the better. The men came back reporting the soft spring afternoon so beautiful for walking that the entire party must come along, and presently they were briskly mounting a hill trail, crossing up-slanted ranges where cattle veered away from them in the fog.

Cherry's cheeks glowed; her streaked, tawny hair and her borrowed cap were speckled with drops; more than once the others smiled to hear her ringing laughter.

"Oh, Kelly," she said ingenuously when they were back beside the fire again, when twilight was closing in on the fog, and borrowed caps and shoes and coats had been returned, "it's such fun here! Why can't we all stay here always!"

"All right by me," Kelly said, busy with drinks as Cherry quite naturally took charge of the tea tray, going to the kitchen for hot water, stopping beside the embers to make toast.

"It seems so horrible to go out again into the fog!"

"We'll give you girls the bedroom," Kelly arranged it, "and we can go over to the studio and bunk there."

"Ah, no!" Cherry turned a fire-flushed face toward the room. "I was only fooling. I have to be at Judge Marshbanks' for dinner."

"We have to go. We'll take you over," said little Mrs. Wilcox.

"I'll run you over," Helena Vere added in her deep voice.

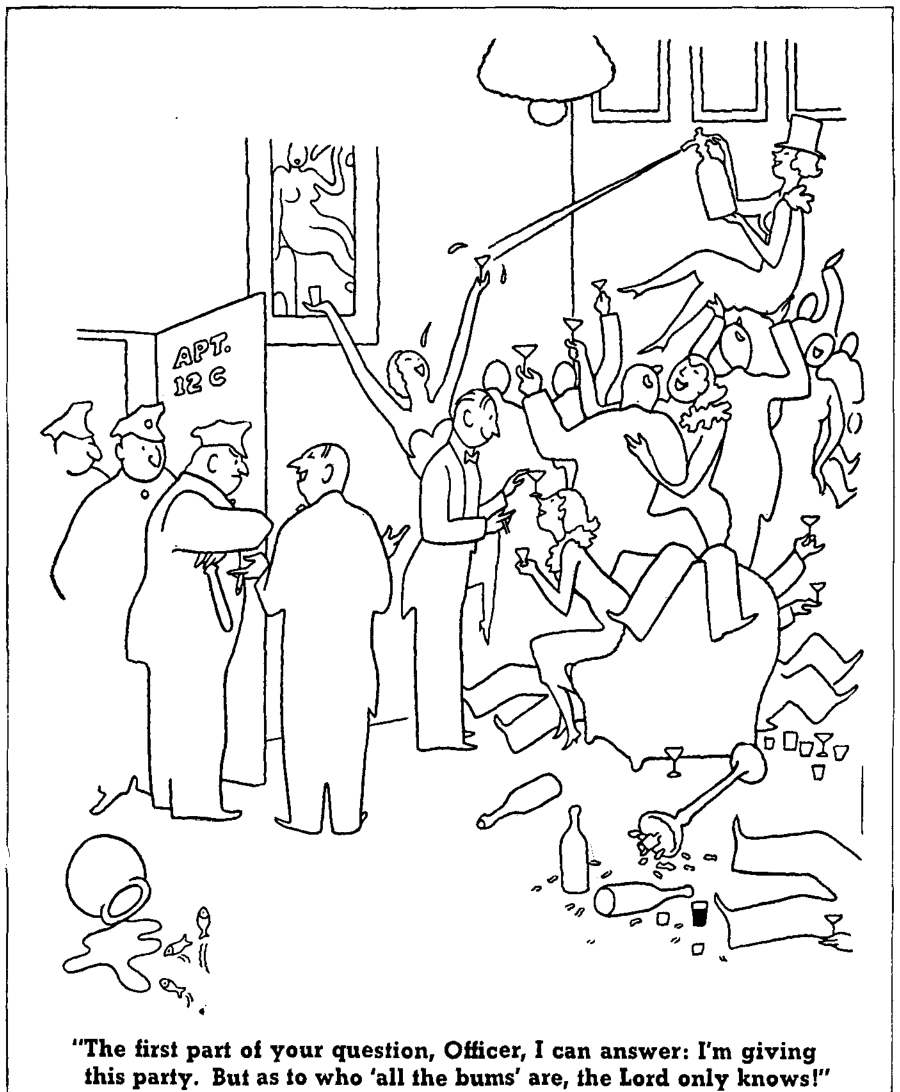
"No, I'm responsible," Kelly told them. "I brought her here and I'll see that she gets back safely."

All the way, driving carefully in the fog, he talked of Fran. He told Cherry things Fran had told him of her childhood; he said she must have been a damned cunning kid. She had won a prize for dancing in Paris when she was only four.

"Can't you see the cute little thing, looking like a Renoir, with her straight black hair and her big eyes! She used to ride like a streak too. When they brought her over here to visit her American relatives there was a crazy horse on the place—her grandfather kept some fine stock—"

Cherry leaned against the rough homespun shoulder of his coat and listened dreamily; she was deliciously tired after the long day in the open air; she thought how she loved him, and how proud she would be to belong here, in the front seat of his car, resting against him.

They reached the Marshbanks house only too soon for her, and she said good



"The first part of your question, Officer, I can answer: I'm giving this party. But as to who 'all the bums' are, the Lord only knows!"

GARDNER REA

You may worry about the stork

but here is one worry you can avoid

When the old boy with the long bill steps into your life, you've got to pace the floor and like it.

But why in the name of Harry anyone should worry about chassis lubrication is beyond your Texaco Dealer.

Let him Marfak your car every 1,000 miles and you'll have Peace Of Mind on that score.

No more fret about whether he got that grease cup or checked the battery and tires.

Marfak is Texaco's standardized 40-Point Lubrication Service—and when the job is done you know it's thorough and dependable.

The service, in fact, takes its name from Marfak — the famous lubricant that is so tough it lasts twice as long as ordinary grease.

Sure, you want that Peace Of Mind this extra protection gives. Drive in and let us Marfak your car.

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU TO tune in the TEXACO STAR THEATRE—A full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday night—Columbia Network—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

TEXACO Let us MARFAK your car

TEXACO'S 40-POINT LUBRICATION SERVICE

AT ALL TEXACO AND OTHER GOOD DEALERS

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The HANDS *of an Artist*

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An illustrator who has given pleasure to millions; a portrait painter of note; a marine artist; a sculptor of figurines and decorative pieces; a designer of furniture, fabrics and interiors; a world-honored artist of versatility, spirit, and talent.

Mr. Barclay's watch is a Longines Chronograph

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED HANDS WEAR THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Longines Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The Longines watch of today is the finest in the 74-year history of the company. Longines watches have been honored by 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals, and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. Such honors include the appointment of Longines watches as official timepiece for 104 national and international sports and contest bodies.

This year Longines jewelers are featuring Longines "Hall of Fame" watches. Distinctively styled, and containing the celebrated Longines 17-jewel movement, the "Hall of Fame" series are outstanding Longines values. Three of the watches are illustrated below. Not illustrated is an ultra-thin man's pocket watch. All are specially priced at $69.50. Other Longines models are priced as low as $37.50.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH CO., INC.
580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LONGINES "HALL OF FAME"
Hall of Fame man's bracelet, gold filled; 17 j. $69.50
Hall of Fame LA 14K pink and green gold; 17 j. $69.50
Hall of Fame LB 14K pink gold; 17 j. $69.50

night and ran up the steps glad that the extra thirty miles to Palo Alto had not been asked of her. The great hallways were warm; Martin the butler admitted her with the message that Miss Amy had gone for a ride but would shortly be there, and her friend May told her that she was to have the room next to Amy's, as usual.

Cherry found a comfortable robe, slippers and a nightgown laid out for her, and indulged immediately in a hot bath, wonderfully restful and warming. She put on the robe afterward, and was anticipating the comfort of an hour's rest and reading before Amy arrived when there was a knock at her door.

A little puzzled, she said "Come in," her heart leaping with irrational terror when the invitation was accepted by old Mrs. Marshbanks, the formidable woman who was her grandmother and Amy's.

"I hoped I'd find you alone, Miss Rawlings. I wanted to speak to you," Dora Marshbanks said. She advanced to a deep chair, seated herself and by a slight inclination of her head indicated that Cherry was also to be seated. Frightened and uncertain, the girl took an opposite chair, and faced her caller.

"I don't know whether you know," the older woman began, with a steady look, "how definitely I object to your presence in this house. You should know, for I've asked my son to speak to you of it but I have no idea that he has done so."

FOR a few seconds the words did not seem to make sense to Cherry; they were not like words; they were like missiles bumping and crashing about her head. Their shocking import reached her, however, in all its deadly simplicity, and she felt her throat thicken and her hands grow cold.

"Or has he done so?" demanded Mrs. Marshbanks.

"He—he— No," was all Cherry could feebly stammer.

"I thought he hadn't. I thought even the least sensitive person would hardly come here after any suggestion from him. I am no longer the mistress of this house," said the old lady, in a sort of cold passion, "but I have influence here; I am not a cipher yet! I am asking you civilly not to make it a habit to come here."

Cherry, every vestige of color fled from her face, sat staring at her in a fascinated horror of silence, and could not reply.

"You know your own history," said the inflexible voice. "You know why your presence here is an—an insult to decency and to me. I bitterly regret the—the circumstances that have given you what you seem to consider a right to regard yourself as a daughter of the house!"

"I *am* a daughter of the house!" Cherry answered, her own words surprising her as much as they could possibly have surprised her companion.

"How dare you say that!" Mrs. Marshbanks said sharply. "You have absolutely no claim. You have been well established in life; you are being cared for now. Be careful that you don't lose even what you have!"

"I am not afraid of losing it, and I am not afraid of you!" said Cherry, at white heat. "I will come to this house as long as Amy and Fran and the judge want me! I wish you would go out of my room! I am sorry that any blood of yours runs in my veins!"

"And you think you can go on with your college work, be asked about in good society, once your history is known?" the older woman demanded, rising. "You think that Amy will continue to think you the most charming friend in the world once she knows that you are her half sister, that you are the living reminder of her father's weakness and immorality? I think you won't risk that. I think you'll realize that only *you* can keep your own people from being disgraced in the eyes of the world. Your own father and your mother too, you know."

"Your own son!" cried Cherry.

"What about Gran's own son?" Amy asked, coming in from her room, tired and cold and blown after her long ride. "What's Uncle Jud done? Why, what's—" She looked in amazement and concern from one face to the other. "What is it?" she asked. "What were you saying about Uncle Jud?"

THERE was a silence while the three looked at one another. It seemed to Cherry to last for a long, long time.

"There we stood like statues," Cherry said, telling Kelly about it a few weeks later, "until I thought we must all be frozen! Amy knew something was horribly wrong, and she kept asking 'What is it? What is it?' and old Mrs. Marshbanks was sort of panting—sort of breathing hard, you know, and she wouldn't say anything, and I *couldn't*. And finally Amy said: 'I know it's about uncle, because I heard Cherry say so!' "

"You hadn't said so?" Kelly was lying face down in the fresh, deep grass now, biting a blade thoughtfully; he looked up at her. Late afternoon light still lay warm and gracious over the long hill slopes but the sun was sinking, and shadows of apple trees and the tall eucalypti were stretched out toward the east. Below the hill where Cherry and Kelly were sitting were the lake and the college buildings and beyond them the roofs of Palo Alto.

"No, I hadn't said a word about the judge, but I had said 'your son' and Amy heard that!" Cherry answered. "That's the whole trouble! That old fiend—that old *inquisitioner*—had told me that if I didn't break off my friendship with Amy, she'd tell everyone who I was—who I am, and I said that would mean her son was in it too!"

"You meant that wouldn't help *her* family reputation much?"

"Yes, but she was too wild to mind that. . . . Well, after we'd all stood petrified for what seemed about an hour, old Mrs. Marshbanks said to Amy, 'It is extremely dishonorable to listen to the conversation of others!' and walked out of the room. Of course Amy was mad with curiosity; she said *please* to tell her what it was all about, and so I pretended that her grandmother didn't like me because Emma was once their nurse, and she didn't think it was a very suitable friendship for her granddaughter."

"Good girl, Cherry!"

"Yes, but Amy'd heard something, too, you know. She said right away that she'd always suspected that her Uncle Jud was my father. I denied it, but she thought it all the more. And, Kelly," Cherry finished, in a voice of infinite distress, "I can't have her go on thinking that! I simply *can't!* It isn't fair to him."

"That was how long ago?"

"The Sunday night we came back from your house."

"Three weeks today. D'you suppose the old ghoul told Amy anything more?"

"I don't think she did. I don't imagine she'd ever mention it. Amy went with the Monroes to Hawaii right afterward—the very next day, I think—and I believe that old Mrs. Marshbanks will just let the whole matter drop."

"She very probably doesn't know that Amy suspects anything at all if she walked out of the room."

"That's the way I think it is. I was so upset," Cherry went on, "that I wrote it all to Aunt Emma. I write her anyway, now and then, and tell her how things are going. And I had her answer yesterday. She said that the best thing to do was to keep mum about it. But, Kelly, you know how girls are. They get gossiping, and Amy's bound to tell someone, and it'll gradually get around."

"What does the judge think?"

"Oh, I couldn't ask him!"

AGAIN Kelly looked up from the grass to give her a surprised glance.

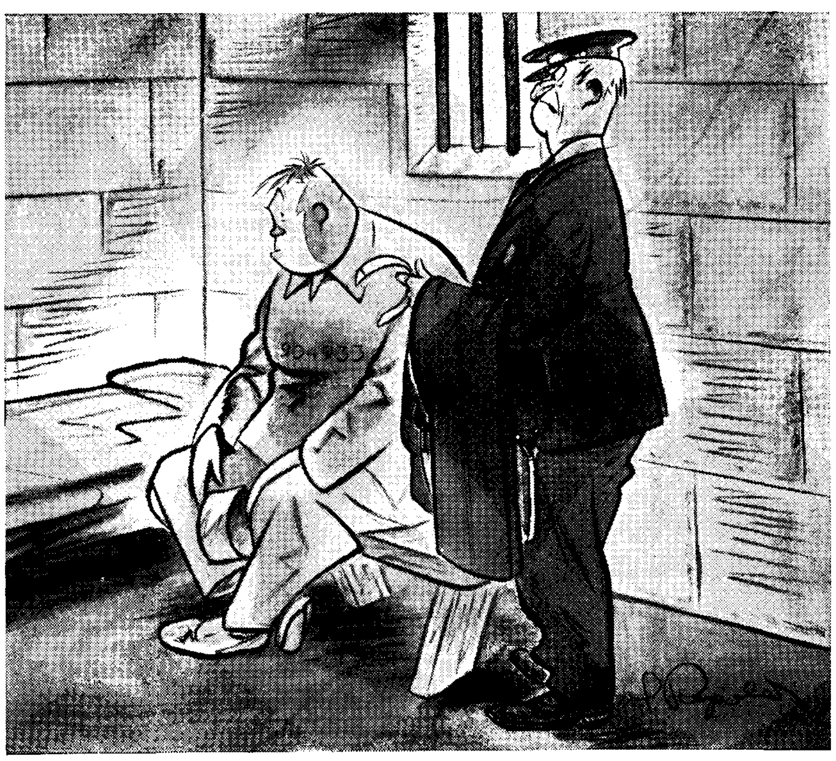
"But of course he's the one to speak to."

"But how could he—how utterly flat it would be for him to send for Amy and tell her that he isn't my father! It would be so—so humiliating for him, and so *flat!* And besides that, I don't think she'd believe him."

"She'd have to know the truth about your real father. Why not? You've taken it on the chin long enough. Ask his advice, and you'll see he thinks Amy ought to know."

"You always help me so, Kelly! You always make things seem so simple."

"I wish I could work out my own prob-



"It's bad enough sneaking out at night, without borrowing th' warden's tux!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

THE TWENTY-EIGHT MILLIONTH FORD CAR

We have always believed that before business could be good for one, it must be good for all. Our discoveries and improvements have always been open for other manufacturers without patent restrictions.

Of course, there is one thing we cannot share—every one must get it for himself—and that is experience. Money could duplicate our buildings and machines, but it cannot duplicate our experience in manufacturing 28,000,000 automobiles.

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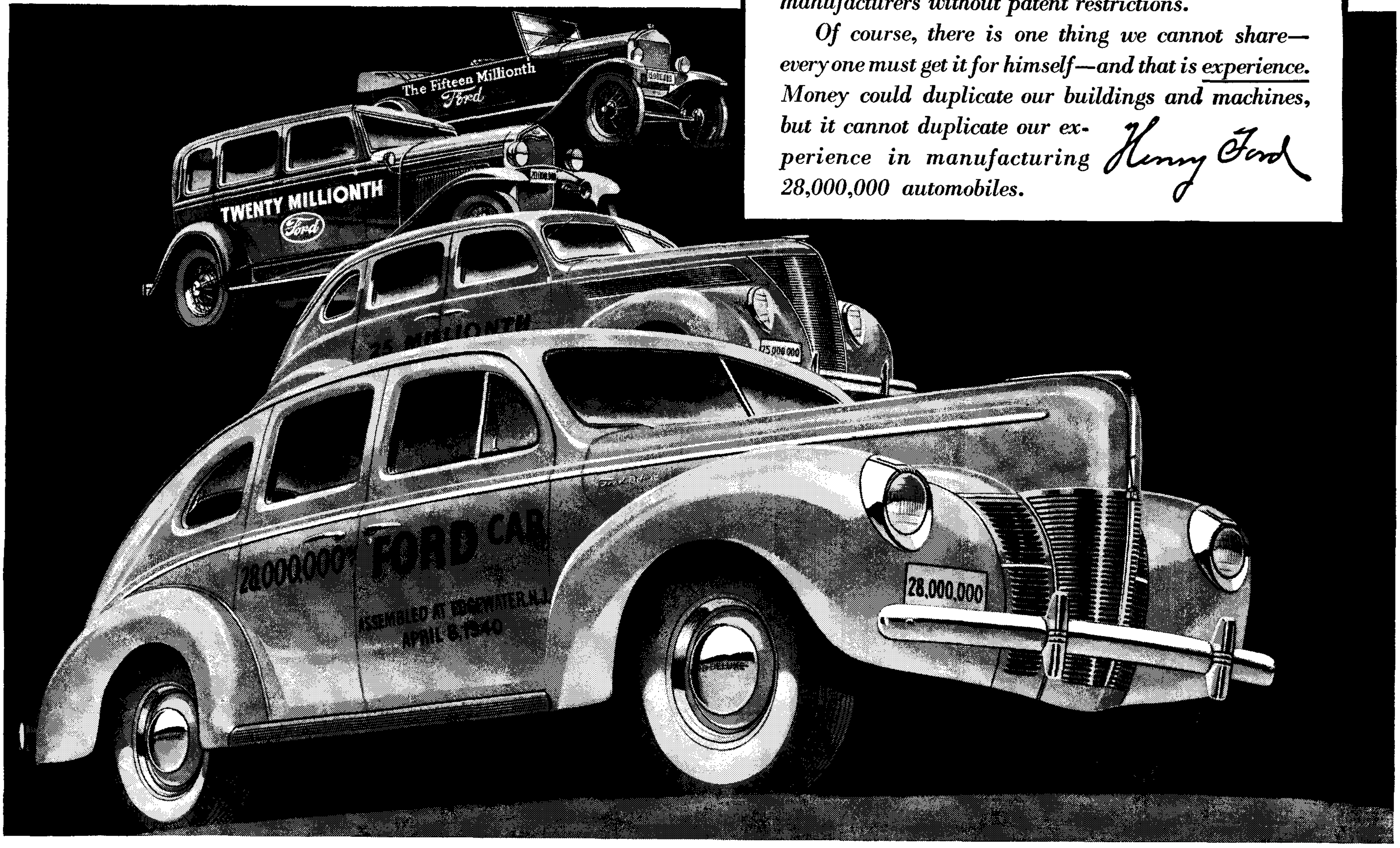

Behind the 28 millionth Ford car, which came off the line April 8, 1940, are other famous Ford "millionth cars": the 25 millionth, produced Jan. 18, 1937; the 20 millionth, April 14, 1931; and the 15 millionth Model T, May 6, 1927. THIRTEEN MILLION CARS IN THIRTEEN YEARS!

Under one management, the Ford Motor Company has built and sold 28,000,000 Ford cars.

No other maker even approaches this total. No other has so many cars on the road today.

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Not by building a "cheap" car. People do not go on buying a "cheap" product for thirty-seven years.

Not by squeezing workers to achieve a low price. This company took the lead years ago in paying higher wages, shortening hours and improving working conditions.

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Free competition in the industry has presented a constant challenge to find ways of offering better and better value to the public.

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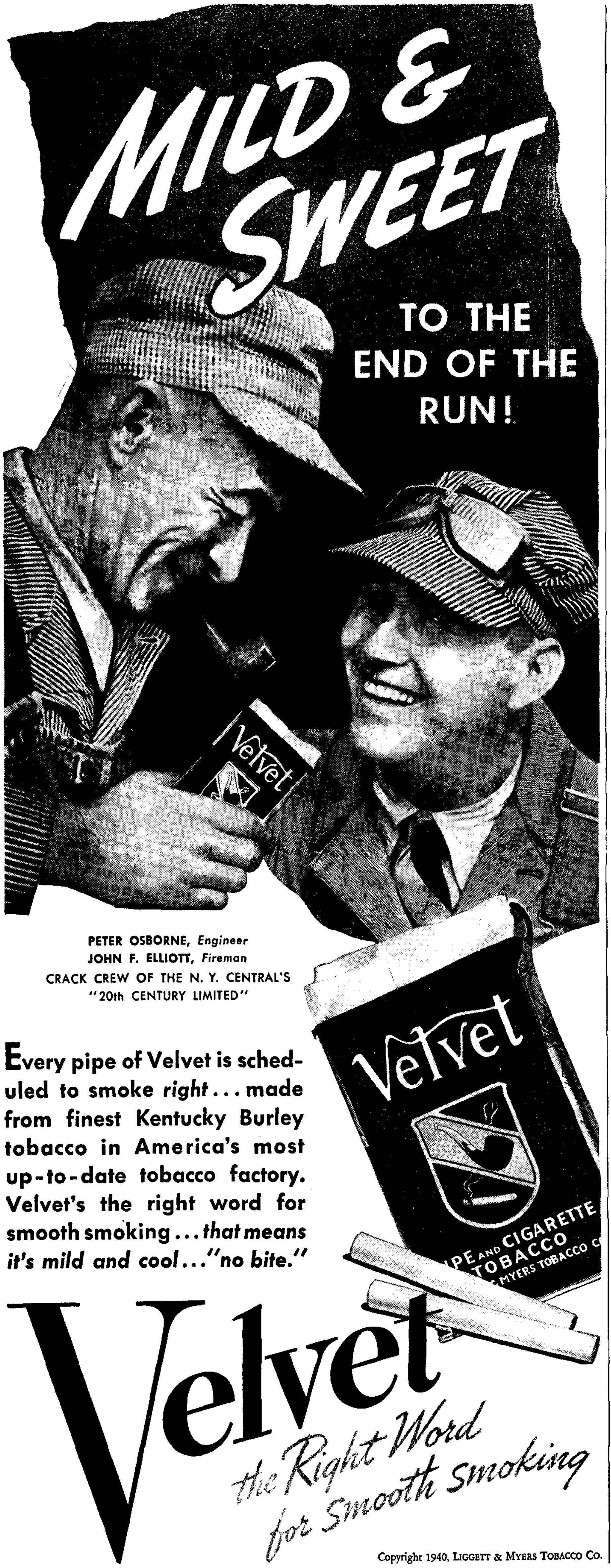

PETER OSBORNE, *Engineer*
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CRACK CREW OF THE N. Y. CENTRAL'S
"20th CENTURY LIMITED"

Every pipe of Velvet is scheduled to smoke *right*... made from finest Kentucky Burley tobacco in America's most up-to-date tobacco factory. Velvet's the right word for smooth smoking... *that means it's mild and cool*... *"no bite."*

Velvet
the Right Word for Smooth Smoking

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lems," he said, looking away with darkened eyes.

There was a long silence. Kelly raised himself on his elbows and stared at her.

"What are you thinking?" Cherry said.

"That you look very nice, today. That—well, I was wondering if you'd like to come and live at Topcote, Cherry."

She looked at him, flushing and paling. "How do you mean?"

"I mean marry me, of course; I mean as Mrs. Coates."

"I see," Cherry said. She looked away.

"I've been thinking about it. Ever since that night when you made the toast and it was so cold and the Wilcoxes were there, I've been wondering why it was all so cozy that night. It came to me that it was you. So I telephoned you and asked you if you were free last Sunday, and you were going on a picnic to Point Lobos."

"George arranged that."

"Is George Pringle in love with you?"

"He has a case," Cherry answered indifferently.

"But you don't like *him*."

"Not that way. No. He's nice, but not that way. No."

"You know how I feel about Fran," Kelly said presently. "She'll always be the unattainable—the dream woman. I can't help that. But you and I could have a lot of fun, Cherry, roaming about, painting things and clearing the creek."

He looked at her expectantly, and met a strange, thoughtful look in her eyes, fixed upon his.

"You once told me, months ago, before you'd seen any other men," he went on, "that you liked me. I've not forgotten it. It made me feel different toward you ever since. Big brotherly; interested in anything that touched you. I'm more interested in you—I *like* you better than any woman I've ever known. I'm eleven years older than you are, and that's a long time, but if you wanted to go to dances or movies or anything—"

"Dances," Cherry echoed in quiet scorn as he hesitated. She left the word to linger in the air.

"The idea is that I need you, and it'd be a home for you, and perhaps kids—The more the merrier!" Kelly urged, growing increasingly uneasy under her quiet, almost absent manner. "You'd have my name, once and for all, and you could snap your fingers at the whole gang!"

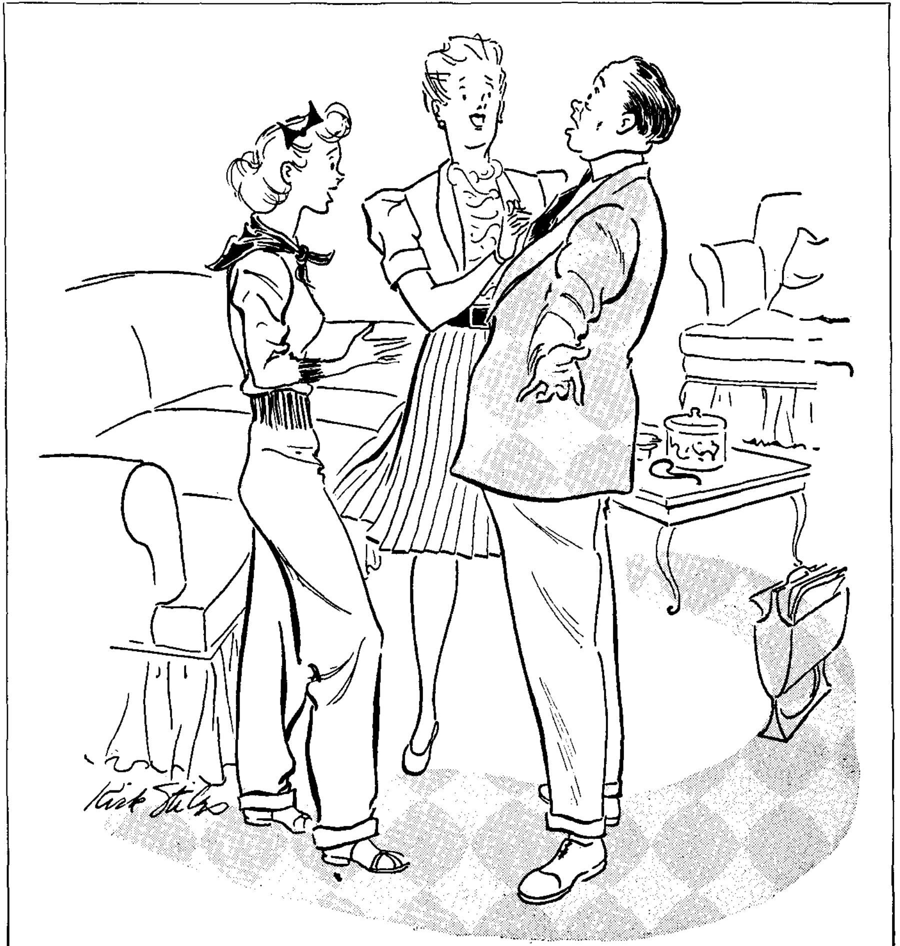
Cherry jumped to her feet, and started to walk to the car that was parked a hundred yards away.

"Why, thank you, Kelly!" she said politely. "You're tremendously kind to think that way about me. But then you've always been kind to me! I appreciate it just as much, and I'm eternally grateful to you," she went on briskly, no emotion whatsoever discernible in manner or voice, "but—well, you see, I've missed a good deal in my life. I've never had a father; I barely remember my mother; I had no home as a child, no birthday parties and bedtime stories—all that. I knew—somehow from the very beginning I knew—that my name wasn't rightly mine, that it should have been different.

"NOW I have a half sister and an aunt and a grandmother and a cousin and I can't claim any of them," she continued, still in the same light, impersonal voice. "I never can claim them. So when I am a wife, Kelly," Cherry said, with a quick glance at him over her shoulder as they walked toward the car, "I want the whole thing. I want some man to think I am perfection. I want romance and glamor and the feeling that we two are all the whole world to each other. That's an expression you often hear. I want it to be true, of me. No Fran in the background meaning something more or something different to my husband from what I am and what I mean!

"So I do thank you, and the answer is 'No.' And I hope you'll forget that you said anything about it, and we'll have more picnics and walks some day. I'm walking home," she finished, as they reached the car. "It's not far, and I want to be alone. Goodby, Kelly."

"Cherry, you've got me all wrong!" he



"Okay, okay! We'll get a new car. As if the three of us didn't know it when we started the argument!" KIRK STILES

$995* CHRYSLER ROYAL SEDAN

"I never knew..!

"I NEVER KNEW you could buy that handsome Chrysler Royal sedan for $995, delivered in Detroit!

"I never knew there was a low-priced Chrysler that big, that roomy, that powerful!

"I'd gone along buying the same car again and again . . . and now I know I could have gotten more for my money in a Chrysler. I certainly wish I'd changed sooner.

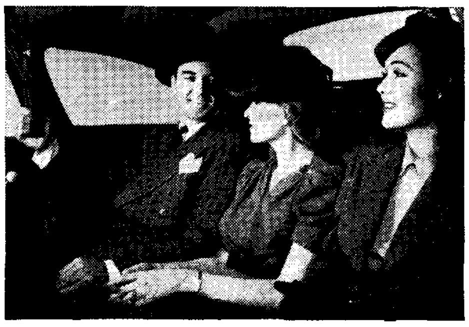
"There's a whale of a lot of satisfaction in Chrysler's get-up-and-go. That 108 horsepower engine is Chrysler's new *High-Torque* engine . . . and that means you can pick up like chain lightning, take hills like a jack-rabbit. And say, does it save gas . . . it actually burns less than my old car did with much less horsepower.

"Take the matter of room. All the difference between just room to sit and room to stretch out and relax. And interior beauty—such a wide selection you can just about suit your individual taste . . . I did. Those Easy-Entry doors are a swell idea, too . . . wide as house doors.

"Chrysler's scientific weight distribution and Aero-type shock absorbers make all roads seem smooth. And that plastic enamel finish is grand . . . never dulls, just gets better with age. Then there's Superfinished parts—smooth to as little as a millionth of an inch, tin coated pistons and dozens of other things to make driving pleasanter and save money. It sure is true that *you get the good things first from Chrysler!*

"Take my tip. Whatever car you drive, see your Chrysler dealer. He'll give you a whole new idea of how much your dollars can buy!"

You can relax in luxury in this great, roomy interior . . . 51-inch seats . . . ample shoulder room, head room, leg room.



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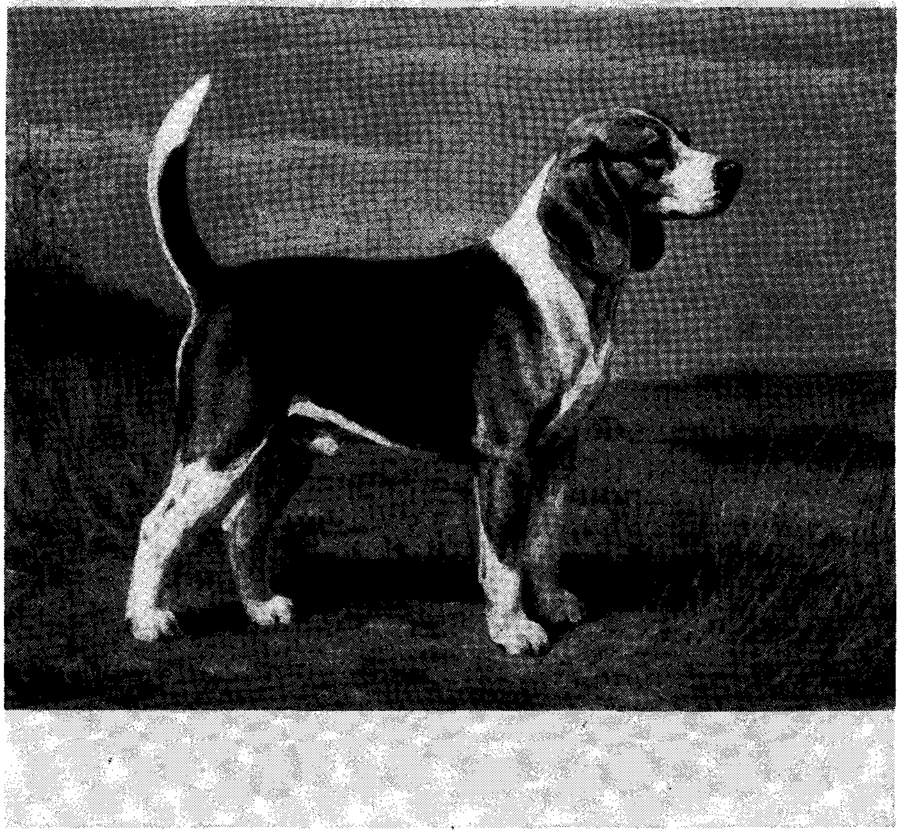
Hidden beneath Chrysler's easy, graceful lines is this enormous luggage locker . . . easy to get at, lighted by the tail lamps.

COTTONTAILS OR COLLINS

A BEAGLE SHOWS THE WAY



THE Beagle has become so highly developed as a rabbit hound that his mellow cry is linked inevitably with cottontails. Fleischmann's—the first American gin—has been so highly developed as a mixing gin that its mellow flavor is inevitably associated with the smoothest cocktails and long, cool drinks. Every kernel of grain used in its distilling *is selected for the purpose.* That's why, for three generations, Fleischmann's has been, in a phrase, a *pedigreed* gin. Try Fleischmann's . . . and get on the right track to better drinks!

FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled and Bottled by
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Mixer's Manual

Would you like a reputation for prize-winning drinks? See your dealer for "The Mixer's Manual" or write Box AE, The Fleischmann Distilling Corp., Peekskill, N. Y.

Fleischmann's Gin

A PEDIGREED GIN FOR PRIZE-WINNING DRINKS

Distilled from American Grain. 90 Proof.
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began distressedly. But she only said goodby again, and walked away down the orchard, under the apple trees, and he could not see her face. After a minute or two he got into the car and drove away.

Cherry walked briskly home, and was in time to help Rebecca get supper for the family and for the inevitable Sunday-night guests. Afterward they played a game, and then stood singing around the piano for an hour. It was nearly ten o'clock when somebody remembered Monday's classes, and the group broke up.

Rebecca came into Cherry's room a little later to find her in bed, fountain pen in hand, studying away busily, making notes, turning to refer to the various open binders and textbooks that were spread about her.

"Just get some ink on that blanket and you'll have Mother up in the air," said Rebecca. "Listen, here's something to think about. Mrs. Williams wants you to go with me to the girls' camp in June."

"Visit?" Cherry asked, her eyes brightening.

"Visit nothing. Job. You'd get eighty a month."

"You mean help you manage the camp?"

"Or else I help you." Rebecca was always serene; she looked now at a red apple, bit into it thoughtfully.

"If Mrs. Williams really wants me, I'll go," Cherry said.

JUST a week later Cherry sat opposite the judge in his comfortable chambers, the early summer sunlight battering at the window blinds, the hum of the great courthouse proceeding impressively all about.

On the desk was an imposing glass inkwell, a tray of pens, a wire basket with a few cleanly typed sheets lying flat in it. There were also two photographs, framed in dark tooled leather. One was of Greg Marshbanks, now at Princeton; the other an exquisite study of Fran—slim, furred, standing against classic columns and looking from under a tipped hat.

Cherry had not been in this room before; she found it impressive.

"Do you go from here into court?"

"Through that door there."

"And do they all have to stand up?"

"They all do."

"Have you had murder cases here?"

"All kinds."

"Fun," the girl commented thoughtfully, "like reading an exciting book."

"Not always. But sometimes it is. It seems to me that you look extraordinarily well," said the judge. "You're not going to turn into a handsome woman on us, are you?"

"I'm doing my best. I ought to look well. I'm having the time of my life!"

"It's a success, then? You relieve my mind. I was afraid this appointment meant that something was going wrong."

"Everything's going only too right. I wish I could live with the Pringles forever."

His kindly eyes smiled at her. She knew that he was not minding this interruption of a quiet morning.

"Well, from something Amy said last night there's a member of the Pringle family that wouldn't mind."

"Oh, George?" Cherry said, laughing and flushing. "Oh, well, he's young," she said maternally.

"Not serious, eh?"

"No. But nice. We all go to the pictures and have sundaes at Wilson's, and it's fun," Cherry stated.

"And you haven't had much of that sort of fun, have you?"

"Walking home nights and picnics and being on my own? No," she agreed.

"Then it's the summer plan—the camp at Big Basin—you wanted to see me about?"

"No, not unless you object. It's not a big camp, but such beautiful big redwoods and a campfire and platforms. Beck and I can't wait to pack. We go next Tuesday, and the girls begin to come in Saturday."

"Then what *was* the trouble, Cherry? Your letter said 'trouble.'"

"It's this. Amy came down to see me Wednesday. I didn't know she was going to. She wanted to tell me all about the trip and this Navy ensign she's so crazy about."

"Yes, but why look so distressed about that? You like Amy?"

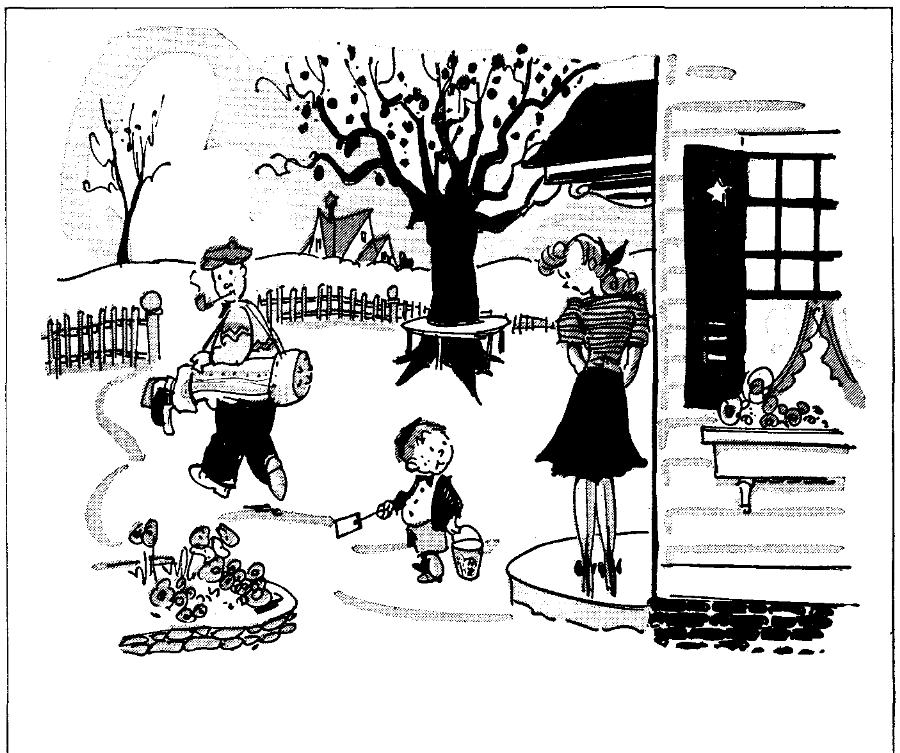
"I do like Amy. Amy's my—of course we're pretty closely related, Amy and I. But one thing is—one thing is that your mother doesn't like me to see Amy too much. She asked me—she practically asked me—not to come to the house any more."

A shadow came over the genial face; the judge's forehead contracted a little.

"My mother did?"

"Yes. She said it wasn't—decent."

(To be continued next week)



"Can I go along with Pop and play in the sand traps, too?"

REAMER KELLER

How Stalin Steals Our Money

Continued from page 23

who used to receive thousands of rubles for each appearance, was now being paid in the greatest available weight and variety of produce.

He was in good spirits after the performance and appeared to be pleased when I told him that his voice seemed even finer than when I had heard it fifteen years before at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. Presently he began to talk about his youth in Nizhnii Novgorod, the town on the Volga that now bears the name of Russia's greatest modern writer, Maxim Gorky. When they were boys Gorky and Chaliapin had tramped all over Russia together. With appreciative chuckles he told me how, when they arrived in Kazan, they both applied for jobs in a choir. Gorky was hired, but Chaliapin was turned down because he had no voice.

One Avenue of Escape

Then with a sigh (and when Chaliapin sighed it was just as well to hold onto your chair to keep from being blown out of it) he said that he supposed he would never escape from this misery around him and see the outside world again. I tried to reassure him, but he shook his head in despair.

It was then that I had a brain wave—for the Soviet government to send Chaliapin as an ambassador of good will to the United States. I mentioned it to him immediately. But he was doubtful.

"The government will never let me out," he said. "The people need me here. They forget their empty stomachs as long as the performance lasts. The government needs me to keep up the morale. I used to be just a singer, but now I perform a public function of political importance. I am a serf of the state."

And he was right. When I broached the subject to Lunacharsky, he said, "It's out of the question. We can't possibly spare him. And besides, he hates it here; if we let him out, he'll never come back."

But the idea stuck in my mind. When I was summoned back to Moscow the following year, I put it up to Lunacharsky's superior, the then all-powerful Leo Kamenev. Kamenev had just told me about the famine that threatened Russia and had instructed me to lay the groundwork in this country for relief. I suggested that a Chaliapin concert tour through the United States would be a great help in winning us American good will. He saw my point at once and agreed. When I warned him that Lunacharsky was opposed to it on the grounds that Chaliapin would not return, he remarked smilingly, "That can be arranged. We'll keep his family as hostages. He'll come back."

That was the beginning of the tours, not only of Chaliapin, but of other Russian artists as well and of the Moscow Art Theater. It became my duty to collect ten per cent of their profits or salaries for the Soviet government. This task was often very difficult, for despite the acclaim of critics, the Russian players often had trouble meeting expenses. In April, 1924, the assistant to Stanislavsky in the Moscow Art Theater wrote to me from Chicago:

"... Will you not be kind enough to tell Moscow of our dire financial straits ... All the 'old people' headed by K. S. Stanislavsky have not received any salary at all for four weeks already and will receive none for four more weeks—that is, until the end of the American tour. Moreover, on top of the remaining debts, we have no money for the return trip to Moscow. . . . In Moscow they think that it is easy to earn in this country hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of dollars. But you know that it is not so. Perhaps what you tell the committee about it will be more convincing than our letters."

The artists were required to pay this ten per cent not in rubles, but in money of the country in which they were playing. Failure to pay the tax when due was penalized at the rate of two per cent a day. Over and above that hung the threat of the severest punishment next to death—confiscation of the artist's living place in Moscow. This was seldom more than a single room, but to return and find it gone meant that the artist would become a homeless wanderer in a city where thousands of people have no place of residence and for years on end move about subleasing a corner of a room whenever they can find one.

Sympathizing with these artists, I made it possible for as many of them as possible to prolong their stay in this country while they were casting about for opportunities in the American theater. As a result, many of them were able to escape from serfdom to the Soviet government and remain permanently in this country. Among these were Maria Ouspenskaya, Leo Bulgakov and his wife Barbara Bulgakova, Ivan Vasilyevich Lazarev and Akim Tamiroff, to mention only a few. It was easier to help artists at that time, for until the advent of the first Five-Year Plan, the attitude of the Soviet authorities was comparatively liberal. It became rigid during the early thirties, and after 1935 wantonly brutal.

As for Chaliapin, he needed no help from me, once he got out of Russia. His tour was a spectacular success. On the strength of it he not only managed to avoid paying the ten per cent tax, but actually succeeded, when he returned to Moscow, in winning the confidence of the Soviet authorities, including Kamenev, and so got his family out of the country. After that he was completely beyond their control and never returned to Russia.

No Room for Art

When the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio came to this country in 1926 for a highly successful tour, a number of the artists wanted to remain here. I helped them as much as I could. The two leading singers, Olga Baklanova and Ivan Velikanov, found engagements on Broadway. One of the conductors, Konstantin Shvedov, went to Hollywood, and the other, Vladimir Bakaleinikov, became assistant conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony.

Bakaleinikov's experiences in Moscow, as I heard them from his own lips, clearly show why even those artists who loved Russia deeply found it impossible to live there and were happy to escape at any cost.

Bakaleinikov had been a member of Prince Oldenburgsky's famous quartet and a musical director of the Moscow Opera. Yet this gifted musician was obliged to practice his viola and piano and write his compositions in subzero temperature with frost-stiffened fingers. He was crowded out of his apartment into a single room, which had to serve as bedroom, bathroom, kitchen and studio combined. In the other rooms of what had once been his apartment were crowded forty adults with attendant children, dogs and cats.

On top of the discomfort, noise and

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Triple Action PISTON RINGS

SOMETHING ON THE BALL

By O. B. KEELER

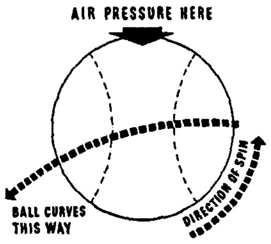
Co-author (with Bobby Jones) of "Down the Fairway" and "Goodbye to Golf"; member of Collier's All-America Football Board; noted sports authority and columnist for the Atlanta Journal.

ILLUSTRATED BY BURRIS JENKINS, JR.

WHO'LL be the champions of 1940? Look for the men with *something on the ball* . . . the men who've added *brains* to strength and speed . . . who've made a fine art of what was once an accident.

An old story? No. Baseball was about 30 years old before pitchers learned how to put something on the ball. Soon fadeaways, spitballs, emery balls, shine balls, fingernail balls and knuckle balls were wrecking batting averages on every diamond in the country.

What did it? Science got busy. The university professors demonstrated that it was all a matter of air pressure. When you throw a ball forward *without any spin*, the air is churned up behind it, and suddenly creates pressures one way or another that put the ball off its course. Thus, the sharp, deadly, unpredictable break of the spitball.



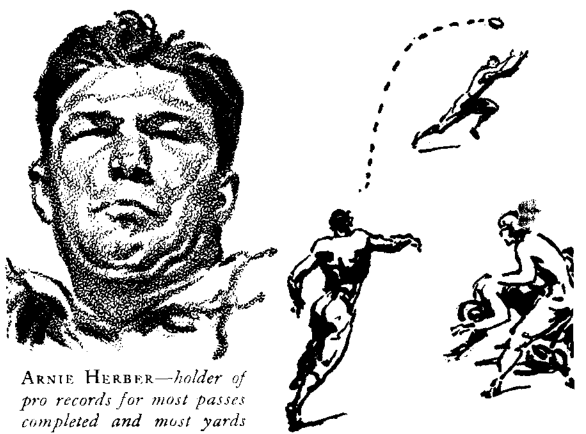
Throw the ball forward *with* a spin, and something else happens. One side of the ball (say, the left) is turning backward, so it moves easily through the air. The other side (the right) is turning forward, *against* the air. This piles up the air pressure on the *right* side, and pushes the ball to the *left*.

In other words, a spinning ball follows its nose. If the nose is spinning to the left, the ball *curves* left. If the nose spins upward, the ball will be an upcurve. A *down*-spin causes a *drop*.

Outcurve, incurve, upcurve, drop. Seems simple, doesn't it? It isn't. Ask the mighty Giants, who stood and swung helplessly all one sunny afternoon in 1925, while Walter Johnson curled bewitched balls tirelessly across the plate. And when the "Big Train" smoked that last pitch in, the stands' roar was tribute to one thing—"something on the ball."

RALPH GULDAHL—*two consecutive National Open Championships, 1937, 1938—proved that Ralph Guldahl has plenty on the golf ball.*

It goes for golf, too. Remember the shot that helped win the 1937 Open for Ralph Guldahl? It came on the short 13th at Oakland Hills. Guldahl's Number 6 iron dropped the ball four inches from the flag—a birdie 2!* He says it is the best short shot he ever made.



ARNIE HERBER—*holder of pro records for most passes completed and most yards gained from passes; star of Green Bay Packers.*

Something on the ball. That's what's ma ing the champions today—yes, even in foo ball, as any coach will tell you.

In last year's pro championship footb game it was the educated fingers of Gre Bay's Arnie Herber that rifled a bullet-li pass between two Giants straight into t arms of a waiting end to give the Packers t lead that spelled victory.

Go indoors—watch Joe Falcaro, outstan ing match game bowler of America—if y

"Something on the Ball"—it made WALTER JOHNSON *one of baseball's immortals. He struck out 3400 men in his phenomenal career as a big league pitcher . . . for 20 years averaging 20 wins per season!*

THE BEER THAT

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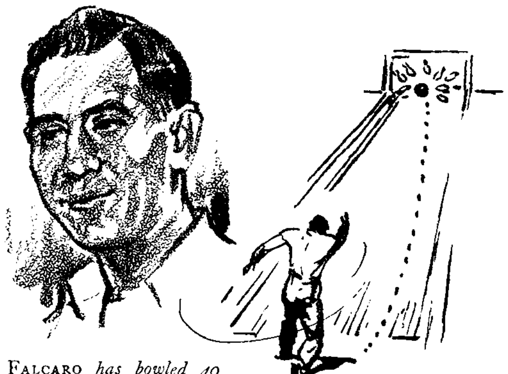
*In the Saturday Evening Post dated June 12, 1937, Mr. Keeler had an article on Ralph Guldahl entitled "Money Player"—naming him as the best bet in the U. S. Open Golf Championship. The article was written in April. On June 12, 1937, Guldahl won the Open!

vant to see something on the ball. He'll tell ou it's *spin* that does it . . . spin that sends he pins tumbling in all directions, avoiding he heart-breaking "splits" that wreck scores.

And when you come to tennis—just think f Vincent Richards, whose terrific service and azzling assortment of spins, chop-strokes, orehand and backhand smashes made him a eading star of the net world for over two decades. Among many tennis "greats", he personifies this ability to put "something on the ball".



Joe Falcaro *has bowled 49 perfect (300) games — holds match game record for 30 games with a 255 average and has rolled 33 consecutive strikes!*

Have they reached the limit—these artists of sport?

Not by a long shot. On every baseball diamond, golf course, tennis court and gridiron, ou'll find athletes studying new and ever-dizzier ways to put something else on the ball. And the one who has *most* on the ball—

Well, he's your champion for 1940!

* * *

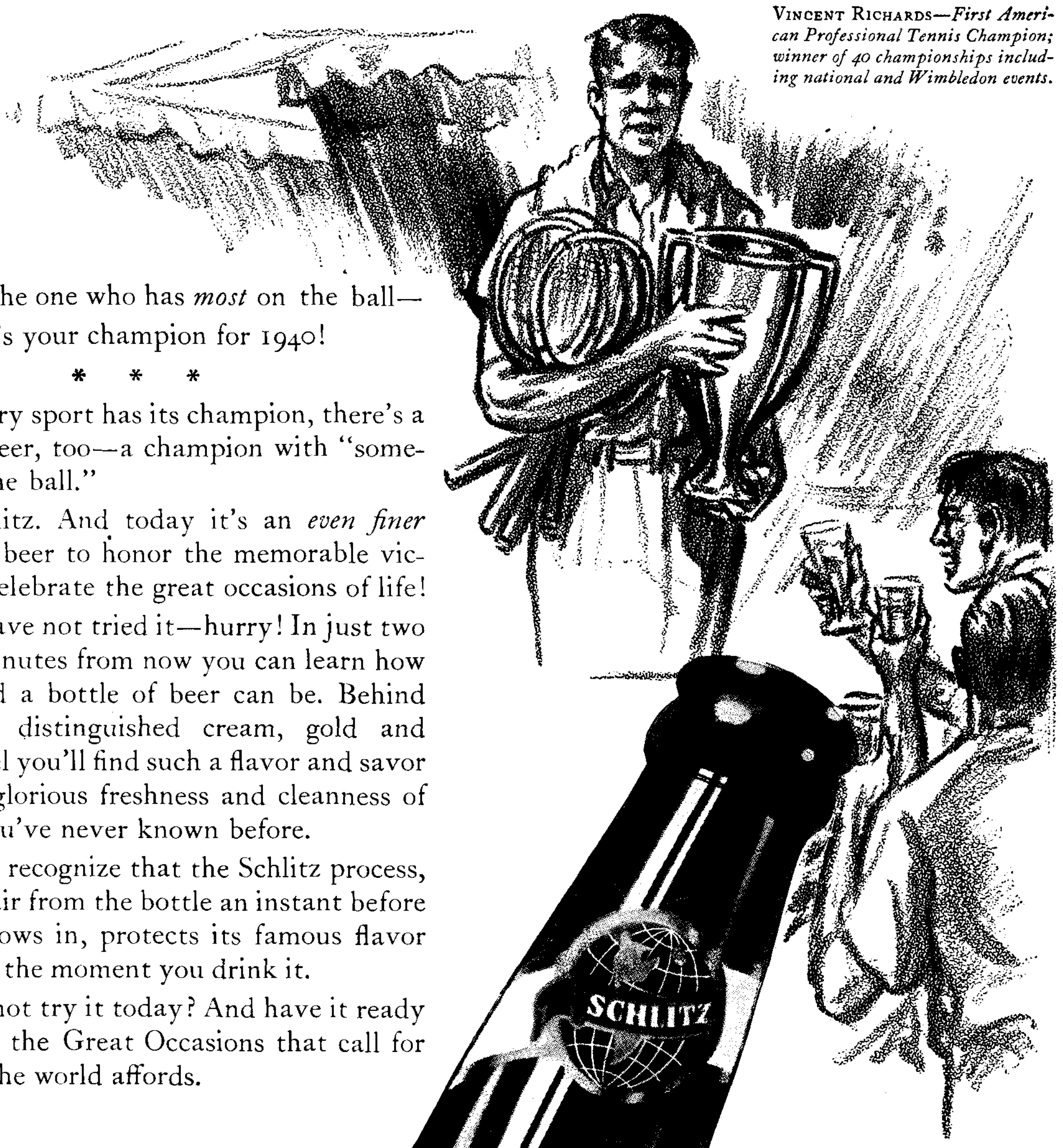
Just as every sport has its champion, there's a leader in beer, too—a champion with "something on the ball."

It's Schlitz. And today it's an *even finer* Schlitz—a beer to honor the memorable victories, to celebrate the great occasions of life!

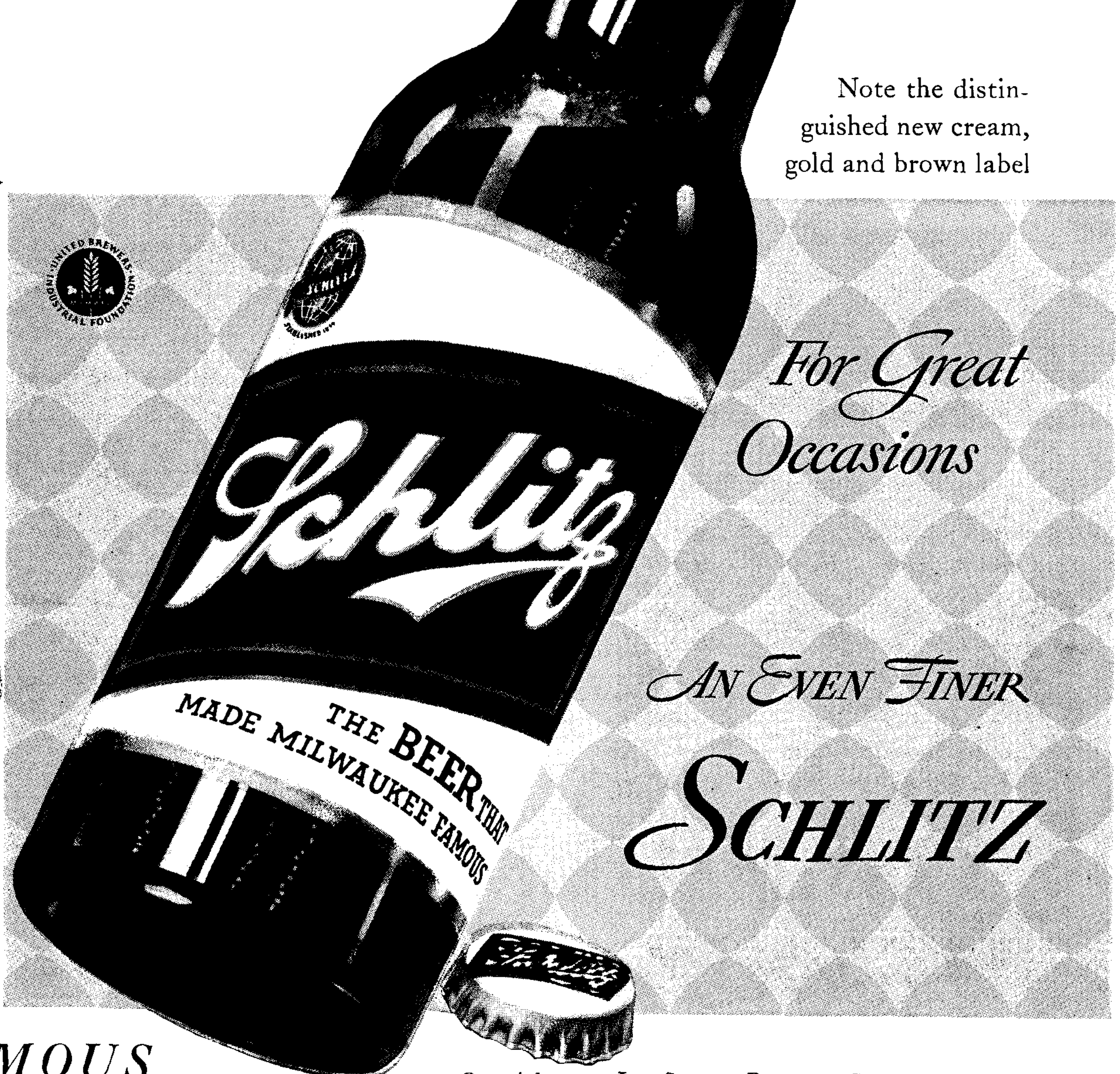
If you have not tried it—hurry! In just two or three minutes from now you can learn how really good a bottle of beer can be. Behind that new, distinguished cream, gold and brown label you'll find such a flavor and savor . . . such glorious freshness and cleanness of taste as you've never known before.

You will recognize that the Schlitz process, removing air from the bottle an instant before the beer flows in, protects its famous flavor right up to the moment you drink it.

So why not try it today? And have it ready always for the Great Occasions that call for the finest the world affords.



Vincent Richards—*First American Professional Tennis Champion; winner of 40 championships including national and Wimbledon events.*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Note the distinguished new cream, gold and brown label

For Great Occasions

An Even Finer

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Eeny....?
Meeny..?
Miny..?
Mo...?
I'll take this one!

AND luck's with you, to find a wedding gift like this . . . the *Toastmaster* Waffle Service—fascinatingly complete and excitingly *new;* in its very first season!

It's a lovely gift to look at, a joy to own. It's a gift of a thousand pleasant parties—of gay Sunday night suppers, of grand and leisurely breakfasts. Just the thing!

There's a handsome walnut tray; a batter bowl and syrup jug in soft-toned Franciscan ware; a chromium-bright ladle to measure just one waffle, to a drop. And, finest of all, the magnificent new *Toastmaster* waffle baker, with its cheery red "traffic light" flashing when to pour, when to take another perfect waffle!

See this 1940 gift-hit ($16.95 complete; waffle baker alone, $12.95) and other *Toastmaster** products ($7.50 to $23.95), wherever fine electrical appliances are sold.

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Waffle Service

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stench came the attentions of the chairman of the house committee. He would appear from time to time with a ruler, and measure the space occupied by Bakaleinikov's piano. He had decided he would move it out and put a new tenant in its place. In fact, he got as far as bringing up the prospective tenant and his wife to discuss arrangement of furniture once the piano was out of the way.

Fortunately Bakaleinikov had powerful friends who saved his piano for him when things became critical. The house chairman, however, foiled in his attempt to get rid of that sinful symbol of bourgeois luxury, got even with Bakaleinikov by assigning him more often than anyone else to the job of snow-clearing. No matter if for weeks afterward he could not practice on his piano or viola with his frostbitten hands; at least he could conduct an orchestra.

When I visited him and his wife, a talented singer and actress in her own right, at their home in Cincinnati, Bakaleinikov showed me that he had a room devoted solely to his grand piano. "Do you know," he said, pointing out the window where the snow was beginning to fall, "at times I feel almost homesick for the visits of that house committee chairman."

This flight of artists from the homeland (there was, of course, only a comparatively small number who were able to get away) was the worst possible advertisement for the proletarian paradise, and it is not surprising that the Soviet government quickly put a stop to it.

My personal interest was involved because I have all my life loved the theater and opera, and many of the performers were my good friends. The larger problem, however, and my particular job for as long as I was head of the Soviet Red Cross in America, was the relief of those sufferers in Russia who could not get out.

Want is the normal state of affairs for the vast majority of Soviet citizens, even in those times when starvation is not stalking the land. I was able to help by the transmission of money, food and clothes, paid for either by public collection, as in the time of the famine, or supplied privately by friends and relatives.

The Parcel Racket

Out of the "parcel business," which I started, the present rulers of Russia have made one of their most profitable rackets.

My own enterprise in sending parcels, after flourishing for a while, was stopped, partly, it must be admitted, because the senders took advantage of the system to smuggle in contraband of all sorts, including drugs. At the same time I had started the telegraphic transmission of money from individuals here who had relatives in Russia. This was in 1920, and all might have gone well if the rate of exchange proposed by Krassin, who was then Foreign Trade Commissar—a rate of 1,500 rubles to the dollar—had been adopted. But Litvinov, an inveterate enemy of Krassin, insisted that the rate should be only 250 rubles to the dollar. This killed the enterprise.

In 1924, however, Sokolnikov "stabilized" the ruble, exchanging one million of the old for one ruble of the new issue, and it became possible again to send money to Russia. The new arrangements were made by Amtorg officials and by representatives of the Soviet State Bank. For five years thereafter, from 1924 through 1929, dollars flowed in a steady stream in the form of money orders from Russian immigrants in the United States to their relatives in Russia. A conservative estimate would place the total at between 75 and 100 million dollars, or an average of between 15 and 20 million annually.

Suddenly, in 1930, the flood of foreign exchange began to shrink until it became a mere dribble. The Soviet bankers wanted to know why.

I remember participating in a number of discussions on the subject with various Soviet experts, in particular with Baryshnikov, the chairman of the Soviet Bank of Foreign Trade and a director of the Soviet State Bank, during his visits to New York. The trouble with these discussions was that we always skirted around the subject, shunning the central problem like the plague. Nevertheless, our conclusions were sound, for each of us knew the hidden and unmentionable truth—the real reason for the termination of the flood of foreign exchange. Word had reached the senders of remittances in America that the dollars they were sending to their relatives were being "sweated" out of the latter by agents of the OGPU.

The OGPU on the Job

The "sweatbox" system of which they had heard—*parilka* is the Russian name for it—is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. It came about as a result of the difference between the arbitrary official rate of exchange of the ruble and its real value measured in purchasing power. The recipients of remittances from abroad had been demanding payment in dollars. For a time they got it, but with the advent of the Five-Year Plan in 1928 the practice was stopped. Those who had been receiving money informed the senders, who thenceforth, instead of transmitting through the banks, would send batches of saved-up dollars with friends who went as tourists or specialists to the Soviet Union. The government was thus deprived of many million dollars in badly needed foreign exchange.

It was the OGPU that came to the rescue. (Whenever anything goes wrong with any Soviet institution, the OGPU is invariably called in by the Political Bureau to clean up the trouble.) Their agents went to the banks and got the names and addresses of all citizens who *had ever received remittances from abroad.* Presently these citizens received notice to appear at a given time at the local OGPU office. Such invitations are never declined.

The citizen would appear, and the conversation would follow stereotyped lines. The official would speak of the glory of "building socialism" and the government's need of foreign exchange. His caller would reply by expressing his devotion to the cause, his willingness to lay down his life for it. The OGPU official would then politely suggest that it would be simpler for him just to exchange his dollars for rubles at the official rate. The citizen would swear that he would gladly do this—if he had the dollars or, for that matter, any foreign exchange.

The conversation would then get down to cases. On the basis of the record, so many dollars were transmitted, so many were exchanged, then the transmission stopped. If the amount exchanged was less than the amount transmitted, the OGPU would demand the immediate exchange of the balance. If not, the OGPU would inquire how much additional money had been sent privately. The invariable answer would be that no foreign exchange had been transmitted except through banks. To such replies—to any replies pleading no more foreign exchange—the OGPU had a stock answer: "Think the matter over, citizen. Talk it over with your family."

All this was preliminary. The real pressure was applied the same night. At an hour or two past midnight the citizen would be dragged out of bed by OGPU agents and hustled off, half asleep and numb with terror, to headquarters. There the questioning would he begun in earnest The next stage was the "sweatbox."

This was a room with boarded-up windows, so crowded with human beings, with men and women of all ages and classes, that none of them could sit or lie or move about, but all had to stand, pressed against one another, day after day, crying, protesting, hating one another, hating themselves. No food, no water, no conveniences of any kind. No consideration for the sick—except the added hatred of their neighbors. This was the *parilka,* a fiendish device for forcing human beings to furnish one another's torment. Squeezed together like cattle in a boxcar, they stood there trying to "remember" where they had hidden their foreign exchange.

The Inquisition Belt

In many instances persons arrested on the suspicion of having foreign exchange or other valuables—gold, jewelry, and the like—did not have anything to give up. They were never believed, for the OGPU prides itself on never arresting anyone who is not guilty as charged. Furthermore, those arrested would always be questioned about the culpability of friends and relatives. Many wildly accused others in the desperate hope of buying their own release. And so the net of incriminations spread.

After several days in the *parilka,* the victims would be taken out separately to run a gantlet called the "belt." This was a device borrowed from American mass-production methods. The suspect would be marched or dragged by guards before an investigator, who would question him or her either politely or brutally. The moment one investigator was through, the suspect would be dragged before another. This was kept up without interruption night and day. Investigators changed, guards changed; the suspect continued to move along the "belt."

When the suspect fainted, he was revived and the inquisition continued. The methods of revival varied; sometimes the victim was merely doused with water; sometimes he was subjected to incredible indignities and brutalities.

If the suspect would not surrender his valuables, or could not because he had none, this process—alternating between the "sweatbox" and the "belt"—continued until he died.

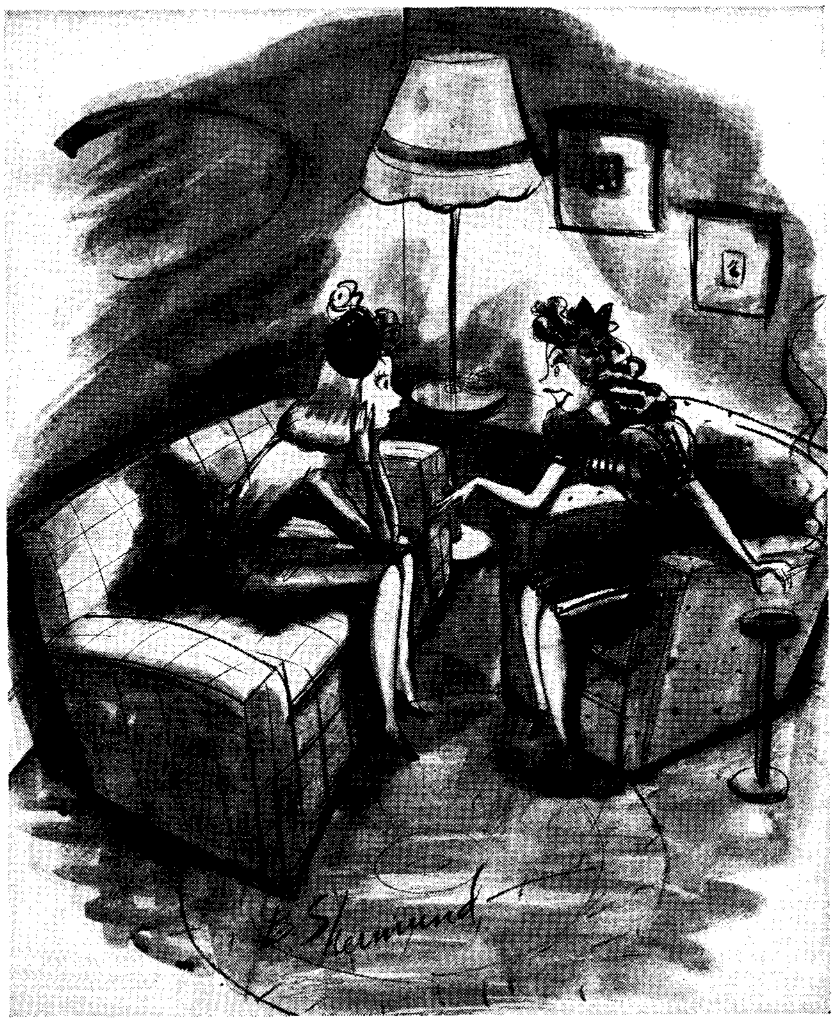
It was rumors of this system leaking out of Russia that put an end to the transmission of foreign exchange. And it was then that Baryshnikov and others turned to me for suggestions.

Just before this time the Soviet government had established the Torgsin stores—*Torg-s-in* is an abbreviation of *Torgovlya s inostrantsami,* which means "trade with foreigners." At them only foreign exchange was accepted; rubles were as valueless there as they are in the United States. It was natural that I should suggest to Baryshnikov that the privilege of buying at those stores be extended to Soviet citizens who possessed foreign exchange or other valuables.

He looked at me for a moment without saying a word. Then he glanced around to make sure we were alone. "You know," he said, "you are not the first one to make the suggestion. I myself broached the subject at a meeting of the Central Committee in Moscow." He lit his cigar and waved out the match. "Do you know what happened? I was almost thrown out of the party."

"But why? It would bring in more foreign exchange at less expense than other methods that have been tried."

"That's true enough, and I, as a



"Then he asked me, 'Do you kiss with your eyes open or closed?' That's when I began to suspect he wasn't a real census taker at all"

BARBARA SHERMUND

FOR BOYS
from 7
to 70

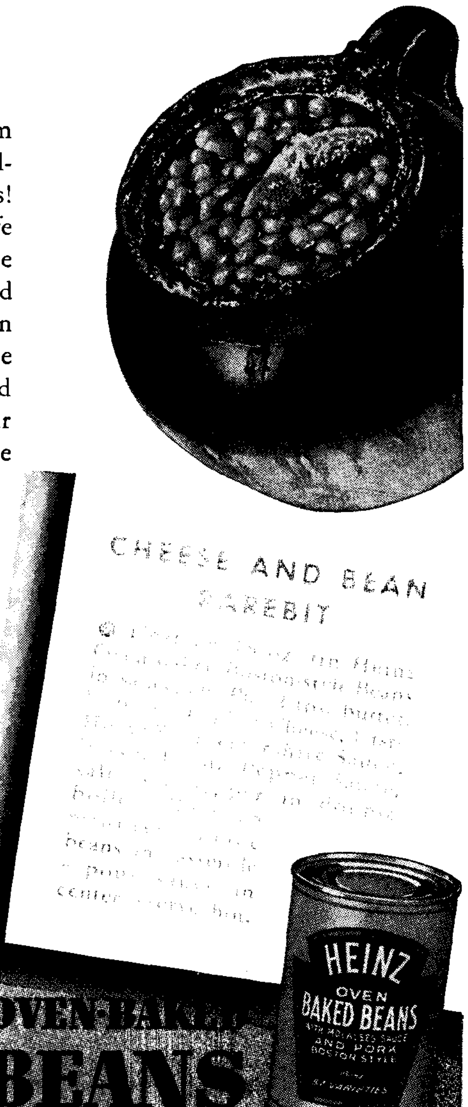
● Bean-hungry men of all ages—from tots to grandads—have that same small-boyish zest for Heinz Oven-Baked Beans! Just serve some to the men-in-your-life —and hark the lusty cheers! Fill the family bean pot with Heinz Oven-Baked Boston-style Beans. Heat in the oven till the whole kitchen is filled with the mingled fragrance of rich molasses and succulent pork. You can bet your family will reach the table *before* the bean pot does!

Heinz Bakes Four Kinds

You'll like the three other kinds of beans Heinz oven-bakes for you, too—in tomato sauce with pork, in tomato sauce without pork, and red kidney beans. Want to make a big hit with *your* boys? Lay in a good supply of all four kinds!

57

HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS



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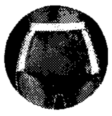
FRONT — Bias cut . . . double crotch construction . . . buttonless fly.

SIDE — Spring-needle-knit side panels. Elastic tape in leg hem.


BACK — Bias cut . . . woven in four colors. . . . Permoflex elastic waistband.

LATEST addition to the famous line of Allen-A underwear, Brieftex* combines the best features of both woven shorts and knitted briefs . . . with comfort that never before existed.

Cut on the bias, front and back, there's no pull, no creep, no bind. Fly is buttonless; spring-needle-knit inserts at thighs permit complete leg movement. Permoflex elastic waistband assures waist freedom. Double crotch construction means real support. And, back and front, Brieftex is woven in your favorite color . . . white, blue, tan, and green. Also available — Durene Shirts in white and harmonizing light colors.

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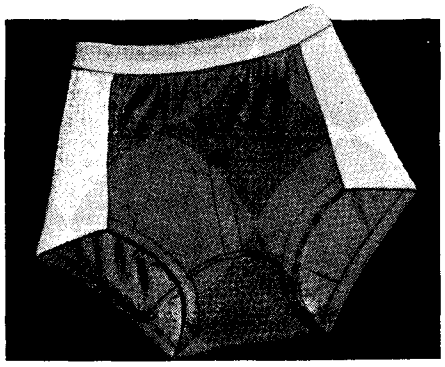
THE ALLEN-A CO.
BENNINGTON, VERMONT
Allen A



banker, thought it was a good idea. But you forget the wider aspects. Ever since 1917 we have been trying to exterminate certain undesirable elements—the bourgeois and petty bourgeois. These are just the people who have or may receive foreign exchange and gold. The party considers it more important to let them starve to death as encouragement to our workers abroad than to garner a few millions in foreign exchange. No union cards for them, no jobs, no ration cards—and certainly no Torgsin orders. Let them starve."

But a few months later the Kremlin took a slight turn to the right. It was decided that foreign exchange was more important after all. Authorization was granted for its transmission through the Torgsins to all comers, and the stores were allowed to accept it or other valuables from Soviet citizens as well as foreigners. Thereafter anyone who argued against this policy was branded as a "right-left double-dealing deviator."

The Torgsin stores opened toward the end of 1930. Before the enterprise was liquidated early in 1936 they had taken in about $200,000,000. It was one of the fairest and most businesslike of the Soviet financial schemes. The prices were rather high, but not inordinately so, and the merchandise was good. Many very rare items—such as buttons, shoes, butter, oranges, lemons, and the like—could be obtained nowhere else or only in very limited quantities.

But it was this very fact that led to the downfall of the system. Communist party members who regarded themselves as the real rulers of Russia found themselves unable to obtain some of the things that could be purchased by the "nondescript petty bourgeois riffraff" that had managed to have gold or other valuables, including the gold crowns of their teeth, or who had relatives abroad. To appease these party members, the stores were liquidated.

The End of the Torgsins

I argued against this move when I was in Moscow in 1934. At a conference in the board rooms of the Soviet State Bank, I made it plain that the Russian immigrants in America were thoroughly disillusioned with Soviet promises and would not revert to sending dollars once the Torgsin stores were closed. I pointed out that the Americans we were dealing with were former Russians who kept themselves well posted about affairs inside Russia, and therefore knew just how valueless the ruble really was. They would simply refuse to send dollars over to be cashed into rubles at the official rate.

In addition I reminded the officials that the Soviet government had assured the U. S. Veterans Bureau that beneficiaries could use their benefits at the Torgsin stores.

A year later the abolition of the stores was decreed. But not before a new plan for acquiring foreign exchange, or rather the modification of an old one, had been devised. This consisted in reviving the business of shipping parcels, with excessively high duties on the merchandise to be paid by the shippers in foreign exchange. Over and above the duty, exorbitant fees were charged for a license to ship, shipping charges and other service charges.

It was obvious to me that the Soviet government was deliberately intent on exploiting the needs of its citizens and the sympathies of their relatives in the United States in order to replace the forty-million-dollar turnover from the Torgsin system. This plan was in part responsible for my determination to leave the Soviet service. I could no longer face my friends in the Veterans Administration, the American Red Cross and elsewhere in the United States.

There is an ironic circumstance in this parcel business. Most of those who send parcels were originally petty tradesmen or artisans in Russia, thus being classed by Communists as petty bourgeois and enemies of the proletariat. In the United States they got jobs in shops and factories; they are industrial workers, strong trade unionists—the very class the Communists court most assiduously.

By constantly threatening to abandon these relatives to starvation, the Soviet government forces American wage earners to scrimp and save, denying themselves the essentials of life, in order to send parcels at exorbitant rates, paying exorbitant duties, to the Soviet Union. It was out of the pockets of these people that the Soviet government extracted a large portion of its turnover at the Torgsins; it is out of their pockets today that it continues to extract ten to fifteen million dollars a year.

Profits in a Hurry

In an attempt to clear its own skirts, the Soviet government placed this business in private hands, thus exposing the shippers to further exploitation by individual firms. Here are the contents and prices, exclusive of shipping charges, of two packages sold today by a company specializing in shipments to the Soviet Union:

Package No. 1. Price $6.10

3 lbs. White Flour	$0.18
3 lbs. Sugar	.15
2 lbs. Farina	.24
1 lb. Cocoa	.08
Value of contents at New York retail prices	$0.65

Package No. 2. Price $7.50

2 lbs. White Flour	$0.12
2 lbs. Sugar	.10
2 lbs. Butter	.70
2 lbs. Farina	.24
1 lb. Cocoa	.08
Value of contents at New York retail prices	$1.24

In addition to all this, there are the regulations with which the whole business is hemmed in. For example, no old or used clothes may be sent, and each article must be accompanied by a bill of sale from a local department or chain store. Moreover, parcel companies in many instances force their customers to buy direct from them by raising all sorts of technical objections to bills of sale issued by the stores. In this they are supported by the Soviet authorities, for the simple reason that the higher the price the greater the income from duties. Add to this the sender's fear of reprisals against his relatives in Russia, and you have the perfect setup for a racket.

In the four articles of this series I have discussed some of the ways in which the Soviet government siphons money out of the United States. I have not mentioned the sale of bonds (now worthless) nor the occasional financial raids. I have left out of count the fact that Russia now controls the eastern provinces of Poland, which have provided heavy emigration to this country in the past generation, and as a result the scope of her activities has been greatly extended.

Even without these—counting only the parcel business, the veterans' cases, propaganda films and publications, intourist receipts, worthless advertising and industrial and life insurance—a conservative estimate of the Soviet government's annual revenue from the United States is $29,000,000.

THE END

ARE YOU 28 YEARS

BEHIND THE TIMES?

- Don't scrub and scour a toilet bowl. For more than a quarter-century, Sani-Flush has kept toilet bowls sparkling clean and sanitary.

No bother. No unpleasantness. Sani-Flush removes stains and incrustations. Cleans the hidden trap. Cannot injure plumbing connections. (Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) *See directions on can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

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BECAUSE OF—
PSORIASIS

If this is one of the problems you face, why not see what *SIROIL* can do for your psoriasis blemishes? Certainly it is sensible to give *SIROIL* a chance.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on outer layer of skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Offered to you on a two weeks' satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL SHAMPOO
FOR DISCRIMINATING WOMEN

SIROIL Liquid Shampoo Soap removes grease film from hair and scalp in an amazing manner, giving a woman's hair a chance to look its loveliest. Made of pure olive and cocoanut oils blended in a neutral, non-caustic base. Cannot injure or irritate most sensitive scalp or hair. No vinegar rinse needed. *SIROIL* Liquid Shampoo Soap bears Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval.

SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC., DETROIT, MICH.

Too Much Proof

Continued from page 17

We talked with Belfor.

"You pay Serden what you lost to him at cards?" O'Malley asked him.

"I hadn't yet."

"How much was it?"

"Is that any of your business?"

"Sure. The guy got knocked off. You got a record how much it was?"

"No; there's no record."

He told us the amount. It was less than Perring had led us to expect.

"Well," O'Malley remarked, "not much in them guys. We'll go talk with the ladies."

Miss Lander and Mrs. Perring were in deck chairs at the stern and Miss Carmil was leaning on the railing near them. We went and sat down with them.

"You know if Mr. Belfor didn't like Mr. Ayton?" O'Malley inquired of them generally.

They were surprised. "Why do you ask that?" Miss Lander questioned curiously.

"Why, we got a funny case here. Somebody on this boat killed Serden, but we don't think it was Ayton. We think it was this way: Ayton and Serden had had trouble, and whoever wanted to knock Serden off figured to make it look like it had been done by Ayton. They got a pair of Ayton's gloves, which I guess wasn't difficult, and stuck one glove under the rug in Ayton's cabin, and they had the other glove on when they went and stabbed Serden, and they put blood on Ayton's doorknob."

"Couldn't it have been one of the crew?" Miss Lander asked.

"Lady, it could have been anybody."

"But you think it was Mr. Belfor?"

"We just know he had a motive. He lost to Serden at cards. Belfor says it wasn't very much. Well, it might have been more than Belfor was able to pay. Only them two knew what the amount was and now only Belfor knows it."

"O'Malley," I said, when he had left them, "I think you're crazy! If what you just told them is actually the police theory, you should have kept it to yourself. In an hour it will be all over the ship. But I can't believe it is really your theory. There is no evidence against anyone but Ayton."

"Why, I told 'em the truth."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I figure I'll stay here. Then people will stay here too, because we'll give 'em the choice: they can stay here or go ashore and get locked up as material witnesses. You might stick around. I guess you'll be comfortable. The steward gets us anything we want, and there's some extra guest cabins if you want to lay down, and this dead guy Serden seen to it that we have pretty ladies for company."

I didn't stick around. I went ashore in the police launch that took Serden, but I came back later.

"Anything been going on?" I inquired of O'Malley.

"Nothing. The guys in the crew say they didn't do it. Some of these people bought knives for souvenirs in them Spanish countries they visited. They all had their knives. We sent 'em to the police laboratory. Well, the laboratory says nobody had been stabbed with any of 'em. Cops took water out of the drains under all the washbasins to see if anybody had washed blood off in any of 'em. They found one, but it was in a cabin that wasn't in use, so it don't help us none."

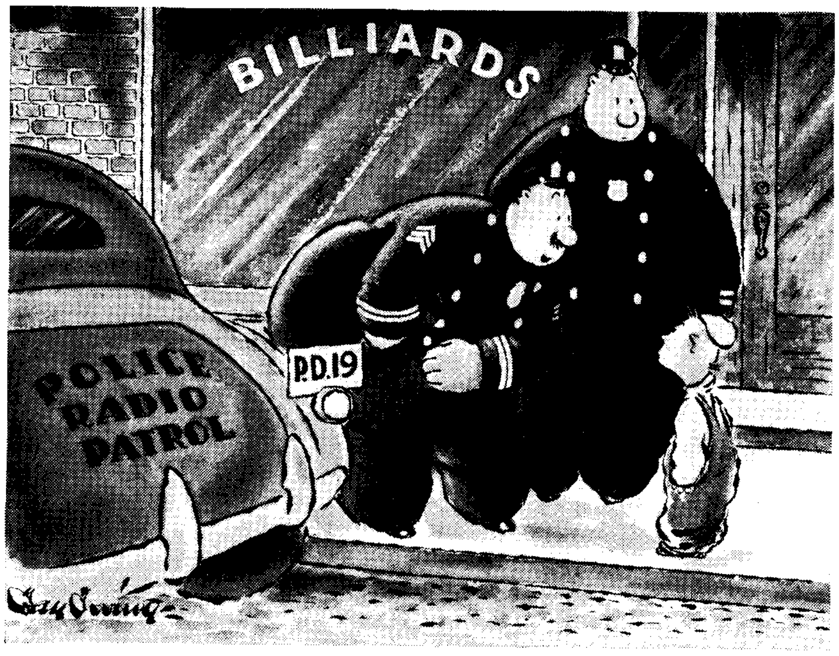
"You're not getting anywhere," I declared.

"Did I say I expected to?"

I DECIDED to stay aboard. The steward served us dinner. Then we sat around on deck. The women went to their cabins and O'Malley was talking with Belfor. I listened, but the case wasn't mentioned. It was after midnight and I went and lay down in one of the vacant cabins, but I got up again because I couldn't sleep. The saloon was empty and I went up on deck. O'Malley was there alone.

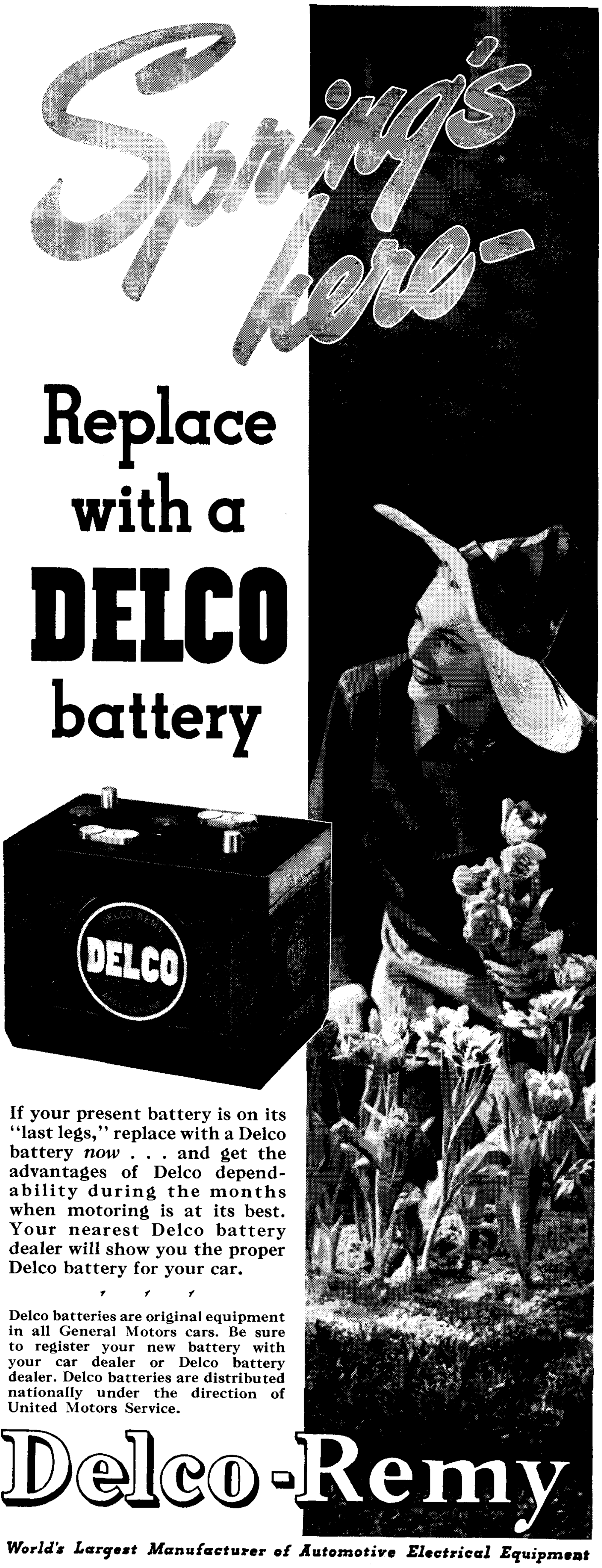
"You're letting this case slip through your fingers," I asserted firmly. "Your theory may be correct that someone other than Ayton killed Serden. You seem to think it was Belfor. But the point is this: the time to find out is now. When you let these people get off the boat—"

We heard someone shout and ran down into the saloon. A cop had hold of Belfor and another cop had a knife. People had opened their doors to see what was going on, and the disorder of Belfor's cabin showed that it had been searched. The police made everybody



"Now remember, car nineteen . . . if you hear 'em calling car nineteen . . . call us right away! Here's yuh dime"

JAY IRVING



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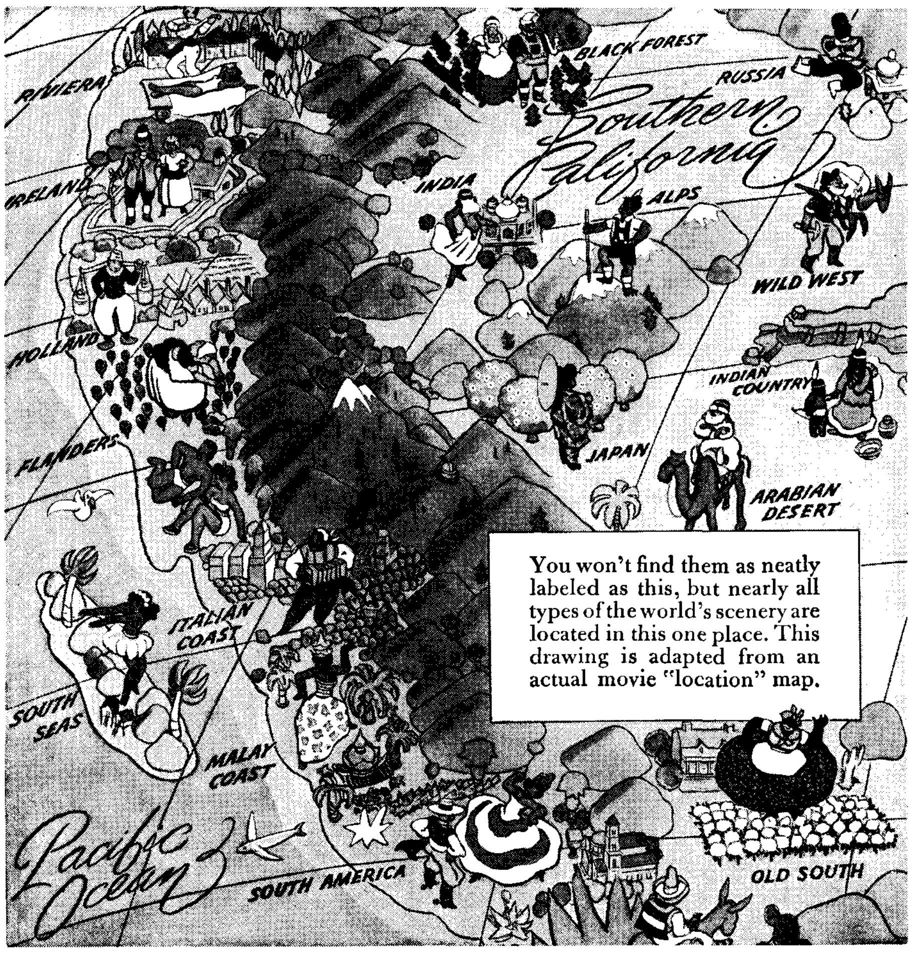

You won't find them as neatly labeled as this, but nearly all types of the world's scenery are located in this one place. This drawing is adapted from an actual movie "location" map.

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get dressed and we took them all to headquarters.

"I appear to have been wrong," I observed to O'Malley, crestfallen.

"Yeah? Wait. We got to question these people. You might be more right than you think."

I waited. Cops went in and out.

"That was the right knife," one of them told me. "It had been washed, but the laboratory can tell even if somebody washes it afterward."

Then O'Malley came out.

"SO IT was Belfor," I said.

"Them cops tell you that? No; it was Mrs. Perring. Her and Serden had went together for a long time. It was so as to have her around that Serden made Perring his manager. Perring's a guy wrapped up in business. He didn't think nothing that Serden had him and his wife almost always with him. Serden liked ladies, and Mrs. Perring didn't object if he got interested in some of 'em, because he always came back to her. He never give any sign of getting married to one of 'em. Then he met this Miss Carmil. He was getting rid of Perring as manager so as to get free of Mrs. Perring. Well, that wasn't the whole of what made her kill him. Mrs. Perring won't tell us what Serden said to her when he told her he was through.

"I figure it this way: Mrs. Perring was one time a very beautiful lady. I guess whatever Serden said to her made plain he thought she wasn't attractive any more. The first time a woman that men have admired gets it put up to her they don't admire her no more, she maybe goes part-way nuts. Whatever Serden said to Mrs. Perring got her so furious she knocked the guy off."

"How?" I inquired.

"Why, she'd bought one of them Spanish knives that some of 'em bought. It was just accident nobody knew she'd bought it. After she'd stabbed Serden when he was sleeping, she fixed it so we'd think Ayton had done it. She went into one of them vacant cabins and washed herself. She put what of her clothes she had got blood on out through the porthole and went back to her cabin. She kept the knife. She says she thought maybe she might want to kill herself. It was inside her clothes when cops searched the cabins, so they didn't find it."

"Did you suspect her?" I asked.

"Not her, exactly. We thought all along it was a woman."

I was astonished. "Why?"

"Lots of reasons. It ain't usual for a guy that does murder to figure to put it on somebody else. He figures to have him an alibi to show he wasn't there when it happened. A woman is likely to figure to make people think somebody else done it. She don't put it onto another woman. She puts it onto a guy. I guess maybe she figures if it comes to a showdown between her and a guy, people will give her the benefit. She wants to make it look like a guy done the murder, but she don't know how a murder looks. So she fixes it up too much. Things get scattered around in a fight, but not the way this lady scattered 'em. The blood in Serden's cabin was all on the bed, so there hadn't been any fight. There was blood on Ayton's door but none inside his cabin. Serden hadn't cried out. A guy that's attacked by a guy will call for help, but if it's a woman he tries to take care of it himself. After it was all over, the bedclothes had been smoothed up. What guy would do that?"

"I SEE!" I exclaimed. "Then what?"

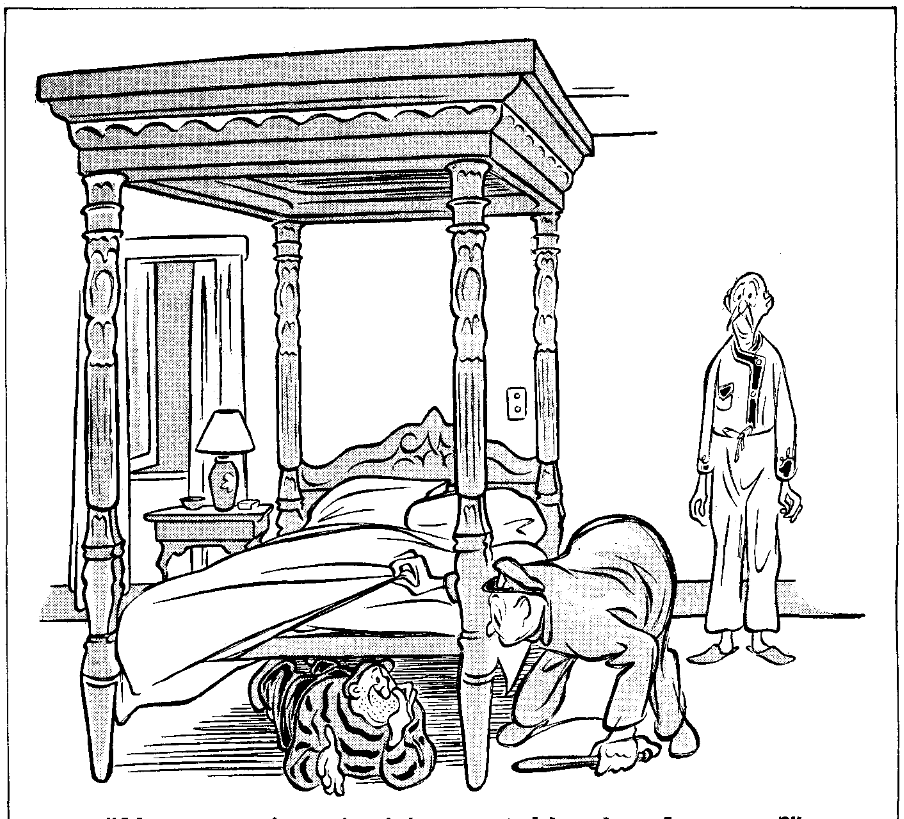
"Well, I figured whoever this lady was, she thought she was very smart. It wouldn't be easy for her to believe she done something dumb. She'd figured to put it on Ayton and if we showed her she hadn't done that, it was quite likely she'd try to put it on somebody else. So we thought we'd give her the chance. When I questioned the guys on the boat, I was looking for one of 'em that might have had a motive. It turned out Belfor could have had one. Then I and you seen the ladies. I told 'em we knew it wasn't Ayton but we figured it might be Belfor. We had cops in the cabin next to Belfor's where they could see into it, and I kept Belfor on deck. Well, Mrs. Perring went into Belfor's cabin and stuck the knife under the mattress."

"I understand."

"Sure. When we got her to headquarters, she was so amazed she'd got caught that she give us the whole story without meaning to, trying to find out how we knew she was the one."

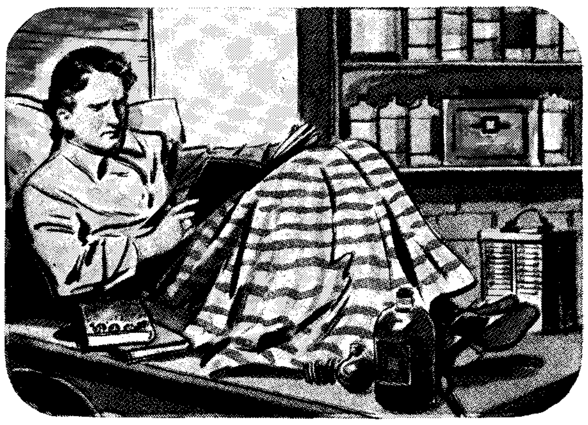
"She was foolish," I said.

"Yeah. Well, she'd fooled her husband so long she thought men wasn't smart. I guess it's a shock to her she couldn't fool a bunch of dumb cops."

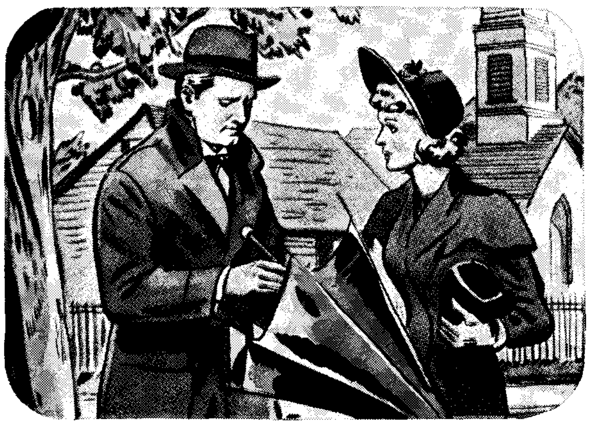


"Ah—you are investigatin' a reported burglary, I presume?"

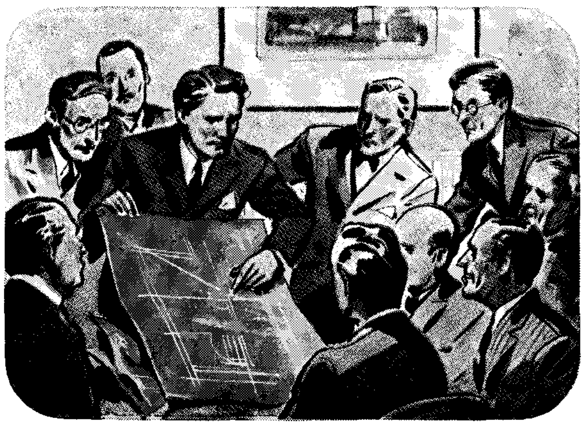
GEORGE PRICE



Alone and penniless, armed only with the ideas that filled his brain, he challenges the world—determined to wrest success from the grasp of the great city.



Romance enters his life when he meets lovely Mary Stillwell . . . but instead of interfering with his work, it helps him forge ahead . . . with a new will to succeed!



Soon he invents the stock ticker. For it he receives $40,000, though he would have taken $2,000! His first success — his first step toward fame and fortune!

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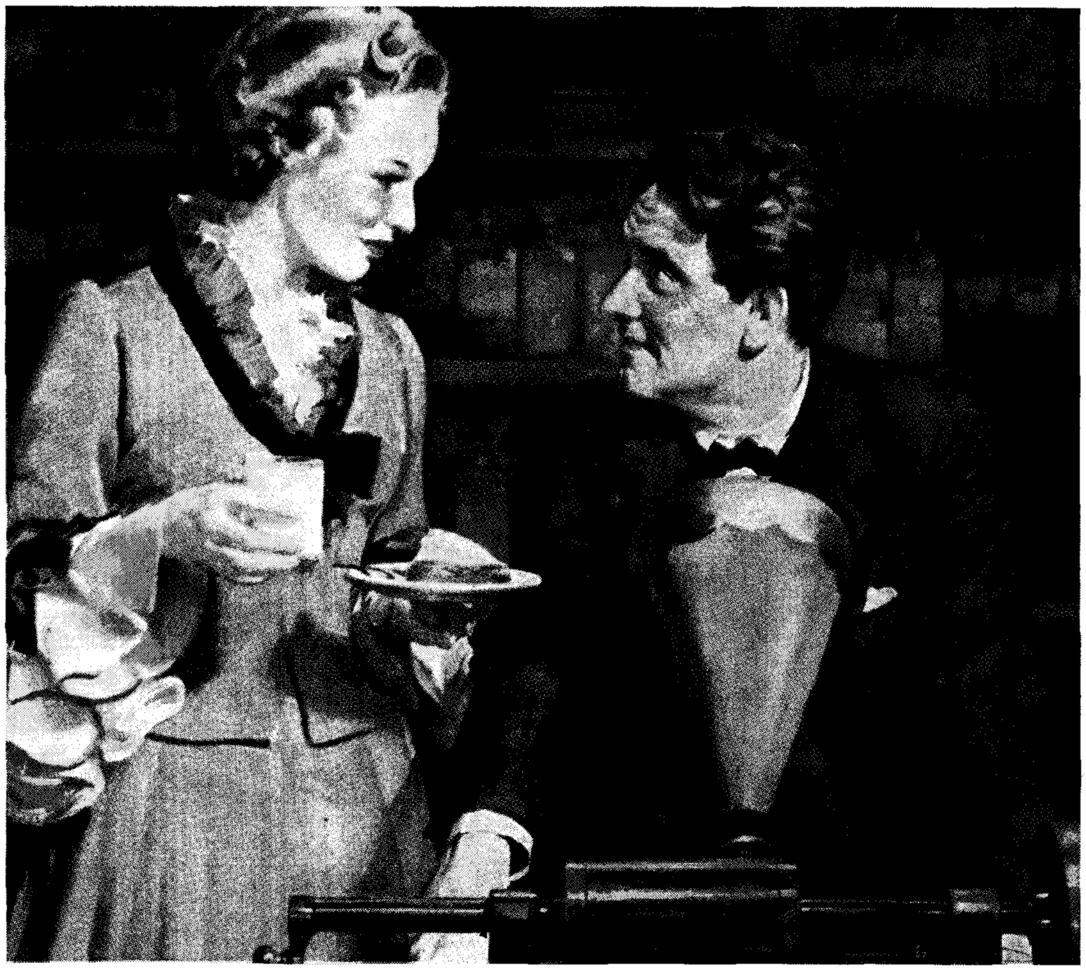
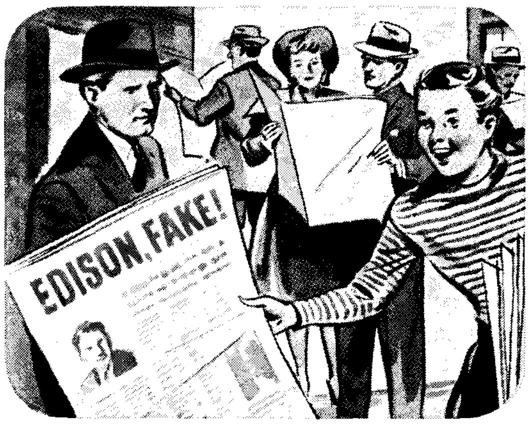


TRACY

AS

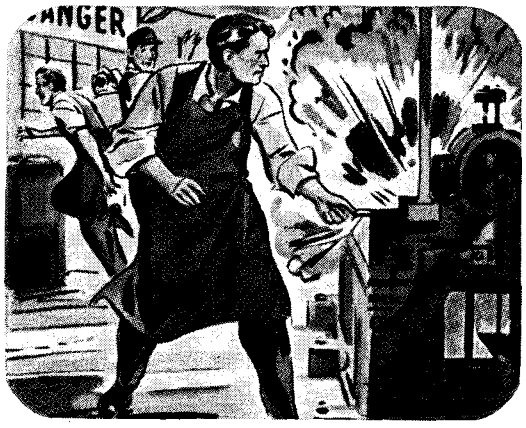
EDISON THE MAN

A CLARENCE BROWN **Production**
with RITA JOHNSON · LYNNE OVERMAN
CHARLES COBURN · GENE LOCKHART
Henry Travers · Felix Bressart
Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.
Screenplay by Talbot Jennings and Bradbury Foote
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

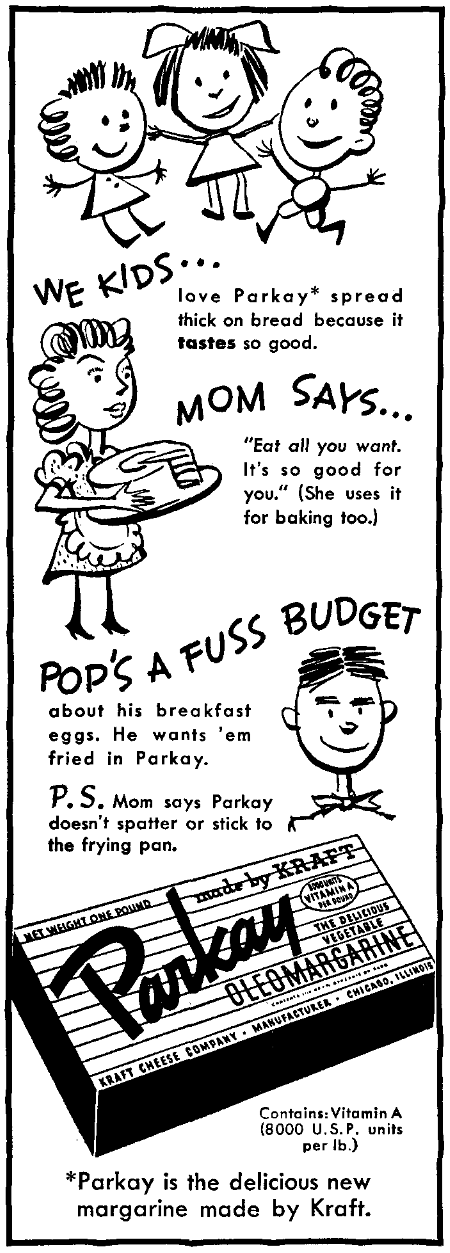


EDISON FAKE!

9,000 failures! They called him a fake—a charlatan. But he believed in his dreams! He knew that he could grapple with the mystery of electricity—and win!



The dynamo explodes! Five hours left to light the city—or be branded a failure! "We can change the world in five hours!" shouted Edison—And he did!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MOM SAYS... "Eat all you want. It's so good for you." (She uses it for baking too.)

POP'S A FUSS BUDGET about his breakfast eggs. He wants 'em fried in Parkay.

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Contains: Vitamin A (8000 U.S.P. units per lb.)

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Call Your Sheep

Continued from page 21

I been on dis ole place ev'y since I was bawn, and I friendlies wid de Christians and de sinners. Us is all ole Aunt Hagar's chilluns, down hyar, makin' cotton and doin' de best we kin."

"Whar I comed f'm," stated Caldonie, "de best us c'd do was mind we's own business, and dat didn't leave no time to meddle in nobody else's."

The Widow Duck started as if somebody had stuck a knife in her kindly old heart. But she had the grace to say, "Amen, sister. You's speakin' wid de tongues er many mansions, and ye shall abide tharin. So say de Sperrit, soul, God will change conditions."

She turned and walked off, dismissing the matter with the knowledge of a duty done, and the simple phrase uttered: "Water under my bridge."

WITHIN a few days the land dried out sufficiently for winter plowing, and the work started again, in earnest. Caldonie's boy appeared regularly each morning at the lot. He caught a pair of mules and ran a stalk cutter all day.

Before anybody could fully realize it, winter plowing was finished, spring had come and a crop was planted—corn and cotton and sweet-potato slips in long rows.

Hoeing time soon followed. That was when the women entered the field work. Pale green drills of young cotton stalks had to be thinned out to the width of an eye hoe, a half-dozen stalks left in each hill. The women worked in groups, finding time for gossip.

"Caldonie," they said, "won't work wid nobody. She jest hoes her own crop. She's a shut-mouf, fo' true."

"Better be a shut-mouf den a blabber-mouf," counseled the Widow Duck. "She mindin' she own, and when she git done doin' dat, rale good—" She stopped, recalling her unhappy earlier experience. "Hmm," she finished lamely.

She kept thinking about it all day, and by evening it was apparent that she wanted help. Ordinarily, she discussed her puzzles with Giles, but he had a way of fighting through problems, and the Widow Duck felt that this one was too delicate for violent action.

"He'd go break de door down, efn she done him like dat," the Widow Duck decided. "And B'r Charlie would mouf a bunch er tawk at me about Sheep Callers, when I been usherin' longer'n he been preachin'. And ole man Henry been 'round mules so long to his mind works like a mule. Hmm. Maybe a mule kin figger dis thing out. I've knowed some smart mules in my day and time."

The Widow Duck passed the word that she wanted Uncle Henry to call on her that evening.

"Hit's like dis," she explained to the old lotman. "I'm a Sheep Callin' Baptist, and I b'lieve in certain things."

"Amen, sister," agreed Uncle Henry fervently.

"I b'lieve," the Widow Duck continued, "in mindin' my own, and lettin' ev'ybody do de same."

"Dat," nodded Uncle Henry, "is Amen tawk. Say on."

"Now, dis Caldonie woman—"

"What about her?" demanded Uncle Henry suddenly.

"She been on my mind today," the Widow Duck said.

"She ain't no skin offn yo' back," Uncle Henry said.

"Naw," admitted the Widow Duck, "nor neither is she water under my bridge, on account er I b'lieves like de Sheep Callers. I went to her house one day, to neighbor wid her, and she tole me to go on 'bout my business and leave her alone. And dat was right, only but for one thing dat I still got in my mind."

"And dat is?"

"When she tole me dat, she stood up dar jest like a ole hen fightin' a hawk away f'm her chickens. She looked like she'd fight and die befo' she'd let me come in and set down."

"Um-umph!" the lotman grunted.

"I don't look like I'd harm chilluns," the Widow Duck said. "Chilluns like me. Come to remember, I was speakin' wid Caldonie's little gal, de yuther day, and de chile was rale friendly ontwell she saw her mamma, and den she got skeered and runned off. Chilluns ain't got to be skeered to live, nor neither grown people."

"You's speakin' Amen tawk," admitted Uncle Henry.

"Dat chile," the Widow Duck said thoughtfully, "is skeered cause her mamma is skeered. And Caldonie is skeered on account er she got some kind er evil weary."

"Speak," the lotman encouraged, "whilst I pats my foot."

"Now," continued the Widow Duck, "hyar is whar my Sheep Callin' come in. I had ought to go down and make dat 'oman know she is livin' amongst friends and dat she ain't got nothin' to git skeered of. Den she and her chilluns bofe will be happy. I ought to make her tell her troubles to de Lawd. She had ought to pray—"

"She pray a heap," said Uncle Henry surprisingly.

"Hunh?" demanded the Widow Duck. "How you know?"

Uncle Henry was not good at spur-of-the-moment lying, but he did well enough. "I seed her," he said. "Dat same day you was at her house, I was down in de woods, lookin' for a ca'f, and I comed by jest as you wawked off. I seed Caldonie drap to her knees and pray a good, long prayer."

THE Widow Duck sat in silent study. "Hit's too much fer me," she said presently. "She minds her own and she do's good work. She got de putiest vegetables growin' on de place and her cotton is might' nigh as clean as mine. Hit ain't for me to tell de Lawd how to run His sweet business, but I b'lieve efn I was de Lawd, f'm whar I'm settin', I wouldn't suffer her all dat much trouble."

"You ain't de Lawd," Uncle Henry solemnly pointed out.

"Naw," admitted the Widow Duck, "but I'm de Lawd's Sheep Caller. And even efn Caldonie did tell me to mind my own business, I'm got a good notion to—"

"Whoa right dar!" said Uncle Henry. "Hit take mo'n one mule to pull a cultivator, don't hit?"

"What dat got to do wid hit?" the Widow Duck asked.

"Efn you was smart," he told her sharply, "you c'd learn somethin' f'm a mule. De Lawd must er been watchin' two mules pullin' a cultivator when he made mo'n one Sheep Caller around hyar. I'm a Sheep Caller same as you. And I done claimed Caldonie for my fold. You leave her be." He got up, bowed stiffly and said, "Good night, to I meet you in my prayers."

The Widow Duck watched Uncle Henry walk into the darkness. She was hurt and disappointed, and yet—"I'm got two minds," she told herself. "One mind say he might be right and de yuther mind say he might be wrong. So I'm gonter set and study over my mind. And den I'm gonter pray. And den I'm

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gonter fix dat ole devil for shawt-tawkin' me like dat."

The old lotman was not worried about what the Widow Duck thought. He had more important business on his mind. He went hurriedly down the bayou path to his own room at the barn. Without the aid of light, he walked to the medicine shelf and took from it a bottle of homemade liniment.

"Hit twon't do no good," he mumbled to himself, "but when one er de Lawd's creatures is ailin', and I'm got medicine, I'm bound to doctor him. Man or mule."

He hurried down the turnrow and after crossing the bridge he turned into the footpath that led to Cuckleburr Lake and to Caldonie's cabin.

THE night was warm with early summer. Caldonie was sitting flat on the floor of her porch, her back against the wall, her legs stretched out. Her two children were sleeping on quilts spread near by.

"How he?" Uncle Henry asked, as he came up.

"Bad," said Caldonie.

"I b'lieve," said Uncle Henry quietly, "dat his time is about out."

"Yeah," said Caldonie. "He knowed his time was about out when dem paralysis struck him, last week. He started speakin' in de Unknown. He claim' he could see, agin. But he couldn't see."

"How you know he couldn't see?" Uncle Henry questioned.

"I axed him efn he could see me," she replied, "and he claim he could. He claim I was all dressed up in white, flyin' 'round like a angel." She cried softly for a moment. "But I wa'n't. I had on my blue fiel' dress and I wa'n't flyin'."

Uncle Henry shook his head. "You can't tell, chile," he said. "You a mighty good 'oman. He might er been lookin' in de futures."

They sat quietly for a long time. "In my day and time," Uncle Henry said presently, "I seed a heap er fo'ks die off." His voice took on an impersonal, contemplative tone as though he were thinking aloud. "When a good mule or a good man start to die off, he gits mighty close to de Redeemer. And my Redeemer kin make de blind man see and de dumb man tawk and de lame man pick up his bed and wawk!"

Caldonie shrieked hysterically.

"Hysh," commanded Uncle Henry. "You'll wake de chilluns."

Caldonie controlled herself. "I had a sin in my heart," she told Uncle Henry. "I was settin' hyar, feelin' in my heart dat I'll be glad when he dies off. And dat's a sin. But hit's been so hard, keepin' him hid out all de time. And makin' Whipper wawk him up and down de turnrow at night when Whipper had ought er been sleepin'."

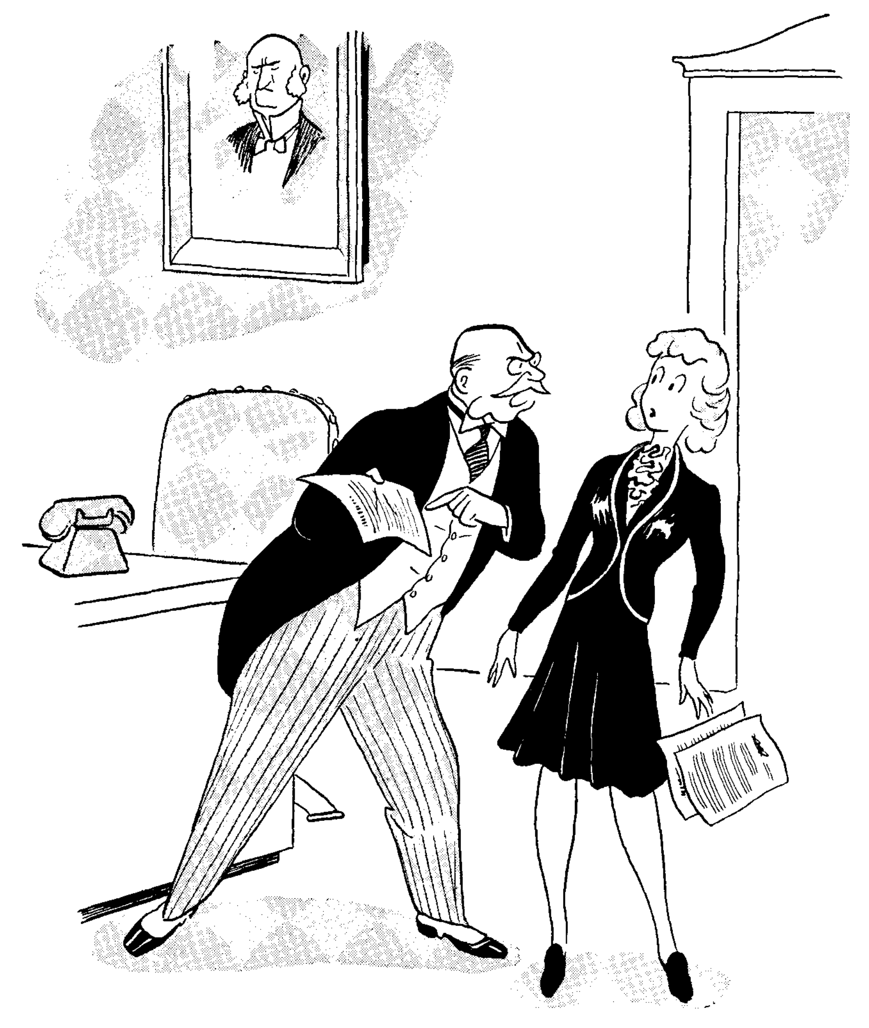
Uncle Henry nodded sympathetically.

"And us livin' like us had de plague, 'stid er bein' friendly," Caldonie went on. "And dat po' ole blind man no kin to me nohow. I jest tuck him in cause de Book say to take in de blind. I wisht—"

"Hysh, daughter," Uncle Henry cautioned, "don't wake de chilluns. De Lawd gonter bless you all over de place for takin' him in."

"You done good too," stated Caldonie gratefully, "he'pin' me out when I made up my mind I wan't gonter let nobody know I brung him hyar."

"Dat's my business," Uncle Henry told her. "Takin' keer er God's creatures, man and mules. De Lawd gimme de smell to do dat. I kin smell a sick mule a mile off, might' nigh. Dat day you driv' up in de rain, I smelled sickness and I went to de lot and looked at de stock and hit wa'n't none of 'em sick. So I puzzled my mind ontwell I seed a secret look in Whipper's eye and I hyared Giles braggin' 'bout de way you stood up and tawked about yo' blind gran'daddy. Den I figgered hit out and I comed hyar. And when you tried to tell me hit wa'n't no-



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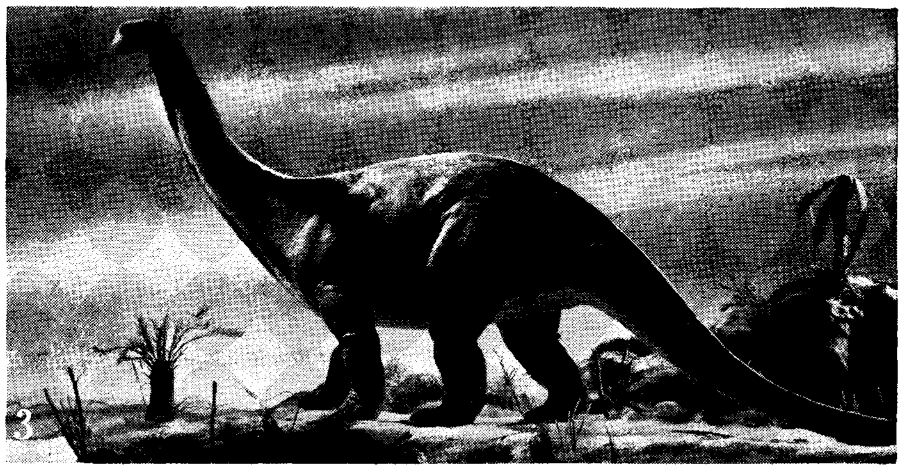

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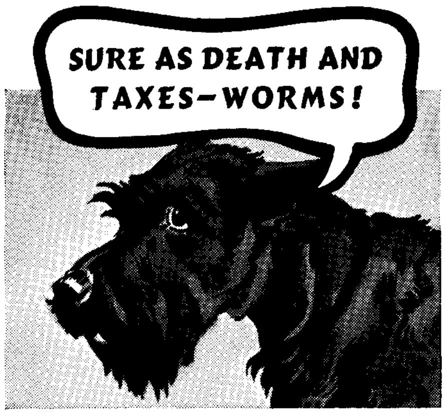
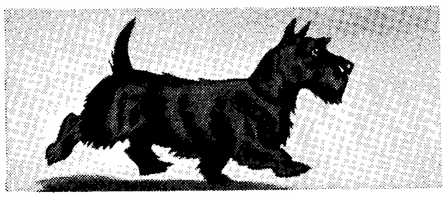

SURE AS DEATH AND TAXES—WORMS!

One siege of worms is one too many — but the worms don't seem to agree! Most of us have them when we're pups, and at least once when we're grown. Master says we can't *keep* them out, but we can *chase* them out. That means Sergeant's SURE-SHOT CAPSULES — they sure do get 'em! Or PUPPY CAPSULES for the pups.



Last time I had 'em long before the Master got wise. Was I relieved to see him bring home a Sergeant's DOG BOOK! He caught on then — and got some SURE-SHOT. That BOOK belongs in every dog's home. Get it free at drug or pet stores — or with this coupon.

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body sick in de house, I knowed better. Sickness *smell like* cucumbers. You couldn't fool me."

"He had de 'thisic," said Caldonie. "He got dat ridin' under de mattress in de rain. And you cyored dat up."

"Not good," said the lotman modestly. "When a man got de dropsy and den git de 'thisic, you can't hardly cyore 'em good."

A sound came from within and Caldonie and Uncle Henry rose instinctively and went into the lean-to bedroom of the cabin. The room was dark but Uncle Henry knew the way to the iron bed in the corner.

"Hit's all right, Ole Fo'ks," he said soothingly. "I'm fixin' to rub some er dis liniment on yo' laigs, to make de feelin' come back—"

He was interrupted by a choking in the throat and a shudder in the wasted body of the old man who lay on the bed.

Uncle Henry stood up straight, held his hand out and bowed his head. "Amen," he said reverently.

"Amen," Caldonie echoed.

"You kin light de lamp and wash him, now," said Uncle Henry. "Den you kin dress him in de best he got. I'll go wake up Whipper and I and him will dig de grave. Us kin git him buried befo' day and nobody won't never know."

He and the boy worked with spade and grub hoe until the full six-feet depth that Uncle Henry insisted on was reached. Then the old lotman helped Caldonie put the body on a long board.

"You tote de haid end," he told Caldonie, "and I'll lead off wid de foots. And de chilluns kin wawk behime and jine in de singin'."

They started out and the lotman sang:

> *"Now in my time of dyin'*
> *I don't want nobody to cry,*
> *All I want you to do for me*
> *Is kind er close my dyin' eye."*

Caldonie and the children joined in the chorus:

> *"Well, He's a dyin'-bed maker,*
> *Well, He's a lily-of-de-valley,*
> *Well, I'm gonter rest easy—*
> *I know He gonter make up my dyin' bed."*

There never was a more solemn and dignified funeral. The body was lowered into the grave with two plowlines. Then Uncle Henry spread old quilts carefully over the thin form and sprinkled a handful of earth. "Ashes unto ashes, Lawd," Uncle Henry chanted, "and dust unto dust. And feast his soul in Glory."

"Amen," said Caldonie quietly.

"Us ain't gonter have no preachin' at dis hyar funeral," Uncle Henry apologized, "cause hit'll be breakin' daylight befo' long. But I wants to say, Ole Fo'ks, you must er been a good man in yo' day and time or else de Lawd wouldn't'a' picked out dis po' widow 'oman to look out for you in yo' 'cropitness. Amen."

THE grave was quickly filled and the top leveled so as not to attract attention to it.

"Well," Uncle Henry said at last, "I reckons I better git back to de lot befo' daylight, so's I kin watch 'em ketch up de mules. So long."

"So long," said Caldonie.

Uncle Henry spent the next day working and sleeping. As soon as one chore was finished, he would take a brief nap before beginning another. But by nightfall he was fairly rested and as soon as he finished his supper he walked over to the Widow Duck's house.

"I reckon," Uncle Henry told her slyly, "dat you's got yo' back up on account er me shawt-tawkin'—"

"Hit take mo'n tawk f'm you," chuckled the Widow Duck, "to git my back up. You's water under my bridge. Come *in and set*."

The lotman seated himself in a split-hickory chair, braced his bare feet against a porch post and leaned back comfortably.

"I been studdin' my mind 'bout what you said," the Widow Duck went on. "Sometime you got sense. About dem two mules pullin' de cultivator. Maybe efn two er God's mules got to pull a cultivator, maybe two er His Sheep Callers had ought to team up and ease Caldonie's soul. I'm got in my mind dat us had ought to git down to her house tonight."

UNCLE HENRY laughed impishly. "And git me a name for wawkin' de bayou at night wid a widow woman? Why, Mis' Duckie! I ain't got de cheeks!"

"Aw, fool!" the Widow Duck exploded. "Who keers—"

"Mis' Duckie?" A voice came from the darkness of the bayou path, a firm, proud voice.

"Come in and set," called the Widow Duck. "Don't stay out and holler."

THE WAR

REACHES across the ocean. . . .

LIFTS Hope Shaler out of her

placid small-town life. . . .

PLUNGES her into a breathless

drama called

RAIN BEFORE SEVEN

BY
JOHN AUGUST

BEGIN IT NEXT WEEK

Caldonie stepped up to the porch. "I was down dis-away, so I drapped by to ax you to 'scuse me for shawt-tawkin' you when you drapped by my house, dat time," she apologized.

"Hit's done 'scused," the Widow Duck declared warmly. "Come in and set."

"I had me a trouble at de time," Caldonie explained. "But hit done fixed, now, and efn hit's all de same wid you, I'd like to be friendly."

"Satisfied," the Widow Duck said enthusiastically, "and den some. I'm glad you got yo' trouble fixed up, too."

They chatted together for a while, discussing the crops, the weather and the prospects. Then Caldonie left.

"I don't want to leave my chilluns at de house by deyse'ves," she explained.

After Caldonie had gone, the Widow Duck turned to Uncle Henry.

"Now," she said, "de sheep come home whilst I and you was settin' hyar argyin' 'bout callin' her. She work a good crop, and she manage her chilluns and she mind her business. And when somebody *do dat, de Lawd ain't gonter suffer 'em* too long. I tell you, she is a good 'oman."

"Yep," Uncle Henry agreed feelingly. "Efn she was a mule, she'd be a big blaze-face sorrel wid a jack stripe f'm her haid to her tail. And you know, mules don't come no better'n dat."

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A Girl to Leave Behind

Continued from page 10

"For six years I have looked forward to this day in the manner that you speak of, as a time for celebration. But it is very strange. I do not feel like celebrating."

"I don't see why," I said, honking the horn as I stepped on the gas to pass a car. "You've got everything to look forward to. Look how everything is starting off for you. Look at this party the Kinis are giving in your honor."

"I am trying to think of it," he said seriously. "I am trying very hard to think of it. But I cannot. All I can think about is that in a week I will have to return to my home in Lanai."

I TURNED to look at him in such astonishment that I almost swung the car off the road.

"Home to Lanai?" I said. "Listen, are you nuts? What about—?" I caught myself in time and stopped. His relationship with the Kinis was something I hadn't been told about. I had seen it at close range, but he hadn't explained. I had merely been guessing and putting two and two together. I was certain that my addition was correct. But I couldn't tell him that. "Listen, Tommy," I said. "This may be none of my business and if you don't want to tell me about it you don't have to. But I've known you for six years and this last year, since you came home from Lanai last summer, you've been sort of punch-drunk. What happened back home? What's it all about?"

"I am sorry I did not tell you before, Herbert."

"That's all right. If you don't want to tell me, don't. I've just got a big mouth and I ask too many questions."

"No, I want to tell you." He spoke with his eyes fixed on the windshield. "Last summer, when I went back to Lanai for my vacation," he said, "I found a very difficult situation. My family seemed uncomfortable in my presence. My mother, whom I have loved all my life, and my brothers and sisters, who mortgaged their catch for two years in advance with the moneylender in Kaumalapau to provide me with funds to come to America—they were all shy and embarrassed in my presence.

"I did not know what it was. It worried me a great deal. Finally, after I had been there five weeks, I could stand it no longer. I asked my mother if I had done anything to make them ashamed of me. No, she said, but she was very sad. She said my brothers and sisters were afraid I would not come back to Lanai after I graduated from law school. They said I was becoming Americanized. They said I was slipping away from them.

"I laughed at their fears and reassured them. I told my mother I would come back. But she continued to be sad. You may want to come back, she said, but the ways of another people will trap you. You have lived too long among Americans and you like them. You will not want to come back."

Tomasuchi sat up a little straighter on the seat beside me. He squinted against the current of air that cut in around the windshield. "There was only one thing to do to convince my mother. I followed the custom of my people. I went down to the village of fishermen near Kaumalapau and visited all the families with marriageable daughters. I liked one very much. Her name is Hasu. I spoke to her father and he did not object. I picked Hasu as the girl to leave behind me. This made my mother very happy. My brothers and sisters were no longer worried that I would not come back to Lanai. Now they knew I would come back. It is a tradition of my people. We always go back when we have picked a girl to leave behind."

"Does that explain those letters?" I asked. "In the blue-gray envelopes? The ones you've been getting all year since you came back?"

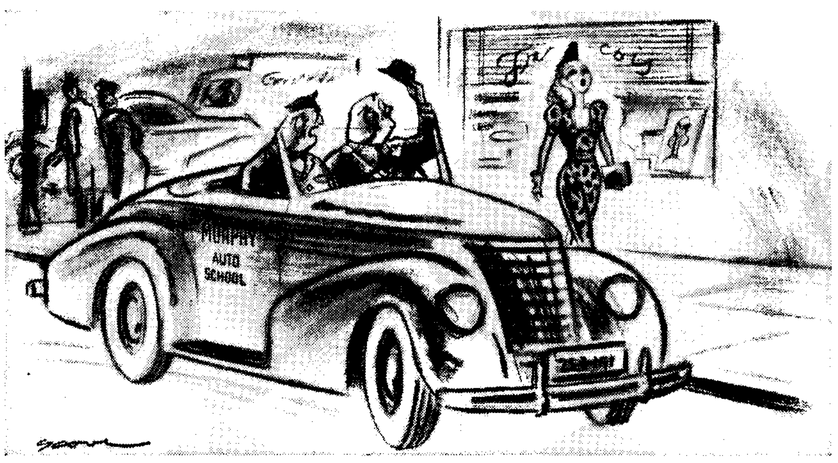
He smiled quickly.

"Yes, they were from Hasu. We have corresponded with regularity all year. She writes quite well. She went to the government school at Kaumalapau for six months. She is very young, only seventeen, and extremely beautiful. I should like to show you a photograph of her, if you will not mind."

"Don't be a sap," I said. "Of course I won't mind. I'm dying to see it."

I PULLED over to the side of the road and stopped the car. He took a wallet from his pocket and handed me a picture. I turned on the ceiling light and looked at the small snapshot. It had been taken by someone who was not very expert with cameras. But the girl who looked out at me from the small piece of gleaming pasteboard would have attracted attention even if the photograph had been dipped in whitewash. Her face was shaped like a triangle, with a broad forehead, high cheekbones with shadowed hollows underneath and a slightly pointed chin. Her long black hair was tumbled about her head and hung down until it touched her shoulders. She wore a cheap cotton dress, completely lacking in design or decoration, but it was drawn in at the waist with a piece of cord. The simple touch, which molded it to her figure, made the ragged dress seem perfect.

"Thanks," I said, handing it back to



"Not yet, Mr. Griswold—we don't come to that until the third lesson"

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"When I spend my hard earned dollars, I want to be sure of a square deal.

"That guarantee is the first I've seen that really tells me something about new car financing. It doesn't beat around the bush. It doesn't put it up to me to protect myself by figuring the charge correctly.

"It says plainly 'here's the rate, and you won't be charged any more'. No 'packs'... no hidden charges in the finance cost... the exact insurance coverage I pay for.

"I'll surely remember that name... *Guaranteed* Commercial Credit Plan. It sounds plenty good to me."

* * * *

There's only one way to be sure of this protection. When you buy your next new car, tell the dealer to arrange your financing on the *guaranteed* Commercial Credit Plan. It is available through any new car dealer. Insist upon it.

IMPORTANT

This table shows application of guaranteed new car or truck rate to various amounts, both as to finance charge and amount of monthly payments. Larger or smaller amounts, shorter or longer terms, take proportionate rates.

AMOUNT* TO BE FINANCED	FOR 12 MOS.		FOR 18 MOS.	
	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment
$300	$18.00	$26.50	$27.00	$18.16
350	21.00	30.91	31.50	21.19
400	24.00	35.33	36.00	24.22
450	27.00	39.75	40.50	27.25
500	30.00	44.16	45.00	30.27
550	33.00	48.58	49.50	33.30
600	36.00	53.00	54.00	36.33

* NOTE: You take the cash delivered price of car plus insurance cost and documentary fee or tax, if any. (Your dealer will supply these figures.) Then take off the amount of your down payment or trade-in allowance. The result is the *amount to be financed.*

COMMERCIAL CREDIT PLAN
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Commercial Credit Company, Baltimore, Md.
Send free copy of New Car Payment Chart
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City__________County__________State__________

him and starting the car. "I'm glad you showed it to me."

He placed the picture back into the wallet as I swung out into the stream of traffic and headed for New York.

"I should like it very much if you could meet her, Herbert. She is a very fine girl."

"I'll bet she is," I said, watching the road ahead with more care than was necessary or my custom. "You should be anxious to be going home."

"I am very anxious to go home."

"Then why all this tragic stuff?" I said. "Why do you look as though you'd just eaten a—?"

"I am sad because in a week I must say goodby to you and Balliston."

I BIT my lip and stared at the road. Our close friendship for six years had meant more to me than I had imagined. Six years add up to a big slice out of your life when you're twenty-four. The people you spend those six years with are important to you. It is not easy to put them out of your life. But I was paying attention to the road ahead of me for another reason. I was thinking of the Kinis. They had never spoken to me about Tomasuchi because I had always seen them in his presence. But it had been perfectly plain for several months what their intentions were. That was why Tomasuchi's announcement that he was going back to Lanai had been such a shock to me. I had assumed for some time that he knew what the Kinis wanted. Anybody could tell what they wanted. All you had to do was look at them. Tomasuchi was innocent and naïve. I knew that. But it didn't seem possible that anybody, not even the son of a family of poor fisherfolk in Hawaii, could be so naive as that. I scowled at the road ahead of me because I was wondering how the Kinis would take this.

As I maneuvered the car through the traffic at the Manhattan end of the George Washington Bridge I tried to think of a way out for him. It wasn't any of my business. But he was my friend. If I was any judge of people, the chances were that Theodore Kini wouldn't have much difficulty seeing to it that Tomasuchi Okara did not return to Lanai. It was not a pleasant thing to know and not be able to tell him. It was easier to watch the road ahead than to watch him. When we swung into Fifth Avenue and started downtown I coughed once or twice.

"Where is it?" I asked. "Seventy-fourth or Seventy-fifth?"

"Seventy-fifth," he said. "Very close to the corner."

I parked the car in front of the huge, expensive-looking apartment house. The doorman hurried out of the doorway and across the curb to help us out of the car.

"Mr. Kini," I said to the elevator man in the lobby. "Theodore Kini. We're expected."

"Penthouse, sir."

The butler opened the door for us and took our hats and coats. As we walked toward the large room from which the voices and the music were coming, I looked around. I had seen Theodore Kini's picture in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers so often that he had seemed like an old friend when I had first met him. Usually he was shown with the director of an important museum, or a private collector to whom he had just sold a bit of jade or a painting or a famous jewel for some fabulous sum. I had heard stories about Theodore Kini's wealth from many people. Tomasuchi, who had been to this house many times during the past six months, had described it to me in detail. I was only mildly surprised to find that he had not exaggerated. The job had been done well. The lavish furnishings and the heavy tapestries had been chosen and arranged meticulously to create an air of money employed with dignity and taste, an atmosphere of quiet magnificence.

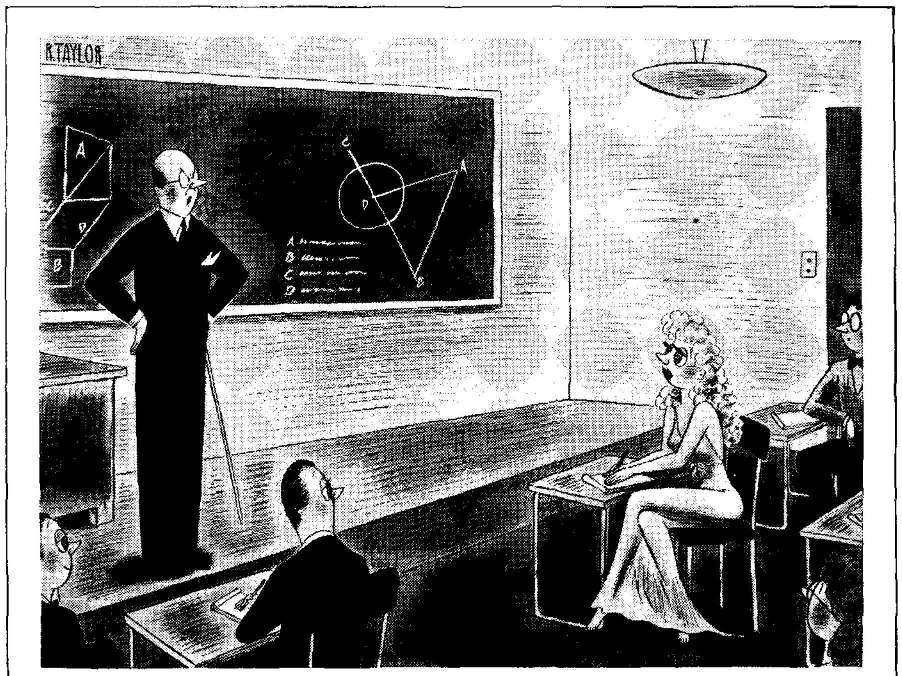
WE STOOD in the doorway and looked into the huge drawing room. There was an elaborate bar at one end, with stools cushioned in red leather and a small Japanese barman in a white coat mixing drinks. Across the room a tremendous electric phonograph was playing jazz with a touch of quiet sadness. Two or three dozen people were standing and sitting about, sipping drinks, smoking, chatting quietly, laughing shrilly. Several couples were dancing. About half the people were Japanese. Knowing Theodore Kini's reputation as a host, I examined the other half with care.

From their pictures in the papers I recognized a well-known Broadway columnist, a Hollywood director who was fighting with his studio and had come to New York to sulk in public, a novelist who had just returned from India. It was an odd mixture of café society, gaiety and Oriental restraint.

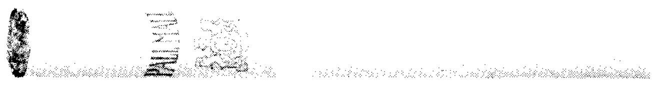
A girl's voice cut through the blanket of small noise:

"Tommy!"

We turned as Betty Kini hurried across the room toward us. She was



"Miss Belton, I do wish you wouldn't take the term 'night school' quite so literally" RICHARD TAYLOR



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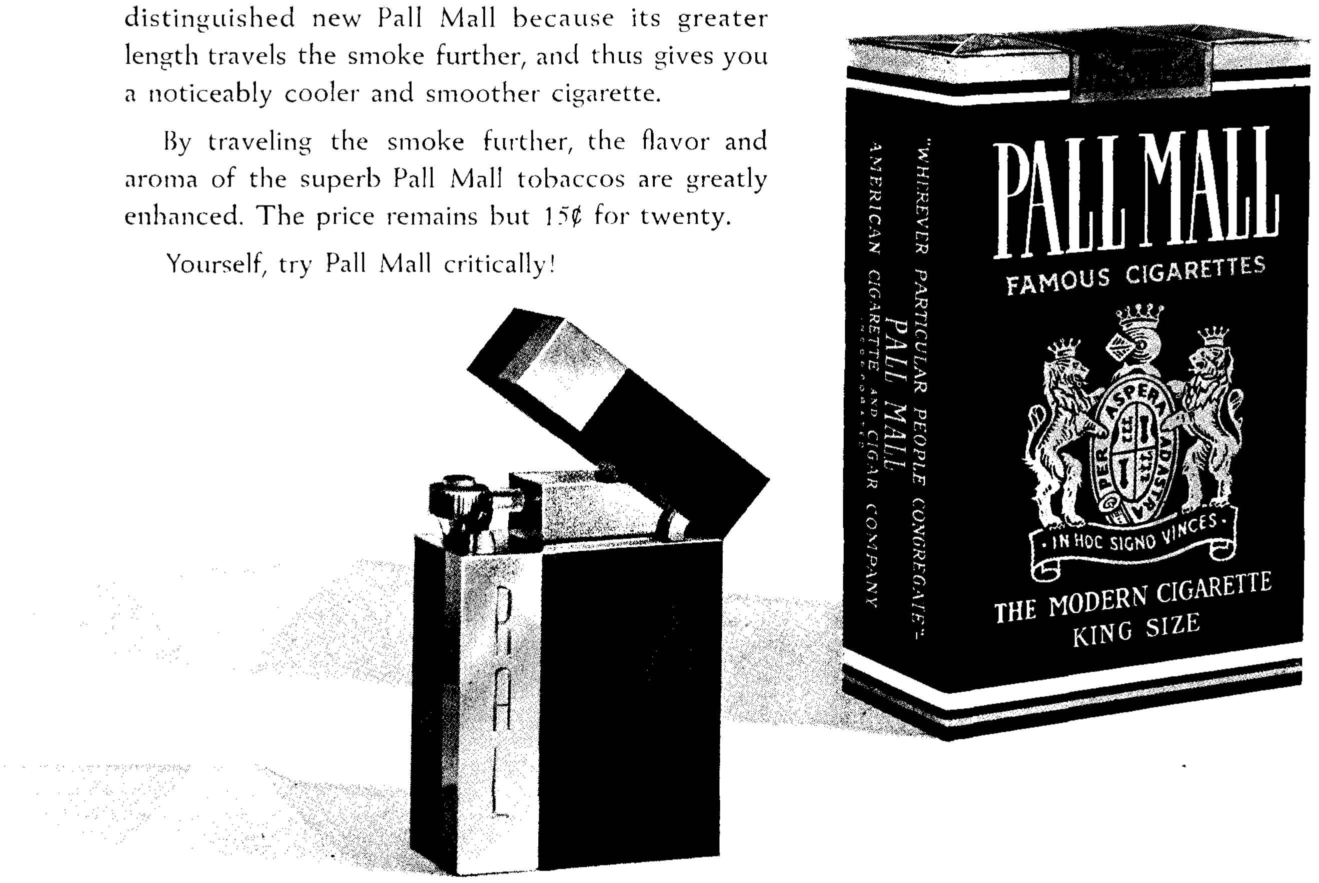
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

wearing a silver gown with a short train and a black butterfly embroidered on the left shoulder. Her black hair, almost blue in the artificial light, was parted in the middle. Long bangs hung down over her forehead and cut a sharp, black line above her penciled eyebrows. Her small, delicate Japanese features were wrinkled in a smile of delight. Her almond eyes sparkled and her brightly rouged lips were parted. Her tiny feet seemed incapable of carrying her small, doll-like body across the room so quickly. I had seen her often, but this was the first time it had ever occurred to me that she was beautiful.

"For the last half-hour I've been scared you might have gotten cold feet and wouldn't come," she said as she slipped her arm through Tomasuchi's and gave me a small piece of her bright smile. "Hello, Herbert. Congratulations. How does it feel? Wonderful, I'll bet. Oh, Dad! Dad, they've come. Herbert and Tommy are here."

Mr. Kini came forward more slowly. He was wearing tails. His white hair was slicked back and the small mustache, still black in spite of his age, was waxed and pointed. He smiled through his thick-lensed glasses as he shifted his jade cigarette holder so he could shake hands with both of us.

"Congratulations, counselors," he said. "I wish you both many years of success."

He spoke English carelessly and without effort. He used the language the way Betty used it, as though it were native to him.

"Thanks," I said. "And the same to you, Mr. Kini."

"You are very kind," Tomasuchi said, flushing with embarrassment. "But you should not call us counselors yet, sir."

"Nonsense," Theodore Kini said, grinning. "Today you graduated from Balliston Law School. You are a counselor. Counselor Okara. Am I not right, Counselor Madden?"

"In a manner of speaking," I said, smiling back at him. "A little premature, perhaps, but basically I suppose you're right, Mr. Kini. We've only got the bar examinations ahead of us."

"Don't be so modest," Betty said. "Come on, I want you to meet everybody."

She dragged us around the room, introducing us to the small, perfectly groomed, polite Japanese, to the sharp-faced columnist, the moody Hollywood director, the woman novelist with the harsh, friendly voice. They showered us with congratulations and good wishes. I found it slightly uncomfortable but not unbearable. I glanced at Tomasuchi and was not surprised to see that he was suffering pretty badly.

Theodore Kini came across the room toward us.

"If you and Betty will excuse us," he said with a smooth smile, "I should like to talk to Tommy alone."

"Of course," Betty said, taking my arm. "Go right ahead. Herbert wants to show me a new step, anyway."

Tomasuchi looked at them in surprise.

"You want to talk to me alone, sir?" he asked. It was plain that he didn't know what it was all about. It was astonishing that anybody could be so innocent. Why did he think that the Kinis had been rushing him for three months? I knew what he was up against, even if he didn't, and I wished I could help him, but I couldn't.

"Yes," Theodore Kini said. "Come along, Tommy."

Betty and I watched until they disappeared through a door into another room. Then she pulled me out onto the dance floor.

"Is there any special reason why you should be wearing a grouch?" she asked.

I looked down at her. She was such an effortless dancer that I had forgotten I was holding her in my arms.

"No, there's no special reason," I said slowly. "I'm sorry. I was thinking."

"About what?"

"You know about what," I said.

"And you can't do anything about it. Is that why you're wearing the grouch?"

She was smiling up at me with a taunt on her lips.

"Listen," I said. "You're getting what you want. Why don't you shut up about it?"

She faltered slightly on the polished floor.

"I'm sorry, Herbert," she said in a low voice. "I'm not as bad as you think. I'm just—I can't help it if I want it, can I?"

She was pleading for sympathy. I didn't have any to spare.

"No, I suppose not," I said. "But Tomasuchi could help it," I added brutally, "if your old man didn't have so much money."

She stiffened in my arms.

"I don't care," she said. "I'm glad Father has all that money. Without Father's money I might not have gotten what I wanted. This way I know I can get it."

"You're pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?"

I tried to sound sarcastic. Perhaps I even succeeded. But it was wasted effort. They had him already. She knew it and I knew it. The butler crossed the dance floor and stopped next to us.

"Mr. Kini would like to see you in his study, Miss Betty. Mr. Madden, too, please."

"Thanks, Roger." She stopped dancing and looked at me triumphantly. "Shall we go in and help count the votes?"

"Why bother?" I said. "The ballot box was stuffed, anyway."

We walked across the room to the door through which Mr. Kini and Tomasuchi had disappeared. Betty pushed it open and we entered a high, book-lined room. Theodore Kini was standing in front of the fireplace, scowling at us. Tomasuchi, flushed and miserable, sat stiffly on a leather couch facing him.

"Dad," Betty said sharply. "What's the matter?"

Kini frowned at the long ash on his cigarette.

"There seems to be some difficulty," *he said in a sour, annoyed voice.* "Perhaps you had better ask Tommy yourself."

She turned to Tomasuchi. He looked up at her and dropped his eyes.

"I am sorry," he said. "I am very grateful. But I cannot do it."

For a moment she was too startled to speak. Then she made a quick gesture of irritation.

"You can't?" she snapped. "Why not?"

He opened his mouth, then closed it without speaking. He shook his head and looked at me helplessly.

"I cannot do it," *he repeated.* "I am sorry if I have misled you. It was not my intention to mislead you. Had I realized your intentions I would have told you months ago that it was impossible. I cannot do it." He looked up at me pleadingly. "Please tell them I cannot do it, Herbert."

Theodore Kini and his daughter turned to me.

"Perhaps you can explain, Herbert," he said. "You seem to know something that Tommy refuses to tell us."

I looked back at him calmly. I still didn't know what had happened. All I knew was that this thing hadn't turned out the way Theodore Kini and his daughter Betty had expected.

"Why should I know anything?" I said innocently. "I haven't even been told what's been going on in this room while Betty and I were dancing."

Behind the thick-lensed glasses Theodore Kini's eyes examined me suspiciously.

"I had assumed that you knew precisely what was going on," he said with brittle dignity. "You and Tommy have been roommates at Balliston for several years. For the past four or five months, since Tommy and Betty have known each other, there are certain things that we have all been taking for granted. I assumed that you were taking them for granted, too, Herbert."

"I'm sorry about your assumption," I lied. "But I haven't been taking anything for granted."

Theodore Kini slipped a fresh cigarette into his long jade holder.

"It seems to me to be quite simple," he said with a small frown. "My daughter and Tommy have been seeing quite a good deal of each other. I do not think I am wrong in assuming that they care for each other. Certainly I am not wrong in stating that Betty cares for him very much. I have been very much impressed with Tommy's record at Balliston, in spite of the fact that he is almost penniless. Betty has confessed a willingness to marry him. I have had the details in mind for some time. I did not want to mention them until today, when he graduated.

"I have just offered to set Tommy up in legal practice here in New York. I was rather stunned when he refused. I was more than stunned when he told me he intended to return to Lanai. I have asked him why he insists on going back, but he refuses to give me a reason. Perhaps you can induce him to do so. It seems to me that we are entitled to that."

I turned to Tomasuchi.

"Why don't you tell them?" I said.

His face grew darker as his embarrassment increased.

"I cannot stay here," he said. "I must go back to Lanai."

Betty came closer.

"Don't you love me?" she demanded.

"That is not the question," he said. "I am sorry, but it is impossible for me to love you."

"Why?" Theodore Kini snapped. "Why can't you accept my offer?"

Tomasuchi bit his lip and swallowed hard. Then he looked up at them.

"I must go back," he said quietly. "I cannot remain here even if I want to. I must go back."

"But why?" Betty cried. "For heaven's sake, Tommy, why?"

"The last time I was home," Tomasuchi Okara said, "I picked a girl to leave behind me."

The Kinis straightened up as though they had been struck. For a long moment they stared at him in astonishment. Then they started to laugh. Both at the same time. Then Betty spoke.

"But, Tommy!" she gasped. "Tommy, for heaven's sake! You're not serious! Why, no sensible Japanese has done that for almost two hundred years! Tommy, darling, we don't *do* that any more!"

"If that's all that's bothering you," Theodore Kini said through his rumbling chuckles, "why, we can consider the whole matter as settled."

"He picked a girl to leave behind him," Betty shrieked. "Oh, Lord, I must tell that to—"

She rushed out into the large room full of guests. Theodore Kini gave Tommy a small, patronizing pat on the back and, grinning broadly through his thick glasses, followed her. Inside the book-lined study Tommy and I could hear the rise and fall of laughter as Betty and her father told the story to the small groups of guests. I looked at Tomasuchi. Our eyes met. Then he got up slowly.

"I think we had better go," he said. "It is a long drive back to Balliston."

We went out into the hall through a door at the other side of the study. The butler found our hats and coats and took us to the elevator.

"You will be good enough to make our excuses to Mr. Kini and Miss Betty," Tomasuchi said to the butler. "You will tell them we were very tired and did not want to disturb them with our farewells."

Neither of us spoke all the way back to Balliston in the car. When we got to our room Tomasuchi pulled his battered suitcase out from under the bed and started to pack.

"There's no rush," I said. "You've a whole week before you have to go home."

"It is better if I go now," he said. "There is a train to Buffalo at two o'clock. I will wait there for the train to Chicago, where I will change for San Francisco. It is much better for me to go now."

There didn't seem to be anything more to say. When he finished his packing he stood in the middle of the room and looked around for several moments. He took the abalone from the dresser, wrapped it in the brown paper and tucked it under his arm. He reached for the suitcase, but I took it from him and we walked down into the street. Tennyson Road was dark and silent.

When we reached Tennyson Hall, Tomasuchi stopped for a few seconds to look at the broad steps where he used to sit and munch his slice of abalone during the lunch hour. Then he walked on and we didn't stop until we reached the small station. He bought his ticket and we sat down to wait for the train. It wasn't due for a quarter of an hour.

We scowled hard at the tracks in front of us and scuffed our heels on the floor. There were a hundred things I wanted to say. He was going away. We would probably never see each other again. It seemed stupid to spend the last few minutes of a six-year friendship in silence. But neither of us spoke until the slight rumbling of the station platform warned us that the train was coming. Then Tomasuchi stood up.

"It is fortunate that they laughed at me," he said in a low voice. "Because they, too, are Japanese. I have been thinking of them these many months as my own people. When they laughed at me I knew they were not. My people in Lanai would not laugh at me for going back to the girl I had picked to leave behind me."

The train roared into the station and stopped. As Tomasuchi climbed the steps into his car I thought of something.

"What about money?" I asked. "How are you fixed for money?"

"I have more than enough," he said. "Thank you, Herbert."

"Like hell you have! Wait a minute." I pulled out my fountain pen and my checkbook and scribbled hastily. "Here, take this," I said, shoving the piece of paper at him. "You'll need it."

He refused to take it but I forced the paper into his hand. The train started to move and I jumped off the step. I stood there watching as he drew away from me, slowly at first, and then faster and faster. Soon his strong face with the high cheekbones and the narrow, slant eyes was just a blur in the distance. And all at once I realized that neither one of us had used the word goodby.

Two months later, while I was in Maine with my family, I received a letter from Lanai.

"Honored friend Herbert," it began. "My practice of the law in Kaumalapau is prospering so well that Hasu and I were married yesterday amidst great rejoicing by both our families. Our most cherished treasure is a check for twenty-five dollars from Herbert S. Madden, which was given to me on the night I departed from Balliston. It is framed and now hangs on the wall of our house. Hasu urges me to ask you to visit us. Could you come, Herbert, some day? We would be honored beyond words."

Some day I think I shall.

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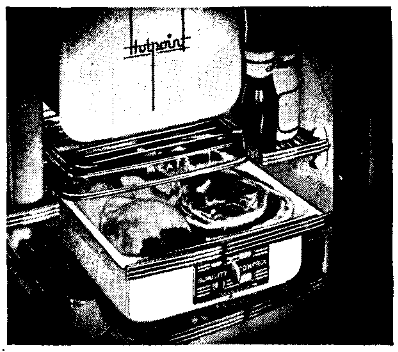

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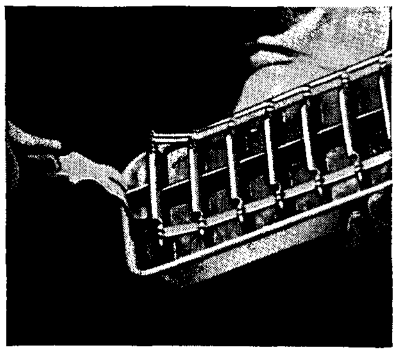

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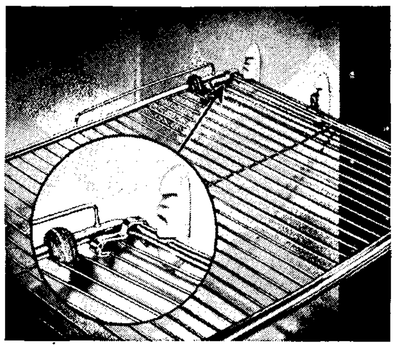

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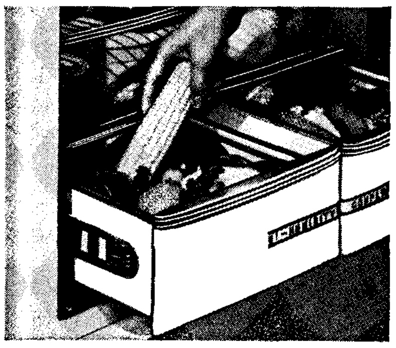

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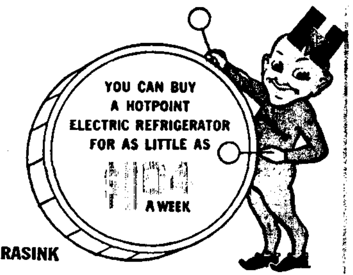
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Dogfight

Continued from page 13

tell him—apart from blueprint stuff and engineering conferences—exactly how the plane feels and handles and flies in a dogfight.

It is one thing to fight on a drawing board. It is another thing to fight in the high air. Even with the same plane!

Two great controversies rage among the militarists of blistered Europe today. Interest in these spreads especially to the United States, as the most powerful neutral. Each is as bitter and resounding as the war itself. Each divides on both sides cabinets, staffs, chancelleries—and friends. Your reporter, freshly in contact in Europe with these controversies, knows their rancor and heat—of a degree that most of you at this impartial distance could not believe, and of which we get only mild echoes whenever admirals beg for appropriations in Washington.

Questions Without Answers

The first is the relative usefulness and powers of the airplane and the battleship. Every brass hat, every flyer and every demagogue thinks he knows the answer to this one. But in truth it is still in the pot.

The second argument is largely confined to airmen and to supreme command strategists, and burns with regard to pursuit versus bomber.

Is the giant bomber—similar to our "flying fortresses"—a self-reliant weapon, or is it a sucker for enemy pursuit? Must the vaunted great range of modern bombers really be scaled down to no better than the range of the friendly pursuits you can send to protect him? Does bomber usefulness, efficiency and safety hinge upon pursuit accompaniment? Must a definitive view of the bomber wait until it can match pursuit in speed and maneuverability or until by the use of armor plate and cannon these battleships of the air can by sheer brute strength blast away pursuit annoyance?

Here are clues: You have read of many bombers knocked down on both sides. Few of these, on the evidence, have fallen to antiaircraft: most to pursuits. From English airfields to such German objectives as Helgoland, Sylt and Wilhelmshaven it is about 700 miles, round trip. From nearest bases in Germany proper to England's great Scapa Flow is about 1,200 miles, there and back. These distances are too much for pursuits when armed, fueled and performing to capacity. The pursuit's terrific speed and high maneuverability is gained by the sacrifice of weight, chiefly of fuel and ammunition.

From Scandinavian coast air bases it is only about 250 miles each way to Scapa, a little more to the industrial areas of North Scotland, much less to the secondary naval hide-outs in the Shetlands. These distances are within the capabilities of pursuits. From Denmark, nearly all of important England is within pursuit range.

The controversy between bomber and pursuit enthusiasts has many facets. The pursuit argues his speed offsets any hazard fighting a bomber can offer. The bomber tells of sneak raids—of planes approaching at 30,000 feet, then cutting engines and gliding the last 50 miles, until they have come over Scapa at 15,000 to 20,000 feet more than once without an alarm being raised. He tells of England's necessity of maintaining 700 trawlers far at sea constantly as an air-raid warning net. You are fuddled by the bizarre lingo of engineers about machine guns, armor plate, leakproof tanks, airfoil flows, wing loadings, etc.

And you don't pretend that your test today can answer all the questions involved.

There are too many types of both classes of planes, too many variables of weather and conditions and temperaments, for one mock flight to prove everything. The chief point is, if trials such as this become routine in military-plane manufacturing, a lot of misconceptions will be swept up, many short cuts will be indicated—and there will be a saving in young pilots' lives and in taxpayers' money.

You are enabled to have a part in this epochal air-fight tryout by courtesy of Vultee Aircraft, Inc. This company perpetuates the name of its founder, young Jerry Vultee, who gave his life to flying. With one exception it has built only military planes—famous in our own air corps and in the armies of other nations. The single commercial venture was 20 one-motor transports for American Airlines. Merrill and Lambie made their famous Coronation round trip from New York to London, with a safety loading of ping-pong balls, in one of them. Eventually the fleet went true to Vultee blood—when single-motored transports were ruled off the domestic air lines these planes were taken by a trader and sold to Loyalist Spain for use as bombers.

We make our rendezvous for the scrap over Vultee Field at Downey, between Los Angeles and Long Beach.

Ladies and gentlemen, meet the contenders: In the pursuit, Vultee Chief Test Pilot John I. Wagner, Lieutenant Senior Grade, United States Naval Reserve. In the bomber, Jack Ayers, Vultee Test Pilot, First Lieutenant, United States Marine Corps Reserve.

Both pilots represent the clear-eyed, sensible, intelligent, modest, clean-jibbed young manhood that has made the superiority of American pilots as much a byword all over the world as is the leadership of our airplanes.

Old Stuff to Young Men

Johnny Wagner grew up next door to destiny. He was born in 1909, over the hedge from the Wrights in Dayton, Ohio. The families were house-beside-house neighbors and friends. Johnny's first steps away from his own premises carried him into the bicycle shop and laboratory and friendship of Orville Wright. At 16, a student on summer vacation from Horace Mann High School in New York, Johnny traded three months of hard labor at Curtiss Field, Mineola, for 10 hours of instruction. At 19 he was a test pilot and instructor for Curtiss. At 21 he was flying mail in open-cockpit Falcons over the Andes from Buenos Aires to Chile for Pan-American Grace. Company and Johnny graduated to passengers and Fords and, later, big modern Douglases. In 1937 he got tired of aerial bus driving, and came back to the States for a job as test pilot with Vultee.

Jack Ayers learned to fly in the Other War. He was shot down in September of 1918, and spent 6 months in a hospital being reassembled. Then for 10 years he lived the usual saga of the barnstormer. He returned to air war for the Chinese in Manchukuo in 1930 and 1931. He was a captain of the Colombian Air Force in 1934. In between he worked for various air lines in North and South America, including one of his own, which can still be seen on a lonely beach in Lower California, Mexico, where it drifted after three days at

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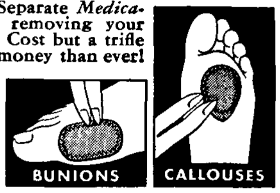

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RELIEF WITH ECONOMY!

sea—with Jack. In Peru, not as a test but as an everyday chore, he set a world's record for cargo weight at altitude by lifting 3½ metric tons in a Curtiss Condor from a field at 12,300 feet and ferrying it to a field at 14,600 feet. For Vultee he has tested and demonstrated and instructed in foreign armies—notably Brazil and Turkey, where he taught Sabiha, the famous girl military pilot, adopted daughter of Ataturk, to fly.

The planes we use in our mock fight today are a Vultee Vanguard Pursuit, and a Vultee Attack-Bomber V12.

Rifles Against Cannon

The missions of pursuits and bombers are no longer so clearly defined in practice as they were in theory before this war began. The range and fire power of pursuits is moving up to match the bombers, while the speed and maneuverability of the bomber are being developed toward those of the pursuit. Their functions are overlapping. Anyway, it is still in the textbooks that a bomber is supposed to carry the war to the enemy's lairs and a pursuit is supposed to dart up and ward off such raiders. Roughly, you may say that a pursuit airplane is an extension of the rifle and machine-gun firing power of an army. A bomber airplane is the extension of its cannon muzzles. A pursuit is the fastest method that man has yet devised for carrying death to enemies; a bomber is the most utilitarian development he has achieved for carrying death plus horror and destruction.

Pursuits are comparatively small, weighing three tons or less. The average bomber weighs many times that. Our Army has one that weighs 70 tons. Pursuits are flying engines. Both single- and dual-motor pursuits are made. They cost from $30,000 for the "air frame," that is without engines and equipment, to $50,000 and even $100,000, fully set up. Achievable pursuit speeds for level flight are now in excess of 400 miles per hour. Diving speeds are between 500 and 600. There is still argument over what the terminal velocity of a pursuit is—that is, the speed with which it will fall straight down. That's what a dive is—a controlled fall. Except to start, you throttle back your motor in a vertical dive. It cannot help. The plane will fall so fast—terminal velocity—and no faster. Some engineers believe the t.v. for planes will be found to be about 200 miles per hour less than the speed of sound, which is 770.

This Vultee Vanguard Pursuit you are fighting will do better than 400, with certain motor installations. Moreover, it is the heaviest armed pursuit in the world today. Germany's famous Messerschmidt carries 8 guns; England's great Supermarine Spitfire the same. The Vultee, for strictly interceptor missions, can mount 10. If the 20 mm. or 37 mm. (8/10 of an inch and 1½ inch respectively) cannons are used, of course the machine-gun armament is then reduced. The pursuit being an instrument of exquisite balance and design, a difference of five pounds in weight alters its performance. That is why you read that pursuits can fly, all out, for only about an hour, and carry enough ammunition to fire for only about *thirty seconds* of that hour.

On this Vanguard's armament, for example: a .30-caliber machine gun weighs 21 pounds. A .50-caliber gun, 60 pounds. A 20-mm. cannon, 50 pounds. For each .30-caliber gun, 600 bullets, weighing 38 pounds, are carried. For each .50-caliber gun, 250 rounds, weighing 62½ pounds. For each cannon, 75 explosive shells are carried, each about half a pound.

The cannons are never synchronized to fire through the propeller. Synchronization gets out of kilter. This isn't fatal with machine-gun slugs, but an explosive shell tipping your propeller would blow you to kingdom come. Synchronization cuts down the rate of fire of propeller guns, which at the utmost for the free-firing guns mounted in the wings is 1,250 rounds a minute for the .30-caliber gun and 500 rounds a minute for the .50-caliber.

Pursuits, thus, must operate near their bases, where they can drop back in a hurry for more poison. The armament engineers of the Vultee Vanguard have devised an innovation that increases efficiency in this respect. The barrels and mechanism of each gun can be removed, and interchangeable parts installed, without taking the entire gun from its mountings. The plane's armament can be completely refreshed in 10 minutes. Moreover, the fuselage side panels can be removed by the ground crew in two minutes flat, enabling quick repair of the plane's "nervous system."

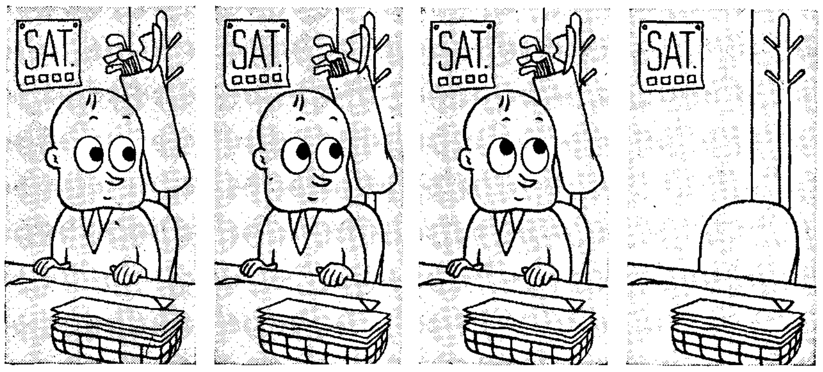
Strictly Unconfidential

The Vanguard has been made standard pursuit equipment for the Swedish Air Corps: 144 of the planes are now being made under contract for that government, at $9,000,000.

The bomber we are using today is a Vultee Attack-Bomber V12. This type of plane, notably used by the Germans in Poland, is single-engined and dual-purposed. For attack on ground troops and bases, the V12 has a range of about 1,000 miles. For bombardment or reconnaissance, this is increased to 1,700 miles. Bombers vary from one to four motors and cost from $100,000 to a quarter of a million dollars. This Vultee V12 is in service in China, Turkey and Brazil, and it is also being used by American engine manufacturers to test-fly their new secret 3,600-horsepower motors.

That's the background for the jouncing around you have taken today, peacefully investigating in the interests of science and your favorite magazine high above the clouds on the coast of southern California the problems that in Europe can be solved only with bloodletting.

Much of what you learn has to be



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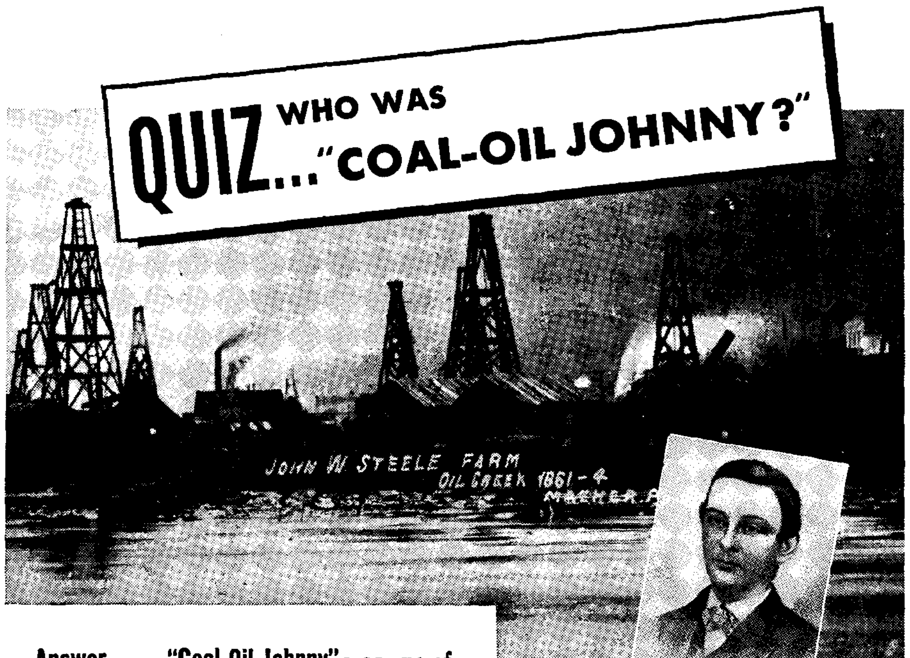
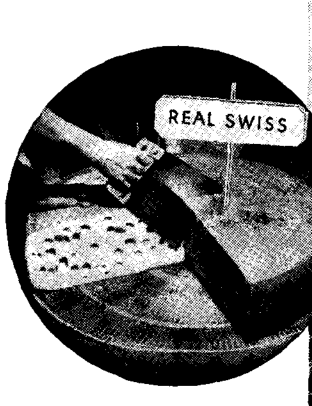
QUIZ... WHO WAS "COAL-OIL JOHNNY?"



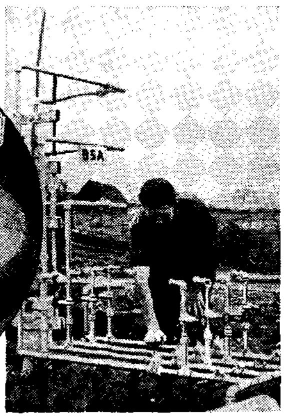
Answer . . . "Coal-Oil Johnny" was one of America's first front-page spendthrifts —a youth who inherited from foster-parents several rich producing wells in the earliest Pennsylvania Oil days. His name was John W. Steele. The wells along historic Oil Creek, which produced his fortune, are shown in our photograph taken over 75 years ago. Inset shows "Coal-Oil Johnny" at the height of his fling. His fabulous exploits long have been forgotten, but the crude oil that made his fortune, is your good fortune today . . . Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, the crude from which all emblem-protected Pennsylvania Motor Oils—the world's finest—are made.

(Photos from Mather Collection, Drake Memorial Museum, Titusville, Pennsylvania.)

Motor oils get "tired," just as you do, after working for a long stretch. Oxidation-acids are formed . . . and here a Pennsylvania laboratory worker filters out these "fatigue" acids for special study and analysis. This is one of many continuous researches at State College, Pennsylvania, which help to keep emblem-protected Pennsylvania Motor Oils so far ahead in lasting quality, and lubricating value, in your car.



All "hole-y" cheese isn't Swiss cheese . . . and all "eastern", or "paraffin-base" oil isn't Pennsylvania. Decidedly not! Genuine Pennsylvania Motor Oils are made only from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil . . . and that comes from the Pennsylvania oil region . . . and from nowhere else. Always remember that.



"A twist of the wrist and I regulate pressure in oil sands far down in the earth," says Floyd Williams as he turns a valve on a Pennsylvania well. Modern re-pressuring operations in Pennsylvania have renewed old wells, and made new ones flow faster — to the advantage of your car and your pocketbook.

Carefree, low-cost motoring goes hand in hand with regular use of our emblem-protected Pennsylvania Motor Oil. You'll buy fewer "fill-in" quarts; you'll have fewer maddening repair bills; you'll have a "better" car and enjoy it more if you'll stick to a Pennsylvania Motor Oil entitled to use the well-known emblem of this Association.

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BETTER OILS *from the* GROUND UP!

made the subject of a confidential technical report by Chief Pilot Wagner to Vultee's engineers.

But even Mr. Hoover's FBI lads, who are as thick in Vultee and all other American plane factories now as flies in a slum bakery window, can't Leavenworth you for keeping your eyes and ears open, and making a few canny observations of your own.

For instance, that flinging out 90 per cent of the instruments and gadgets in the average pursuit would simplify a fighting pilot's life and conserve space and weight capacity for more useful things. But purchasing officers of most armies are, with reference to instruments, like small boys about cream puffs: they want them all, never remembering that when a pursuit is in action the pilot is thinking of his trigger, his gun sight, automatically using his stick and rudder, with perhaps an occasional glance at his speed indicator —and that practically every other instrument in the cockpit represents "so what" information.

Second thought: Perhaps there is too much emphasis on pursuit speed. Climb speed is valuable to an interceptor, if there has not been much warning of the approach of enemy bombers. But a smart nation in Europe might, by cutting down its top pursuit speed a hundred miles, engage the bombers on equal terms of armament and range. A pursuit going past his target too fast doesn't get a good firing opportunity. If he throttles down to match the bomber speeds, his sensitive engine overheats.

The Germans told me that in Spain they learned a lesson which in Poland they applied. The Spanish Loyalists had a lot of slow old crates that they used for bombing. They flew very low, within range of rifle and machine-gun fire from the ground, where such existed, but too low for the antiaircraft to fix on them and too low for the German and Italian pursuits to dive under them. They flew very slowly, too—80 to 90 miles an hour. The fast, tricky pursuits were baffled. They could dive gingerly, and get in a few bursts, without much luck. This was unorthodox—they were designed to strafe bombers flying high and fast.

A Thought for America

At Guadalajara, the Italian division was routed by slow Loyalist planes flying just over their heads—and there wasn't much the flashing German and Italian pursuits could do about it.

Germany's attack-bombers in Poland flew low, and not too fast.

One German officer remarked to me: "A bombing fleet of your old tri-motor Fords, ambling along at 85 miles an hour and 100 feet altitude, could make a lot of these Messerschmidts and Curtisses and Spitfires and Hurricanes look very silly!"

Second point on this second thought: the planes are better than the men. Physical condition and training is put at a premium. Air forces could train young men, with economy of life and money, to fly 250-miles-an-hour ships quicker and more usefully than 400-mile ships. Nobody yet has really learned how to fly a 400-mile ship. In our flight, Pilot Wagner said that he "blacked-out" during a loop. A pilot blacks-out, loses consciousness momentarily, when centrifugal pressure, caused by change of direction at high speed, causes blood to drain away from the brain. Johnny Wagner has had more than 6,000 hours in the air. He is a professional test pilot. How about the boys who are going to be sent up with these ships after only a few hundred hours, if that many, under war pressure?

Third idea: Pilot Wagner is strongly urging his company to make these mock combats a regular part of routine flight testing. He thinks there are possibilities and advantages involved that have been too long overlooked. One thing he learned, for example, not on his confidential list, is that the gun sight was mounted too low. He had to bend his head from his normal sitting position to get behind the sight. Also, it vibrated, blurring the projection.

Suppose a comparatively inexperienced pilot hadn't learned this until he got into a life-or-death air scrap?

A fourth thought: Captain Ayers, recalling the English Mayo "Composite," or pickaback airplane that was described in Collier's two years ago—in which a small plane and a giant one fly aloft hooked together, for mutual benefits of lift and range, and detach at pilots' wills—figured this might be a method for pursuit screening. The bomber could bear the pursuit, which would help with only a small fraction of its power in the common flight, until near the objective. Then the pursuit would detach and fly its fastest and damnedest, protecting the bomber while the latter discharged its bombs. Then the pursuit would leg for home and the bomber, relieved of its bomb load, would have speed and maneuverability enough to fend for itself.

Uncle Gabriel Fixes It

So you flew, and had your make-believe air battle, and learned things and got notions.

But the fight in the sky was nothing compared with the argument that started, and went on—and on—between Pilots Wagner and Ayers when you got back to earth. You were hot and tired and lifted your head to the wind that brought the fragrance of orange blossoms from the groves all around. You thought it would be nice to go to Uncle Gabriel's and sit down and talk it over. Uncle Gabriel runs the Downey, California, version of a bistro.

"Buttermilk!" said Wagner.

"Chocolate ice cream!" said Ayers.

Which sort of put you on a spot; but Uncle Gabriel has understanding. "Hokay!" he said, "I fix." He fixed.

"Boy!" said Ayers, with his second dish of chocolate, "if we didn't have to fool around there for the sake of getting pictures, you never could have got an eye on me!"

"Why, you were dead before you even saw me the first time!" says Wagner. "I had you cut in two!"

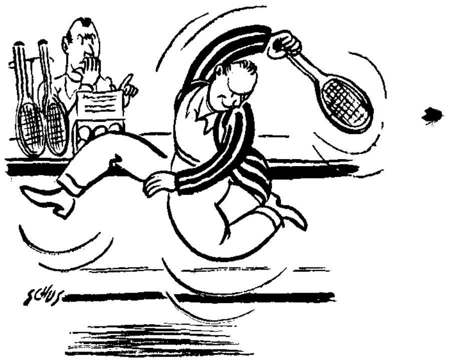
"Listen!" says Captain Jack, "I could have rolled down and kept just under that overcast, and you never would have found me. Remember the day—"

Thus—far into the afternoon.

You go over to Uncle Gabriel, who is listening apprehensively from his bar.

"Uncle Gabriel," you tell him, "remember this: The argument going on over there means nothing. It probably goes on all the time. Just a couple of boys who are all wrapped up in their work! At most, it could mean the end of a beautiful friendship. At worst, they might poke each other in the nose. But now, in Europe—"

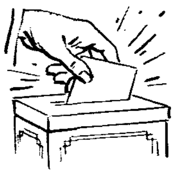
Uncle Gabriel knows what you are thinking of. He fix.



I SHOULD THINK MOTORISTS WOULD REALIZE THAT A *SKID* IS THE MOST DANGEROUS THING ON THE ROAD
I DON'T AGREE! I'VE SEEN PLENTY OF ACCIDENTS AND I THINK A *BLOW-OUT* IS MUCH WORSE

Why Argue? New Goodrich Tire Protects Against *BOTH* Skids and Blow-outs

READING TIME: 1 MINUTE 7 SECONDS



How would *you* vote on this question: Which are worse—skids or blow-outs? After questioning thousands of motorists we know from experience that many say 'skids'—many say 'blow-outs'. But, remember this: When skids and blow-outs kill or injure thousands every year it doesn't pay to take chances on tires that give you only *half-way* protection.

For safety's sake equip your car now with the new Goodrich Silvertown. For here is a tire that settles the question of "skids *versus* blow-outs" by giving you the greatest protection ever offered against BOTH skids and blow-outs.

* * *

Left! Right! Left! Right! You can't beat the action of a windshield wiper for sweeping a wet surface dry. And that's the way Silvertown's Life-Saver Tread acts on wet roads! The never-ending spiral bars actually sweep them so dry you can light a match on the tire's track. No wonder, then, this new Silvertown will give you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had!

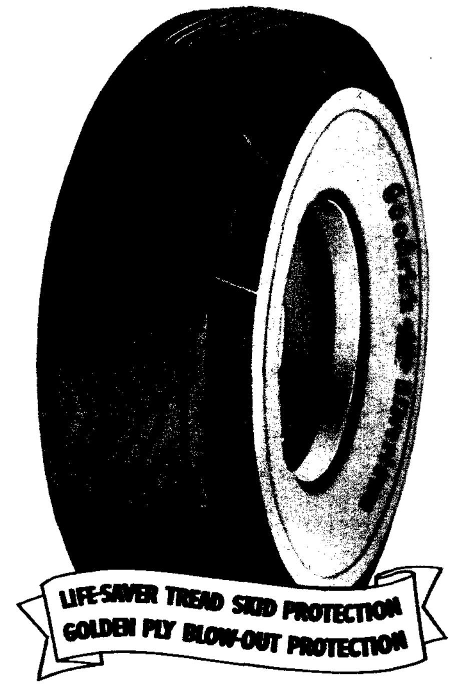
ROAD SLIPPERY WHEN WET

The Life-Saver Tread on the outside of this tire is safety you can see and feel. But, remember, "Silvertown Safety" doesn't stop there. It's *inside* the tire, too—in the new, improved Golden Ply. By resisting the terrific *blowout-causing* heat generated inside all tires by today's high speeds, the Golden Ply gives you maximum protection against these high-speed blow-outs.

So why argue about skids and blow-outs? Get Silvertowns now—the tires that give you greater protection against BOTH of these hazards. Remember, you can get them *today* on the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers.

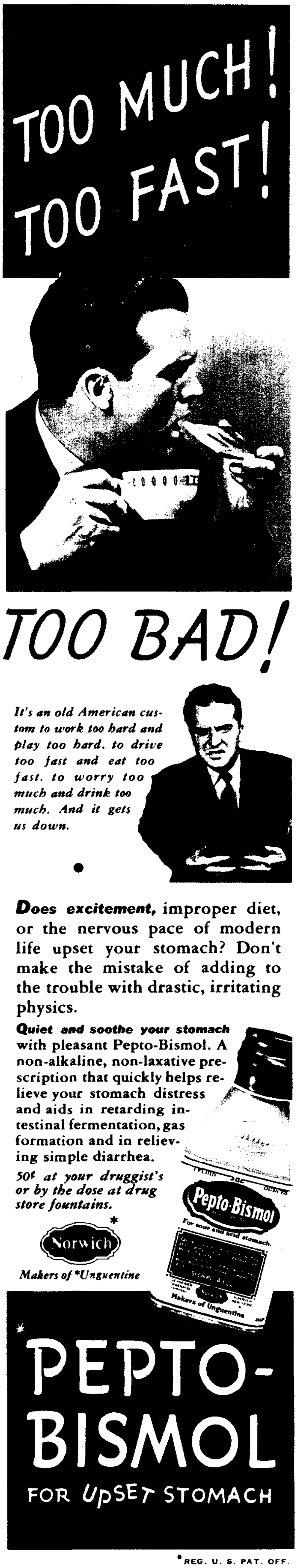
* * *

ONLY 10¢ for a miniature reproduction of your own license plate on a key chain! Your own number—your own state colors. Drive in to your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get one of these popular and valuable key chains for you. No obligation. Only 10 cents to cover cost of handling.


LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION
GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

PLAN TO SEE JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR



TOO MUCH! TOO FAST!

TOO BAD!

It's an old American custom to work too hard and play too hard, to drive too fast and eat too fast, to worry too much and drink too much. And it gets us down.

Does excitement, improper diet, or the nervous pace of modern life upset your stomach? Don't make the mistake of adding to the trouble with drastic, irritating physics.

Quiet and soothe your stomach with pleasant Pepto-Bismol. A non-alkaline, non-laxative prescription that quickly helps relieve your stomach distress and aids in retarding intestinal fermentation, gas formation and in relieving simple diarrhea.

50¢ at your druggist's or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Norwich*

*Makers of *Unguentine*

*PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UPSET STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Made for Speed

By Stanley Ross and Avery Hale

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Pop Jacoby (Fred, Sr.) went into the boat-building business because he didn't like an outboard hull Fred, Jr., had bought. Here father and son are working on a hull that Pop designed himself

In Pop Jacoby's garage he and another seventy-year-old make racing hulls that have won championships all over the world. Their present orders will keep them busy for ten years

ONCE a year Pop Jacoby drapes himself over an abutment on the Hudson River near the George Washington Bridge in Manhattan and watches the finish of the Albany-New York outboard-motor race. In 1935 it was won by his son Fred. But that is not the point. The point is that Pop thinks anybody who would risk his life and health in that shambles is *verricht*, nuts, cuckoo.

"Sth! Sth! Sth!" clucks Pop, nodding his head sadly as he watches the young men get their ears batted off by the waves of the Hudson coming in contact with the frail racing hulls. Pop clucks to himself mournfully—and then goes back to the garage behind his house in North Bergen, New Jersey, and continues his labor of turning out the best racing hulls in the world.

If they're crazy enough to want to go through that torture, Pop can build them the boats that will take the beating. He never rode in one of them himself and he has no intention of riding in one of them and he doesn't know what keeps Fred, Jr., at it. Fred was American professional champion last year and was so eager to get back at it this season that he was down in Florida around the beginning of February.

"He spends a lot of money, he wins a lot of money; he breaks even," says Pop, with a helpless shrug.

Well, it was Fred and a touch of professional pride that got Pop into it. Pop retired about ten years ago after forty-five years with the government, making lifeboats and dories by hand. He had turned sixty and thought he was through with the boat business when Fred brought home an outboard hull he had bought from a mail-order house. Pop looked it over and sniffed.

"'Twon't hold together more'n four, five months," he announced with finality.

"What do you know about it, Pop?" cried Fred indignantly. "This isn't one of those old scows of yours."

"Enough to know that them seams ain't goin' to stand up," said Pop Jacoby stoutly.

Pop was right. The terrific slamming of the waves and the vibration of the motor split the seams and the bottom warped. You couldn't look at it and tell that anything was wrong, but the warping was enough to cut three or four miles an hour from the craft's speed.

Pop chewed a while thoughtfully on his cut plug, aimed two or three successful shots at the cuspidor and muttered something about being able to build a better hull himself. This alarmed Ma Jacoby.

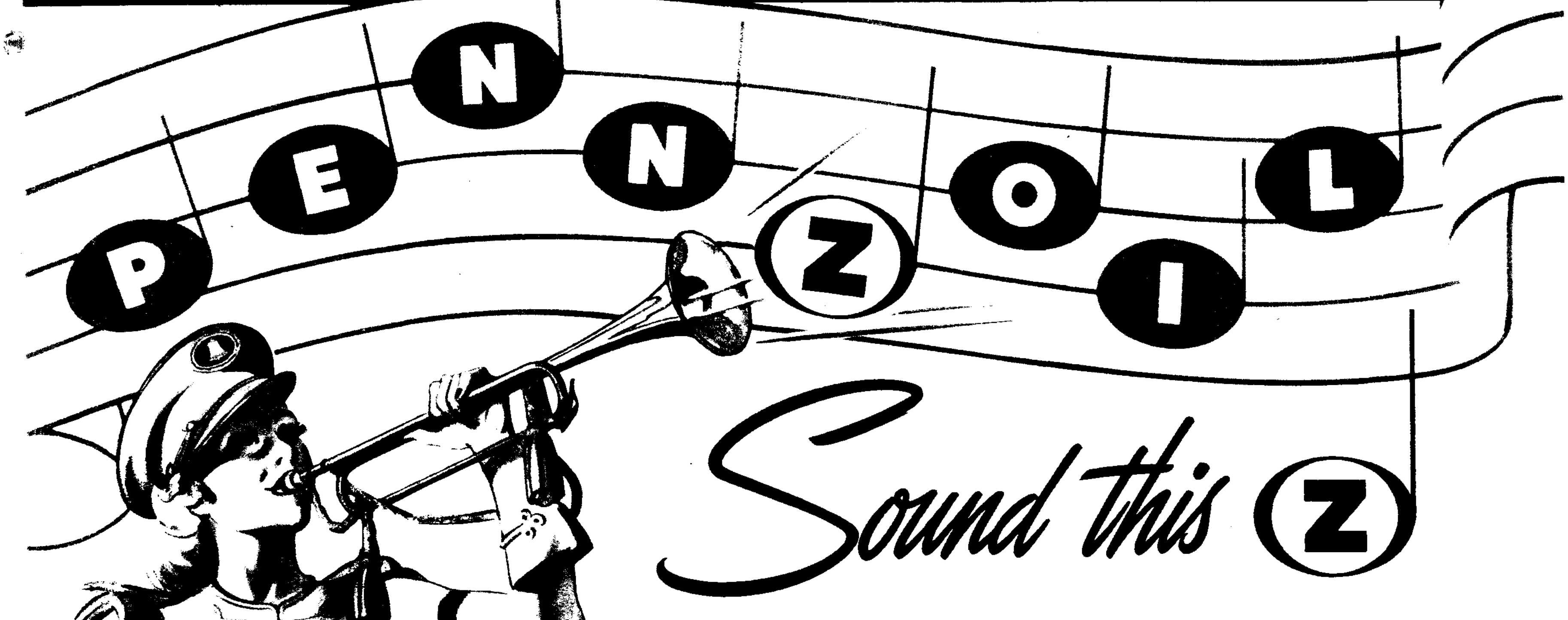
"Now just don't go and be an old fool!" she cried. "What do you want to get mixed up in anything like that for?"

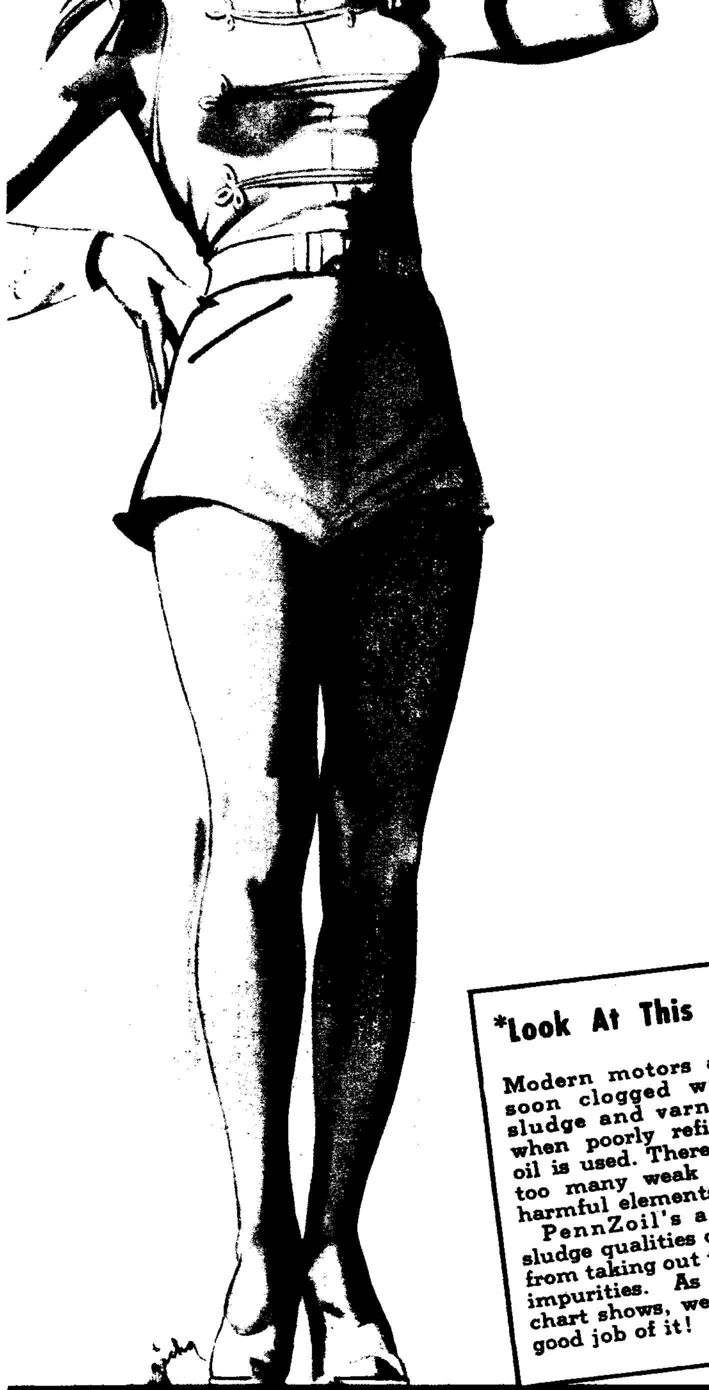
That settled it. Pop was mad as all get-out to think that Ma considered him too old to build one of those silly little outboard boats. He went out to the garage, cleared away some junk and opened the "factory" that is known today to speed fans in every part of the world. He didn't know the laws of physics and the only boat he had ever ridden in was the one that had brought him over from Germany fifty years before, but he could take one look at that mail-order job and tell it wasn't cut out for what it was designed—speed. So Pop examined a few more ready-made shells, ordered some Philippine mahogany, some spruce and hemlock, and started knocking out a hull.

The first place Fred tried the boat was at Lake Hopatcong in New Jersey, where Charles Hockenjos, the wealthy sportsman, dominated the competition. What Fred and his homemade boat did to Charlie was a shame. For the fun of it Fred would let Mr. Hockenjos get a little start and then he would open Pop's boat and go streaking past Charlie. Next day Mr. Hockenjos was down at North Bergen seeing Pop.

"Make me four of those things, Mr. Jacoby," he said to Pop, and Pop has never caught up with his orders since. Business got so rushing about four years ago that Pop brought in John Babst, who lived with Pop in the same town in

Tune Up FOR SPRING!





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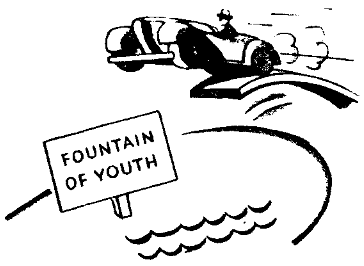

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Accumulated sludge and varnish drag your motor down, rob it of pickup, shorten its life.

Yes, and then gritty winter greases let gears, knuckles, and bearings scrape and squeak your dollars away.

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FIRST, fill your crankcase with fresh, long-lasting, tough-film PennZoil, the amazing, anti-sludge* Pennsylvania oil that keeps your motor so clean it gives you more pep and power—uses less gasoline!

SECOND, get a complete change of new, tough, summer grade PennZoil gear lubricants and a complete PennZoil chassis lubrication. See what a difference they make in steering, riding—in the whole "feel" of your car!

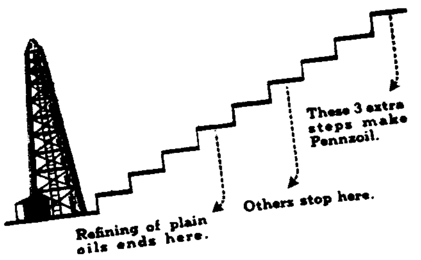
There's a dealer near you. Phone your Pennzoil distributor or branch for his address. Drive up and sound your "Z" for a thorough Spring change-over!

Be oil-wise specify PennZoil

*Look At This Reason for PennZoil's Cleanness!

Modern motors are soon clogged with sludge and varnish when poorly refined oil is used. There are too many weak and harmful elements.

PennZoil's anti-sludge qualities come from taking out these impurities. As this chart shows, we do a good job of it!



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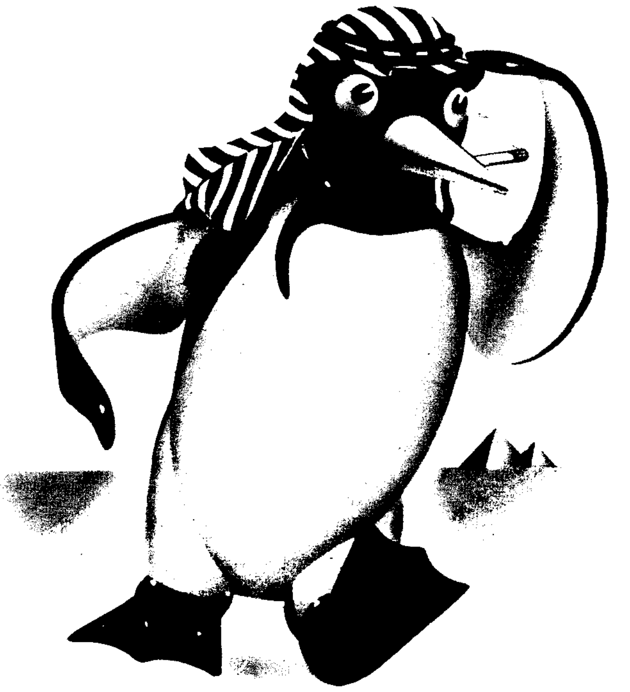

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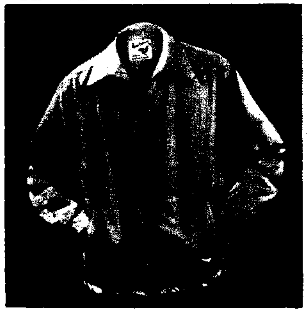

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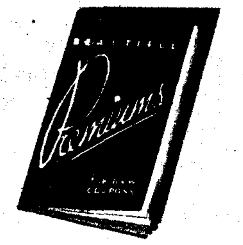

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Bavaria, and later worked by his side at the shipyard. Pop is now seventy-one and John is seventy and they make quite a pair.

Styles in hulls have changed radically in the past ten years but that hasn't fazed Pop because he's the one who makes the changes. For the bottom of the hulls Pop uses the Philippine mahogany; the struts for the frame are made of steam-bent spruce. The aft deck is made of light, strong plywood, which is water-resistant. The forward deck is made of airplane linen, which usually gets as much as ten coats of "wing dope," a nitrate paint similar to celluloid. The point, of course, is to make the lightest structure possible that will stand the gaff. The smallest job Pop makes is the Flyaway M, which weighs only sixty pounds.

Pop and John made fifty-eight hulls last year, at prices ranging between $135 and $275. When it is considered that the material in a $135 job comes to around $65, young Fred is nearly right when he says that Pop really works for wages.

At the start of the year Pop makes up a pattern and then uses an electric saw to whack out a flock of the pieces, much as a jigsaw puzzle is made. Around the shop he has several oil stoves and a whole raft of cans of water. This is to keep the wood from warping. In the larger boats he uses dowel pins to hold the hulls together but on the smaller ones he confines himself to screws. He has a mechanical jigger that sinks the holes in the wood without cracking it and another contraption like a riveter that sinks the screws in until they're about one-eighth inch below the surface. They call that countersinking the screws. The holes left are filled in with plastic wood. Putty gets washed out by the jolting in the races and wax-white lead gets blistered out by the sun, but plastic wood sticks in there forever.

But aside from the hole maker and that riveter for sinking the screws, it's a handmade job. Pop planes the bottom, fits the parts and tends to his own business. He just stays in the garage, aims accurately at the cuspidor and says, "Take 'er away," when he has finished a job. He uses no lathes and can't be hurried. It takes about eighty-five hours to make the average hull and it is only occasionally that Pop and John work together to rush one out. Those are generally for Fred, who sells his old boats every season and tries to make the new ones the best on the market, that being the extent of the Jacoby advertising.

The Records Roll In

Pop's boats have records all over the world. Jean Dupuy in France has a Class X, one-mile record of 79.04 miles per hour. Clinton Ferguson was American high-point champion last year in Pop's hulls. Douglass Fonda, American high-point champ in 1937, has a record of 62.284 m.p.h. in one of Pop's little numbers. The fastest time ever recorded in the Albany-New York massacre was made by Charles G. Mack in a Jacoby Runabout (47.47 m.p.h.). Last year Richard McFadyen made 38.017 m.p.h. in a midget boat so small that it looked as if it were attached to Mr. McFadyen permanently.

Jacoby boats have taken championships in England, France, South Africa, Sweden, Monaco, South America and Australia. In 1936 Fred, Jr., and Bedford Davie crossed the ocean to take second and third in the French championships, which were won by Leon Rousset, who also was using one of Pop's hulls.

Pop may think the racers are demented but each Jacoby boat has a name and number, and Emil Jacoby, another son, keeps a careful record of its activity. Last year Pop wanted to know what happened to two hulls he had shipped to Cape Colony in South Africa. A friend was going to Johannesburg on business and Pop paid his traveling expenses from that city to Capetown to look up the boats. The friend wrote that the hulls were not being used because the owner thought they were not heavy enough for the motors. Pop is not a writing man but this was too much for him. He sat down, chewed desperately on the end of a pencil and finally managed a long letter of advice, ending by saying that if the boats didn't prove satisfactory the South African was to send them back. The hulls now hold the South African championship.

You Can't Rush Pop

The very least that can be said about Pop is that he is an independent fellow. Several years ago a dealer in Stockholm wrote in great haste to say that he had a customer of extreme importance who wanted one of Pop's boats almost by return mail. The suspicion was that the order came from Gustav, king of Sweden, but that didn't stimulate Mr. Jacoby.

"Eddie's boat's next," he said stubbornly and couldn't be moved. Eddie is a linotype operator on a Long Island newspaper.

One of his wealthier patrons came dashing in last summer to cry that he would give Pop three times the usual price if he could have a hull, pronto.

"No, sirree," said Pop. "We ain't no two-price outfit."

As a matter of fact, outboard racing is no game for the indigent. Fred, Jr., operates four boats and it costs him around $20,000 a year. Gar Wood, Jr., spends around $25,000 a year. The very best an amateur could get by on in his first year would be $650, counting the cost of hull and motor. Racing fuel, costing a dollar a gallon, is made of alcohol, castor oil, benzol, glycerin and acetone. You can do about four miles to the gallon, which will give you an idea. And then accidents are always happening. The most famous occurred when Ted Roberts, one of Pop's customers, won the Albany-New York classic. He crossed the finish line with a badly leaking hull, stood up in his boat triumphantly and accepted the huge trophy. He had barely laid hands on it when trophy, boat and Mr. Roberts disappeared beneath the waves. When fished out he explained that he had struck a floating log a mile back. The racers are always striking something. As a result they are required by the association rules to wear a crash helmet and a life jacket in every race.

Outboard motors were grudgingly granted a place on the schedule of the important motor-boat regattas only fifteen years ago. In that first year of racing, the maximum speed was about ten miles per hour. Today, thanks to better hulls, they do from 35 m.p.h. to nearly 80 m.p.h. in their respective classes. The secret of a fast hull is the construction of its bottom. The underbody is constructed so that the whole forward part is raised out of the water when in action, this on the theory that the resistance of water is greater than that of air and the greater portion of the boat you get out of the water, the faster it goes. Pop's boats bounce over the water like a small boy's "skimmer."

Business is a bit off because of the war—foreign orders stopping entirely—but there is never a shortage of orders in North Bergen.

"Raise the prices!" yells Pop. "How would them poor fellers ever get one, then? I make a million dollars and I have to sit around watchin' it. I wouldn't have no time for buildin' boats or nothin'. No, siree! 'Twon't get you nothin' jest makin' money all the time. Strictly a business outfit here. No two prices!"

Appointment in India

Continued from page 16

discover that something higher and finer survives . . . that, sahib, is an experience to open the inner eyes of men blinded by maya. . . . Well, goodby, sahib."

"Goodby again."

"You have not said goodby to Miss Hatton?"

"No."

"It is a pity you have not the time."

"I haven't time, Shivaji Lal."

"She is waiting for you, you know?"

"For me? Virginia Hatton?"

"She is waiting at the mosque—in the north minaret."

"That doesn't make sense. Why should she go to the mosque?"

"That I cannot say, sahib. Perhaps someone told her you would be there. . . . Mrs. Curring, for instance. I saw her going up the hill. She was wearing a *sari* over her face, like a *purdah* woman, but I recognized her."

"But I don't. . . . The mosque. . . . Didn't you say the dynamite . . . ?"

"Yes, sahib. At nine o'clock tonight."

The Brahman at last released his hold on Fred's hand. Fred did not move.

"What time is it now, Shivaji?"

"Ten minutes before nine. It is a pity you do not have time."

Fred heard a sound in his ears like the roar of the sea . . . or the murmur of an angry crowd . . . or the rolling echo of a distant explosion. A feeling of cold passed over him like a gust of icy wind. Then he was hot and trembling.

He opened his mouth to say something, but no words came. Then he turned and started running toward the hill, toward the minarets, running like a madman.

The mosque was half a mile away.

THE district officer, having himself put Seaside House under lock and key, was forced, reluctantly, to accommodate Gabriel in his own bungalow. The detective retired to the guest room after a hectic dinner and sat down to write his latest report to Inspector Dumbarton. He had just written "Dear Aubrey" when the district officer bustled in, smiling smugly.

"It's all over, Gabriel," he said. "We've got him."

"Good," said Gabriel. "Who have you got?"

"The murderer," Hatton replied. "I've just got a wire from the collector at Sumunderbad. They caught him trying to board a train for Calcutta."

"CONGRATULATIONS," said Gabriel, "but who did they catch?"

"Why, Jim Curring. Who did you think?"

"I didn't think. What was Curring doing in Sumunderbad?"

"He was trying to get away of course. He knew he wouldn't have a chance taking a train here, with the station watched. He drove all night in an *ekka*. Fancy driving fifty miles in an *ekka!* A man must be damned desperate to ride more than fifty yards in one of those infernal bone crackers."

"What did he say when they arrested him?" Gabriel asked.

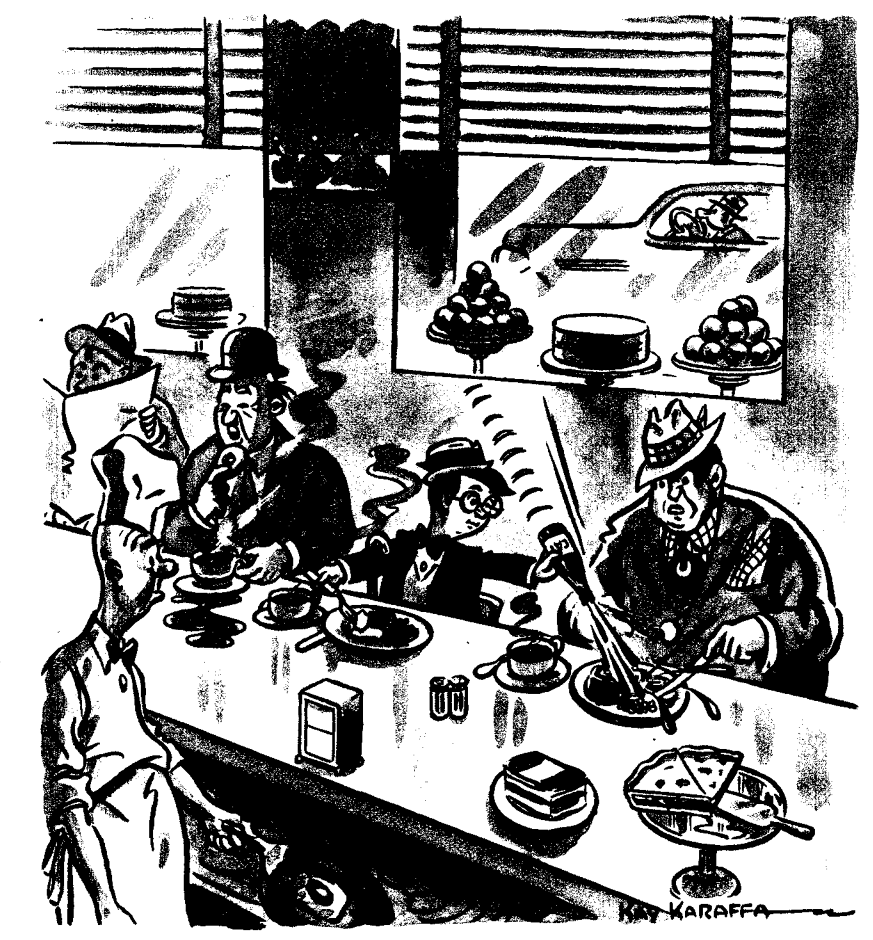
"Nothing. Said he had no explanations to give anyone, that he had a perfect right to do what he was doing and that we had no reason to hold him. I fancy we'll have reasons enough when they bring him here tomorrow, eh, Gabriel?"

"Sure, I fancy," said Gabriel without enthusiasm.

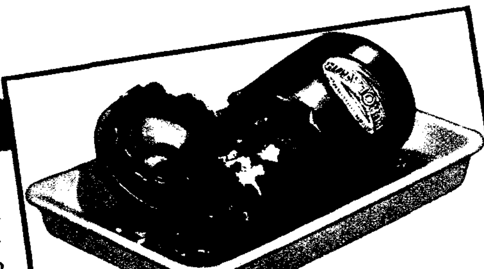
"By the by, my sister left these. Said I was to give them to you." Hatton handed Gabriel a deck of cards. "Probably thought you'd have plenty of time for a game of patience, now that your job is finished."

"Probably," the detective said. He

USEFUL EUSTACE



KAY KARAFFA



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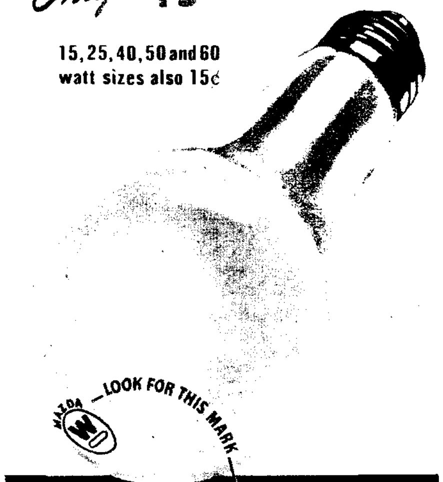

Westinghouse MAZDA LAMPS

glanced at the cards. It was a new deck and the seal was unbroken. He looked curiously at the district officer. "How's *your* job?" he asked.

"I think I may safely say the situation is well in hand," Hatton replied. "There *will* be no real trouble. The people here know me better than that. Firmness and foresight are much more efficacious than repressive punishment and hindsight. And we won't need troops, as you see. Well, good night."

"Good night."

When Hatton had gone, Gabriel opened the cards. They appeared to be replicas of the queer-looking deck Gwendolyn Small had been using. The face cards were completely proletarian; the queens, without crowns, were engaged in such useful pursuits as harvesting wheat and trampling out wine grapes; the kings were all horny-handed workers; so were the jacks. The jacks . . . !

GABRIEL quickly shuffled out the two black jacks. The jack of clubs was a miner, with a candle in his cap and a pick in his hand. The jack of spades was a shepherd, knee-deep in sheep, holding a crook. Gabriel studied the two cards for fully five minutes, trying to discover what message, if any, Gwendolyn Small had been trying to convey. Then he slapped the table with the flat of his hand and swore loudly.

The shepherd's crook! Yes, that was it! The staff with the hooked end—and the bloody question mark smeared on the bed sheet that covered Lucy Steel's corpse! Gwendolyn Small was not so crazy after all. It was William Shakespeare Gabriel who was crazy—for not taking Gwendolyn's hint when she first dropped it!

He picked up his pen, pushed the cards aside and began writing furiously. He had plenty to tell Inspector Dumbarton now.

"I mailed you an interim report this morning," he wrote, "telling about Doc Forsythe's changed diagnosis in the death of Lucy Steel. I feel sure that I have got the murders pretty well figured out, and would make the arrest right now if I only had an answer to the wire I sent you this morning. I wired you, asking for full details on the arrest of Lucy Steel in Bombay in 1928, but you haven't answered. When I get the details, I think I'll have the motive for the murders. And even if I don't get them—I'll wait until the telegraph office closes—I think I'll grab my man tonight, anyhow.

"I must admit, Aubrey, that I wasted a lot of time trying to tie the two murders together with the same motivating principle: the millions of the late George Francis Oaks. The only people in Shakkarpur, apparently, who might have anything to do with the Oaks money were Fred Oaks, Alvin Brinker and Dr. Forsythe.

"I ruled out Oaks from the start, and Brinker convinced me that his connection with the Oaks estate was on the up-and-up. As for Forsythe, I couldn't quite figure why a doctor would go in for hanging and skull-cracking when he has so many more refined ways of killing right at his finger tips. So I had to fall back on the theory that Gwendolyn Small was killed simply to save the skin of the original murderer. Gwendolyn knew who killed Lucy Steel, and practically committed suicide trying to tell me so. I didn't understand her roundabout method, but the murderer did. If I'd been a little smarter, Aubrey, I might have saved Gwendolyn's life.

"Let me reconstruct the murder of Lucy for you. First, let me say it was not premeditated. It was an impulsive act of surprise and fear. Lucy, having practiced the profession of blackmail on five continents, had the bad luck to run into a former victim almost immediately upon her arrival in Shakkarpur. The victim's conscience must have prompted him to think that Lucy had come to hunt him down, to extract heavier tribute or to destroy the new life he had built for *himself*. He caught her at her first unguarded moment, and, instead of saying, 'It's a small world, eh, Lucy?' he cracked her skull.

"He fled immediately—but must have heard footsteps in the corridor, Gwendolyn Small's footsteps. He ducked into the first room he found open—No. 9, apparently—although not soon enough, as it turned out. Gwendolyn must have seen him.

"Once in Room 9, he set his weapon down on the bed while he examined himself for bloodstains. There would be none on his hands or clothing, because the weapon he used was fairly long. But there was a little blood on the end of the weapon and it made a smear on the sheet where he laid it down—like a question mark. He picked it up again and wiped it clean against the mosquito bar above the bed.

"It is quite possible that while waiting behind the door of No. 9, scared green that somebody would walk in on him, the murderer overheard Dr. Forsythe *fixing things for* Gwendolyn Small. That was all very well, but it wouldn't explain the blood smears on the sheet and mosquito bar of No. 9. Therefore, when Gwendolyn had gone to her room, as per instructions, and Dr. Forsythe had gone off to the hospital with the hunchbacked bearer, the murderer returned to Lucy's room, picked up Lucy's body, carried it across the hall, and deposited it neatly in Fred Oaks' bed. That would divert suspicion; it would confuse the whole case; it would explain—mistakenly—the blood on the sheet and netting if any question was raised. Whereupon the murderer went home for dinner.

"Later that night Gwendolyn tried to tell me who the murderer was. Why she didn't tell me in so many words, I'll never be sure. Maybe she just wanted to be dramatic and mysterious. I think, though, that she was afraid of retaliation. (And she had reason to be.) She thought if she just gave me a hint, I'd find out for myself, and she would be safe from possible reprisals, because the murderer would not be able to accuse her of having betrayed him. She was wrong, of course, because the murderer was smarter than I was.

"GWENDOLYN wanted to lay out the cards to find the guilty party. She said, 'The cards will show us the black knave.' Three men were with me when she said that: Dr. Forsythe, Alvin Brinker and Reginald Hatton, the district officer. One of the three knew right away what Gwendolyn was driving at. He knew that she was using a deck of Continental cards, with funny kings, queens and knaves on them. He knew—or he found out pretty quick—that one of the black knaves (the jack of spades) carried a shepherd's crook in his hand. That told him that Gwen was trying to give him away. He consequently strangled her, strung up her body in the attic and destroyed the deck of Continental cards.

"Just in case someone else had an idea to investigate the jack of spades, he called attention to another deck of Gwen's cards by scattering them on the floor. The face cards in this deck were orthodox; the jacks carried broadswords.

"Now, at this point Bill Gabriel becomes a card reader. What was the meaning of the shepherd's crook in the hands of the jack of spades? I pick on the shepherd's crook, because the smear of blood on the bed sheet was shaped like a shepherd's crook, because Gwendolyn Small had seen the blood and knew I had seen it. This seemed the only possible interpretation. To the best

"One good drink deserves another!"

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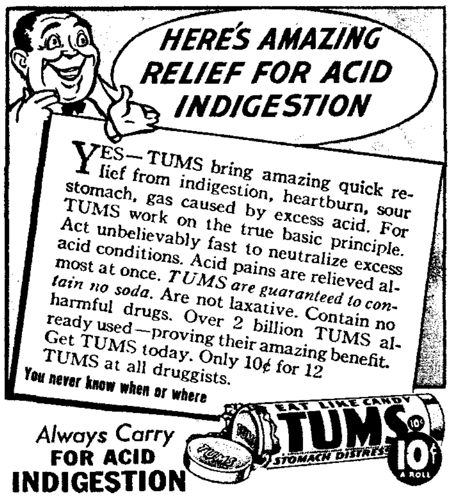

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of my knowledge there were no shepherds wandering in and out of the halls of Seaside House. There was, however, a man who carried a walking stick that had a curved handle like a shepherd's crook. Dr. Forsythe said Lucy's skull was probably fractured by a wooden club. A walking stick is a wooden club. Held at the end, like a golf club, it could be swung from behind against the base of the skull with terrific force.

"The man who carries a crook-handled cane was one of the three who heard Gwendolyn Small mention the black knave. He was by his own admission in the vicinity of Seaside House about the time of the first murder.

"He was the only man in Shakkarpur who knew about Gwendolyn's letter writing and might want to stop her committing her testimony to paper. He held Gwen's economic future in his power and if he should go free, after she betrayed him, he could starve her to death, so she might have been afraid to accuse him outright. He played golf. He had the strength to carry the dead Gwendolyn Small to the attic; I tried him out, lifting a heavy trunk. He was at the station when Lucy Steel arrived. He was in Bombay in 1928, when Lucy was arrested there on suspicion of extortion. He is going back to Bombay, as an important officer in the same bank he served in 1928. The sudden appearance of Lucy, a ghost from an unsavory past, might very well shock him into drastic action to preserve his future which now looms so bright.

"His coming to me with a false motive for murder, which he deliberately set up in order to tear down with his frankness and documentary proofs, was a clever decoy to distract me from the true motive. And—

"Now, Aubrey, if only you'd have been a good boy and sent me the details on Lucy's arrest in Bombay in 1928, I'm sure we'd have a perfect case. If—"

Gabriel suddenly stopped writing. He was aware that someone was standing behind him, reading over his shoulder.

"You've written enough, Gabriel," said a low, determined voice in his ear. "Drop that pen."

The detective turned his head slowly—until he was staring into the muzzle of a revolver.

"Why, hello, Brinker," he said, trying desperately to keep his voice steady. "I was just writing about you."

Fred Oaks fought his way up the hill toward the mosque, pushing, jostling, squeezing through the frenzied crowds of Moslems milling on the slope to join in the ecstasy of grief for the death of the prophet's grandson. The air was vibrant with the shouts of "Ya, Husain! Ya, Hasan! Ya, Ali!" The flickering torchlight illuminated rapt, bearded faces, bobbing turbans, glittering, gold-braided caps, outstretched arms, the grotesque tazias dancing on the shoulders of the faithful, moving in a mad circle that grew larger and smaller, then larger again, but always moving faster, faster. . . .

The procession of the tazias was edging toward the river, and Fred found himself flung back as the crowd gave way. He struggled to the fringes of the mob, found at last that he had open space before him. He ran, keeping his gaze fixed on the stately tower of the north minaret. He could not bring himself to look at his watch. It was enough to know that the minaret still pointed to the sky. At least he was not too late. Even if he reached the minaret at the moment it crumbled in a roaring torrent of dust and mortar, it would not be too late—not if he could join Virginia first. He did not mind dying now that he had found himself, that he was willing to admit to himself that he was not alone, that he did not want to be alone. He knew, too, that Virginia would not mind dying, if they were together. He hurried his steps, until his breath burned in his throat.

There was a light shining through the window near the base of the minaret. He hurdled the sill, landed panting in the little room, looked about him frantically.

"Virginia!" he called. "Virginia!"

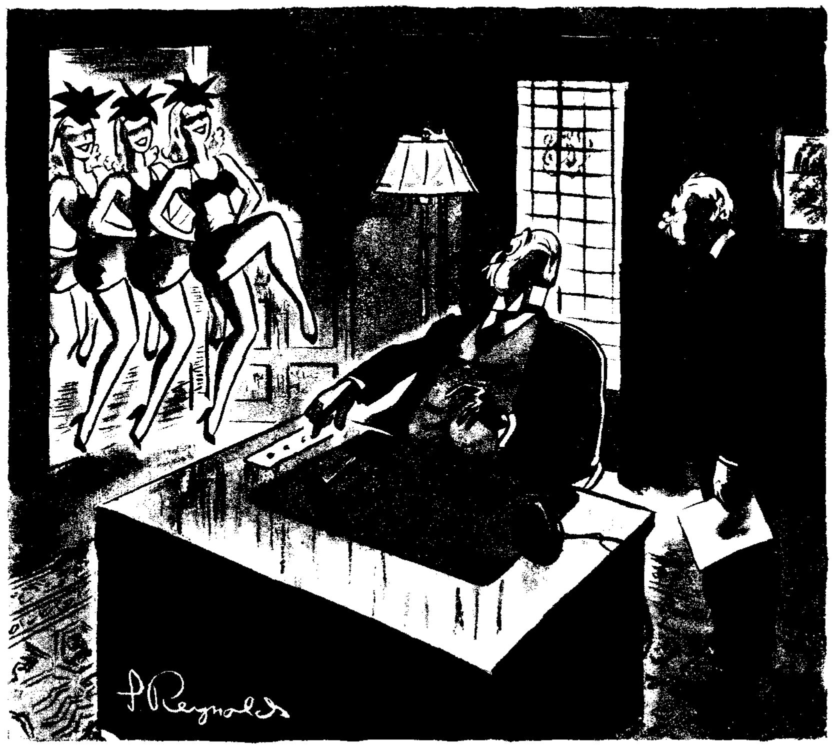
There was no answer.

Then he saw something stirring beneath a pile of prayer rugs against the far wall. He hurried across the floor.

A CLOSED gharry rumbled along the side of the mosque, stopped opposite the base of the north minaret. The shutter dropped.

A rifle barrel slid out the window, resting on the top of the lowered shutter.

Ganeshi Lal took careful aim. It was easier than he had expected. There was a light in Hajji Ahmed's chambers, and



"It's this new button. Every time I press it, out they come!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

...don't ever expect me to okay a bulletin as messy as that!"

CAN'T BLAME YOU. But wait—maybe it's not the operator, but the paper that's at fault. Switch to Hammermill Mimeograph Paper, and you can be sure of sharp, clean copies—up to 5000 from one stencil. You can write on it with a pen; the ink won't feather. Test Hammermill Mimeograph Paper free. Send for 100-sheet packet and "Good Stencil Duplicating"—how to get better results from your equipment.

HAMMERMILL MIMEOGRAPH PAPER
LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF HAMMERMILL BOND

FREE! **100 SHEETS** Hammermill Paper Co., Erie, Pa.
As operators of a ______ Stencil Duplicator we want to try Hammermill Mimeograph Paper. Send 100-sheet packet and "Good Stencil Duplicating." (*Students and outside U. S., 50¢.*)

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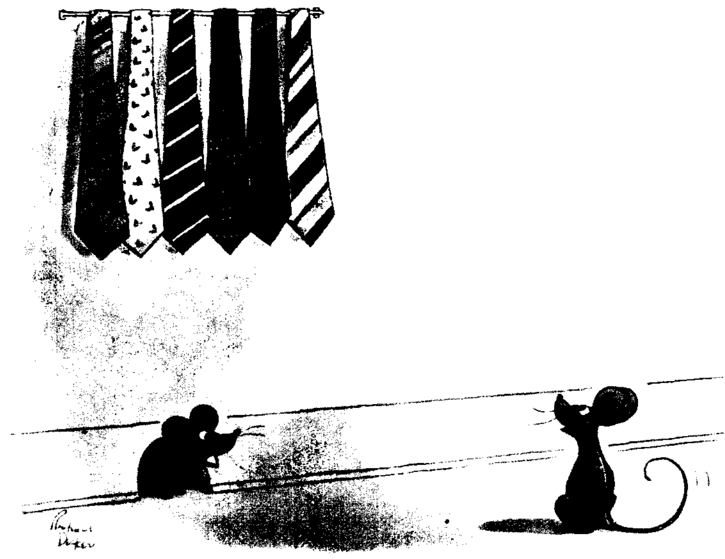
Position______

(*Please attach to, or write on, your company letterhead*) C-5-18



"Are you going to spend the whole night admiring those Arrow Ties?"

•Mice and men and women, too—*everybody* admires Arrow Ties! Arrows always have fresh, smart patterns, designed to go perfectly with your suits and shirts. They tie into neat, dimpled knots; they're *wrinkle-resistant!* Get some at your Arrow dealer's now. $1.00, and $1.50.

ARROW TIES

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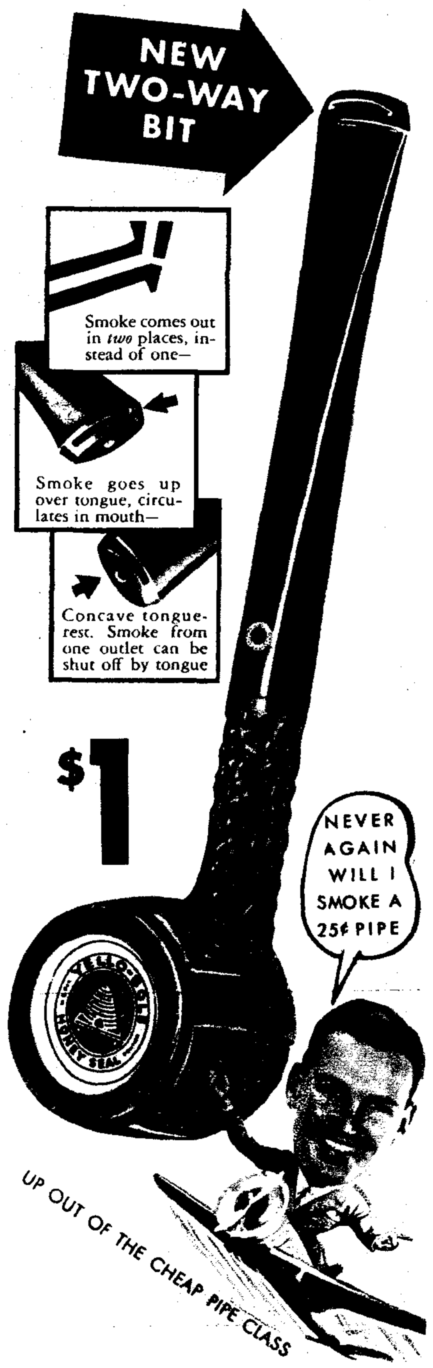
How the NEW YELLO-BOLE pipe stem splits smoke stream...and makes smoke MILDER


NEW TWO-WAY BIT
Smoke comes out in *two* places, instead of one—
Smoke goes up over tongue, circulates in mouth—
Concave tongue-rest. Smoke from one outlet can be shut off by tongue
$1
NEVER AGAIN WILL I SMOKE A 25¢ PIPE
YELLO-BOLE HONEY SEAL
UP OUT OF THE CHEAP PIPE CLASS

That Palate of yours, that tells you how good things taste—is in the roof of your mouth. And on the top of your tongue are the Big Taste Buds that also give you the pleasure and relish of different flavors. One of the reasons why you'll like this new Two-Way Bit Yello-Bole is that it directs the smoke to these *upper* areas of the mouth, *where you can taste it and savour it best*—without the smoke becoming moist. This adds to your enjoyment of your favorite tobacco. In addition, the Two-Way Bit makes the smoke milder by diffusing and cooling it.

REAL HONEY—SEALED IN THE BOWL

Like other Yello-Bole models, these new Two-Way Bit Pipes are treated with real honey—no "breaking-in"!

Get one today, and *taste* the difference! (Pipe pictured, No. 78, is 6" long.)

On request: booklet "All About Pipe-Smoking" Address YELLO-BOLE, *630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.*

YELLO-BOLE

100 Shapes... many new styles

he could draw a perfect bead on the pile of prayer rugs.

He squeezed the trigger. . . .

Alvin Brinker backed away a few steps to prevent Gabriel grabbing for his pistol. Perspiration streamed from his big, baldish head as he circled the table to face the detective.

"You've written enough," Brinker repeated. "Tear it up, now."

"Why, Mr. Brinker!" Gabriel managed a sickly grin. "After all the trouble I've taken to—"

"Tear it up—or I'll shoot." Brinker made a gesture with the revolver.

"Just my luck," sighed Gabriel, wondering how long he could stall for time. "I'm going to get shot before I find out why Lucy Steel put the bee on you in Bombay in 1928. I suppose you stole from your bank to play the market and guessed wrong. What was it? Cotton futures? Or jute?"

"I'm not going to argue with you, Gabriel. I'm going to count to three. If you don't tear up that letter, I'll—"

"I suppose someone lent you the money to put back in the bank," Gabriel went on, "so you felt very brave and honest and charged the poor girl with extortion. . . ."

"One," said Brinker.

"I can see why you'd want the charges dropped," Gabriel said. "Wouldn't sound right, having Lucy tell her stories in court about a banker, even if the books showed they were lies. I can't see how you happened to bring charges in the first place. . . ."

"Two," counted Brinker.

Gabriel suddenly dropped to his knees, ducked under the table. The roar of a pistol shot beat upon his eardrums and he had the fleeting sensation of being hit. There was a grunt, a cry and the crash of overturned furniture, and Gabriel dove through to the other side of the table, prepared to grab Brinker's legs with a flying tackle. But he could not find Brinker's legs. There were only a pair of bare brown legs draped in the loose, voluminous folds of a *dhoti*.

THE detective crawled out from under the table. The tall Hindu with the walrus mustache and the scarred cheek had the banker clasped tightly in his arms. He was holding him upside down, as though ready to bounce his bald head against the floor. Brinker's pistol hand was clamped tightly between the Hindu's bare knees.

"Hold his legs for me, will you, Bill, old man?" said the Hindu, speaking with a perfect Oxford accent. "He's kicking to touch with one of my ears."

"Aubrey!" Gabriel exclaimed. He immediately proceeded to relieve Alvin Brinker of his revolver, and a moment later the banker was handcuffed.

"I just happened to look through the window and noticed you were in a little trouble," said Inspector Dumbarton, "so I thought I'd pop in and ask if I could be of any service."

Gabriel was mentally removing mustache, turban, scar, shaven pate and brown complexion as he tried to picture the inspector in one of his usual natty tussah silk suits.

"Nice job of make-up, Aubrey," he said admiringly. "You fooled even me—at first."

Inspector Dumbarton chuckled. "Walnut juice," he said. "Wears off eventually."

"I don't suppose you got my letters and telegrams."

"I got their gist. I've been in touch with Delhi, you know. Matter of fact, I've got the details of that Bombay case for you. Thought I'd bring them to you myself tonight, after the big show was over."

"Was this the bird?" Gabriel nodded toward the sullen, taut-jawed Brinker.

"Alvin Brinker was complaining witness in the case against Lucy Steel," Inspector Dumbarton said. "And Mrs. Brinker's brother, the Hon. Henry Connington-Trent, was King's Council. Strangely enough, the K. C. died before the case came to trial—and charges were dropped immediately."

"Nothing strange in that," Brinker growled. "Connington-Trent died of typhoid."

"But you dropped charges."

"Naturally. I didn't want to prosecute in the first place. It was Connington-Trent who insisted. That was one of the conditions on which he . . . he . . ."

"Put up the money to cover your shortage at the bank?" suggested Gabriel.

"Well, yes, he did lend me the money. But I've paid it back to his estate—every penny of it. And you needn't try to pin his death on me, because—"

"We've got plenty as is," Bill Gabriel said.

THE district officer made a breathless entrance.

"I was down the road," he panted, "when I could have sworn I heard a pistol shot. Did you—? I say, Brinker, what's going on?"

"Say, Mr. Hatton," said Gabriel, "I'd like you to meet my good friend Inspector Aubrey Dumbarton, C. I. D. Aubrey's been down here these last few days to help me crack this case."

"Your name's not Gabriel for nothing, is it, Bill?" Inspector Dumbarton chuckled.

"I don't understand," the district officer began. But he was interrupted by the hasty entrance of the subahdar of police.

"Shivaji Lal, the Brahman, is on the veranda, sahib," he blurted. "He says the sahib's sister is in grave danger. She is at the mosque—"

"What the devil is she doing at the mosque?" demanded Hatton.

"I do not know, sahib. . . . But the Brahman says there is dynamite stored in the mosque. . . ."

"That's ridiculous," said the district officer. "Hajji Ahmed knows I wouldn't stand for anything of the sort. He wouldn't dare—"

"He'd dare all right," said Inspector Dumbarton.

Hatton stared openmouthed at first one man, then the other. "But—" he began.

"The Brahman says the dynamite is to be exploded at nine o'clock tonight," the subahdar continued.

"Then what the devil are you waiting for?" Hatton barked. "Don't stand there gabbing like a woman! Get along to the mosque and stop it. Take as many men as you need. Go on. Hurry!"

"There's no need to hurry," said Inspector Dumbarton quietly.

"But there is, sahib. The Brahman assured me that the dynamite will explode at nine o'clock."

"Hurry along, then!" ordered the district officer.

"I assure you that there's no hurry," insisted Inspector Dumbarton calmly, "because the dynamite will not explode."

"Who said it won't?" asked Gabriel, suddenly interested. "That dynamite was probably stolen from Jim Curring—"

"It was certainly stolen from Curring," said Dumbarton. "That's why I'm sure it cannot be detonated."

"The Brahman says someone will fire a rifle bullet into it. . . ."

"It is highly questionable whether the rifle—no doubt aimed by the Brahman's son—will fire a bullet," said Dumbarton. "But I can vouch for the dynamite, because I personally supervised its shipment. It is a very special kind of dynamite. The wood meal of which it is

FALSE TEETH WEARERS often worst breath offenders

Don't let Denture Breath and stains shout "False"

DENTISTS SAY • USE POLIDENT

A thin dark film collects on plates and bridges. This film soaks up odors and impurities like a sponge! It holds germs and decay bacteria . . . gets into every tiny crevice where brushing can't even reach. And it's so tough that ordinary brushing *seldom removes it*.

Almost always it results in "denture breath", a most offensive breath odor. *You* won't notice it—*but others will.*

Yet there's a perfect way to clean and purify false teeth *without brushing*, acid or danger. It is Polident, a powder that dissolves away all film, stains, tarnish and odor. Makes breath sweeter—and plates or removable bridges look better and feel better.

Grateful Users Praise It

Thousands call Polident a blessing for convenience and hygiene. Long-lasting can only 30¢, any drug store. *Money back if not delighted.* Approved by leading dentists.

POLIDENT

NO BRUSHING

Add Polident to ½ glass water. Stir. Put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

PLAIN $2

WINDPROOF·*Always Lights*

ZIPPO LIGHTS PIPES as well as cigars or cigarettes in any weather, no matter how hard the wind blows.

LIFETIME GUARANTEE. Permanent wick, big fuel supply. At better stores.

$3.50 *with facsimile of any signature, silver-like chrome case, shipped in handsome gift box.*

ZIPPO MFG. CO., DEPT. C, BRADFORD, PA.

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream—It's Not a Soap, Needs No Brush!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. With *no* soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

FREE—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-7, Glastonbury, Conn.

Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only

composed is saturated with the purest of glycerin—but not with nitroglycerin. It won't explode."

"What do you mean, *you* supervised the shipment?" Gabriel asked.

"I've been watching the Shakkarpur plot grow for the past month," said Inspector Dumbarton, "and for the past week, I've been exceedingly busy—I, and perhaps twenty other agents. By the way, Hatton, there are a number of Mauser rifles in the godown of Chunder Bose that you might want to confiscate quietly in a day or so."

"Day or so!" snorted the district officer. "I'll do it immediately. Subahdar . . . !"

"I should advise waiting until things calm down a bit," said Inspector Dumbarton. "The rifles are useless now, because they are without proper ammunition. I had a dozen experts from the Dum Dum Arsenal working all night in the luggage van of the Mail from Madras, carefully removing the powder from I don't know how many thousand cartridges."

"But that's incredible and rather stupid!" Hatton declared. "If you knew of these shipments of arms and explosives, why didn't you confiscate them at once?"

"For the same reason you didn't call for troops, Hatton," said Inspector Dumbarton.

THE subahdar of police looked at his immediate superior somewhat dubiously, shrugged and left the room.

"You see, Hatton," Inspector Dumbarton continued, "we in Delhi decided it would be much more effective, in the long run, to let useless or defective arms be delivered to prospective rebels. In that way we discredit those foreign agents who promise help to malcontents, but who furnish only duds. At the same time we demonstrate that order can be preserved and authority maintained in characteristically British fashion, and therefore that the British *raj* is essentially a just and humanitarian government able to rule without recourse to the harsh methods of others—or of our own former methods at Amritsar."

"Say, Aubrey," Gabriel interposed. "You must be the guy that needled Fred Oaks last night."

"That's right."

"What was the idea?"

"I wanted to keep him out of circulation until I was sure my harmless weapons had got into the proper hands," Inspector Dumbarton said. "Oaks is rather a clever boy, and I wanted to be sure that he didn't discover my little deception and take steps to remedy it."

"But if you knew he was an agent provocateur, why didn't you just turn him over to the D. O.?"

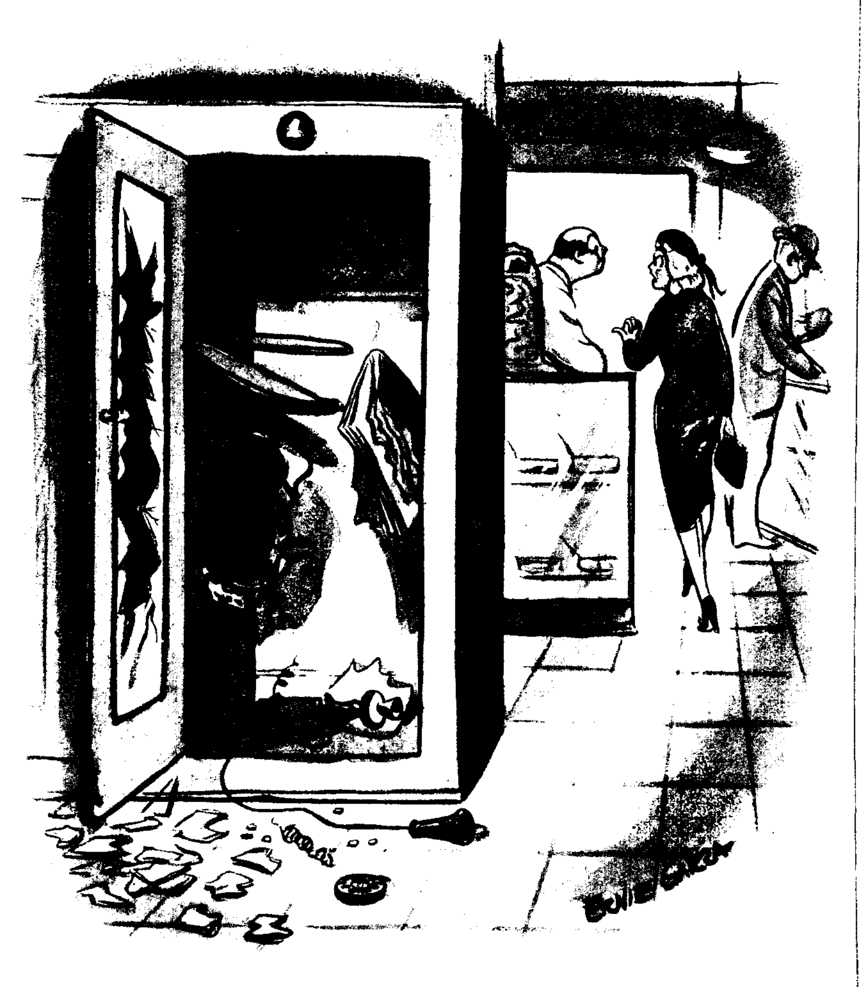
"Delhi decided against it, as a matter of policy," said the inspector. "Oaks is an American from a prominent and wealthy family, so that his arrest would be bound to cause undesirable publicity. The story would be certain to reach the press—the American press is extremely enterprising, you know—and call attention to a condition of unrest being fomented in India by outside influences. Stories of unrest would serve to feed unrest, and encourage further agitation. As long as we can cope with the situation quietly, we find it much preferable simply to deny that the situation exists."

"But good lord, Dumbarton!" the district officer protested. "You can't be lenient with a man as dangerous as Oaks at a time like this. Or aren't you aware of the European situation?"

"Yes, I know," said Inspector Dumbarton. "But Oaks is an American. The government at home is going to great lengths to insure a favorable press in America for everything British. We mustn't risk spoiling it by doing anything drastic to Oaks—particularly since he's done no real damage down here. Naturally, I don't intend that he shall remain much longer in India."

"You won't have to worry about that," Gabriel said. "I'm taking him back to the States with me. My home office cables me that he's needed in San Francisco in connection with his father's estate."

"You mean he's going to inherit all



"I hung up on him!"

ERNIE GARZA

Before You Buy a Washer—
see this Amazing Demonstration!

Apex
Special
DURING SSS DEMONSTRATION
MODEL 351 $59.95
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN FAR WEST AND SOUTH
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SPIRAL SAFETY SUDS
DEMONSTRATION
at your nearest Apex Dealer's

See lovely cotton prints that have been washed 50 times in laboratory tests without any perceptible wear or loss of color values. Washed not 10 or 20 times—but 50 times! See how the spiral agitation of the Apex Spiral Dasher quickly builds a bountiful supply of Oxydol suds and gently removes all trace of dirt.

The APEX SPEEDLINER WASHER
with exclusive SPIRAL DASHER washes
Cleaner and Faster

In recent tests by one of America's largest independent testing laboratories, the Spiral Dasher washed cleaner and faster than four other leading makes. The results of these unbiased tests show that Apex washed 35% more effectively, or accomplished a given degree of cleansing 31% more quickly, and was 43% more consistent in cleaning performance than the average of the four other washers tested. • The Apex Spiral Dasher is scientifically designed with perforations, ridges and spreader cups to wash clothes almost as human hands would wash them. See how its broad, curved vanes gently swish and flex the clothes, with each movement of the dasher, washing them cleaner, fresher, brighter. See this beautiful, durable washer before you buy . . . it will last for years. Compare it feature by feature with washers that sell for $10 more. It's the buy of the month! The Apex Electrical Mfg. Co., Cleveland.

Water rushes through perforations, aids in contacting clothes to washing vanes.

Cleansing ridges gently rub the clothes, flex them and loosen dirt.

Spreader cups move clothes outward, open and spread garments.

APEX APPLIANCES ARE BACKED BY 27 YEARS OF MANUFACTURING EXPERIENCE

"But what's to stop an advertiser from stretching the truth, Mr. Gilman?"

MRS. MILTON BRINKMAN *of Detroit*
this question of **MR. M. M. GILMAN,** *Presi*
of Packard Motor Car Company, because, lik
many consumers all over the country, she i
terested in advertising, and eager for facts
stead of hearsay. The following interview
place in the showroom at the Packard pl

Mr. Gilman: "Well, let me answer that *this* way, Mrs. Brinkman. Suppose for a minute that you are getting ready to buy a new car. Let's say that you read the advertising of some imaginary automobile maker. His ad says that the car will go 86 miles an hour. Since you're particularly interested in speed, you buy the car on the strength of that.

"Now suppose when you drive this car, you find it will only go 72 miles an hour. How would you feel toward that manufacturer and his advertising?"

Mrs. Brinkman: **"Why I'd be furious. I'd go out of my way to tell my friends not to ever consider that car—and certainly I'd never buy another!"**

Mr. Gilman: "Exactly, Mrs. Brinkman. And no manufacturer can afford to have people talking that way about his product."

Mrs. Brinkman: **"You mean then that it's not to an advertiser's advantage to misstate the facts?"**

Mr. Gilman: "Definitely not. It's one of the poorest business moves he can make. Of course, Mrs. Brinkman, there are a few who seem to gain a temporary advantage by making exaggerated claims. But they are the exception and not the rule. Those companies that are looking ahead are very careful to tell the truth in advertising.

"Let me give you an example from our company. When we presented the 1940 Packard to the public, we didn't advertise some facts and figures that would have been mighty impressive. For instance, we could have advertised Packard's track-records on gasoline economy, but we knew that driving conditions vary sharply, and that drivers themselves are not equally efficient."

Mrs. Brinkman: **"Why I should think it would be fair to make whatever claims you could justify."**

Mr. Gilman: "It's much more than a matter of justifying our claim. It's a matter of maintaining complete customer confidence. If a Packard owner couldn't equal those records set by professional drivers under ideal conditions, he would be disappointed. He might be entirely satisfied with his car, mind you, but he would have lost a little of the confidence we want him to have in Packard. For years we've said, 'Ask the man who owns one.' It's just good business for us to be sure a Packard will do what our advertising says it will.

"Many advertisers feel and act the same way. So you see, the public's purse is the best kind of control over advertising claims. It talks in dollars and cents—and sound business men listen!"

To give you the truth about advertising, and its influence on the welfare and prosperity of the American people, we have gone to those who are in the best position to know the facts. Interviews with these business leaders, about advertising's social and economic benefits to you, are appearing in Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, and The American Magazine—published by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

those millions after all?" asked the district officer.

"Looks that way, eventually," Gabriel replied.

"Well!" Hatton smiled broadly. A faraway look came into his eyes. "I wonder if my sister knows about that," he said, half to himself. "She's always been fond of young Oaks."

The subahdar came rushing back into the room.

"The Brahman says his son also has side arms, Excellency!" he exclaimed. "In addition to the rifle, he also has a revolver which he smuggled in on his return from America!"

"Has he ammunition for the revolver?" Inspector Dumbarton asked.

"Yes, sahib. The Brahman says he has ammunition."

The smile faded from the face of the district officer.

VIRGINIA HATTON'S head emerged from the pile of prayer rugs. She was smiling happily.

"You're very prompt," she said.

"Quick!" Fred ordered. "Get out of here!"

"But Fred—"

Fred stopped, swept the girl into his arms, bolted across the room.

"Run!" he panted. "Run like hell!"

"Where, Fred?"

"Anywhere. But run. I'll join you." He swung the girl over the window sill, pushed her through, sprang after her.

Directly in front of him he saw the closed gharry on a little rise, saw the long rifle barrel gleam dully in the torchlight. He ran toward the rifle muzzle, keeping in line with the window behind him. Silently, desperately, hopelessly he ran, his arms raised above his head, expecting at every step to see the universe explode in flaming thunder. He scarcely heard the harmless click of the firing pin, the repeated snap of the breechbolt, the curses of Ganeshi Lal. . . .

He was surprised to find his hands closing about the rifle barrel. Automatically he wrested it free, swung the stock against the bony rump of the gharry horse. The horse bolted.

As the horse bolted, the face of Ganeshi Lal flashed briefly in the opening. The last vestige of Occidental veneer had been stripped from it and his lips, twisted with rage, screamed imprecations in a dozen Oriental dialects. There was a revolver in the hand that he thrust toward Fred.

A dazzling bud of fire blossomed before Fred's eyes, then another, smaller flower. Two more shots, farther away, shook the hot night as the careening carriage rattled off into the darkness.

Fred found himself on his knees. A streak of searing pain burned his cheek. His right arm was numb and refused to respond when he tried to pick up the rifle that had slipped from his limp fingers. He got to his feet, was relieved to discover that he could stand. Virginia was beside him, her arms around him.

"You didn't run," he said.

"Not without you. . . . Fred, you're hurt."

"Don't you know you might have been blown to bits?"

"Stop talking nonsense. You're bleeding!"

"Just a scratch. I can walk all right. See?"

"You're trembling, Fred. What happened? Tell me, Fred!"

"Nothing happened. It was all maya—all illusion."

"You talk just like Shivaji Lal."

"That's right."

"You're sure you can walk, Fred?"

"Quite sure. See?"

"Then you're running away—tonight?"

"No."

"When are you running away?"

"Never. I'm through running away. I've found what I want."

"You've found yourself."

"I've found you."

"Fred darling . . . ! But we can't stay in Shakkarpur. My brother—"

"We're going to see your brother now. I've got lots to tell him."

"But you can't. He'll put you in prison."

"It won't matter. Nobody can put me in prison now—not really."

They walked in silence to the bank of the river. Suddenly Virginia stopped. She said:

"I'm terribly happy. Do you suppose it could be just—maya?"

"I'm sure it's quite real," Fred replied.

He felt his knees buckle, made a supreme effort to remain standing. The pain of his useless right arm was now throbbing in his shoulder, his whole side. He wondered if he would have the strength to walk all the way to the district officer's bungalow.

"Sit down and rest for a while," Virginia said. "Let me try to stop the bleeding."

"Never mind the bleeding," Fred replied. "Kiss me, darling."

She did. She kissed him six times before he became aware, looking over her shoulder, of a naked Ooria boy, watching them with wide, wondering eyes. He became aware, too, beyond the boy, of a thicket of masts swaying gently against the stars as the tide rippled into the river mouth to stir the native craft moored at River Ghat. The indigo *dhow* must still be there.

"Virginia," Fred began softly, "did you know I was going away with Rhoda Curring tonight?"

"Yes, I knew."

"Did you know that Rhoda was afraid that if I saw you again I wouldn't go—so frightened that she was willing to send you to a horrible death?"

"She did nothing of the kind, darling. She did me a tremendous favor."

"If she did, it was quite by accident. She'll be consumed by rage when she finds out. Whatever Rhoda's qualities may be, selfless generosity isn't one of them."

"Rhoda's not really bad, darling."

"No, I suppose not. Very few people are. But Rhoda has a very great talent for making herself unhappy. Sometimes I think she actually enjoys being miserable. She'd carry that wretched, gnawing restlessness with her no matter where she went. I was just wondering how much she'd relish carrying it on a long, smelly journey alone."

"Fred darling, you can't let her go away by herself!"

"No, I suppose not," Fred sighed. "I haven't anything against Jim Curring, but I'm afraid I'll have to send Rhoda back to him."

"Yes, do."

"All right. Reach in my pocket for a two-anna bit and give it to that boy standing there watching us." He called the Ooria lad:

"*Chokra!*"

The boy approached respectfully. "Sahib?"

"At River Ghat there is an indigo boat from down the coast," Fred told the boy in Hindustani. "On the boat there is a mem-sahib with copper-colored hair. Understand?"

"Yes, sahib."

"Go to the mem-sahib on the boat, *chokra,* and tell her not to wait any longer for the rascally sahib who was to come to her tonight. Tell her the sahib is sorry, but he has been detained—for a hundred years or so."

HE WATCHED the naked boy disappear in the direction of the ghat. He closed his eyes. He could feel Virginia very close to him, her arms about him.

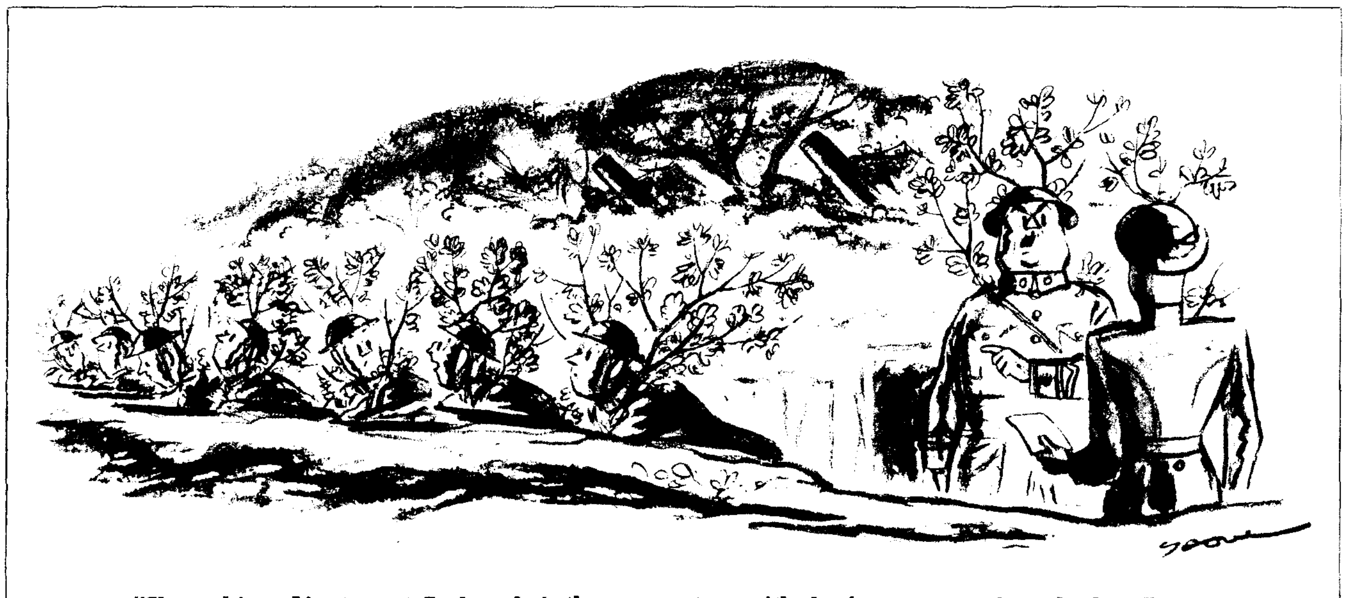
"That was rather a decent gesture you just made," he heard her saying. "Was it very painful?"

"Not very," Fred smiled. "But I'll have to watch myself, in case it's habit-forming. You might not love me if I turned into a stolid, civilized member of society. Or would you?"

"That," said the girl, "is a purely hypothetical risk we may never have to face."

She kissed him again.

THE END



"Show this to Lieutenant Cutler—he's the spruce tree with the fungus growth at the base"

LEONARD DOVE

You wouldn't buy a 1905 Phonograph

But do you shave with A RAZOR INVENTED BEFORE 1900?

The first successful safety razors came on the scene about 1900—*40 years ago.* Since that time few really important advancements were made in razor design until the invention of the Schick magazine-type razor. Improvements in that product resulted in the Schick Injector Razor. Already, more than 5,000,000 men have switched to this up-to-date shaving instrument.

THE GREATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN SAFETY RAZOR DESIGN IN MORE THAN 35 YEARS ARE FOUND IN THE SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR.

BLADE CORNER GUARDS

SOLID GUIDE BAR

1. *Blade Corner Guards* . . . among the most important contributions to safer shaving are Schick Injector's corner guards which shield your face against nicks and scratches from sharp blade corners.

2. *Solid Guide Bar* . . . Schick Injector perfected solid "toothless" guide bar to control skin "action" in front of blade edge; avoids nicks, scratches by *flattening* skin. You can even shave against the grain.

3. *Oil-Sealed Blades* . . . Schick Blades are sealed in this metal Injector cartridge in a bath of oil. Keen edges suspended in space. Nothing can rub or dull them. You buy blades 20 or 12 at a time.

4. *Automatic Blade Change* . . . A pull and push on Injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one *instantly.* Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble. Saves valuable time every day you shave.

THE "POPULARITY" KIT $1.00

Smart, pigskin-grain case contains Schick Injector Razor and Injector cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick Blades. 20-year razor guarantee stamped in bottom of every Kit. Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn. and Niagara Falls, Ont.

Same prices now prevail in Canada

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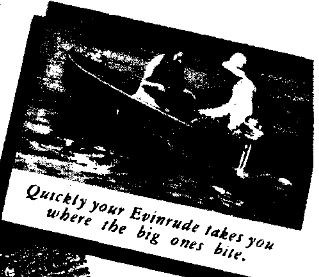

Quickly your Evinrude takes you where the big ones bite.

Thrilling speed with a velvet-smooth Evinrude "4".

OFF the crowded highways . . . and over the cool blue waterways . . . what a glorious life awaits you *when you take an Evinrude along!* Choicest fishing spots sail magically within the whip of your line! A sandy beach says "come over and swim". . . *and you're there!* Picnicking — exploring — camping . . . all are so easy, so inexpensive to enjoy! Thousands of Evinrude owners do not even purchase a boat, but take their motors on every trip, for use on rental boats available almost everywhere!

SEE YOUR EVINRUDE DEALER! His name is listed in your classified telephone directory under "Outboard Motors." Nine advanced models to choose from—all available on convenient time payments!

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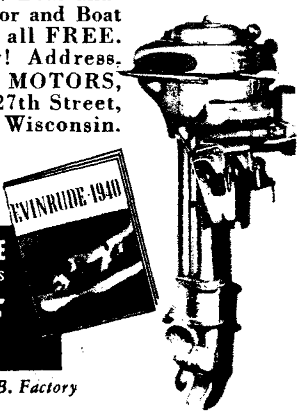


An EVINRUDE FOR AS LITTLE AS $29.95

All Prices F.O.B. Factory

EVINRUDE
OUTBOARD MOTORS

Bright Beauty

Continued from page 11

The fact that she wanted to be an actress from the time she could walk is an indication of nothing, because all Britishers are embryonic actors who at some time or other have played Charley's Aunt. Of course she made herself a nuisance by reciting when people came to the house and popped up at school every Friday for elocution classes. But the ambition was delayed in her case because her father died when she was young and she and her mother lived on the income from a few houses he left.

"Scrubby little holes," says Greer. "Falling down half the time and nobody ever paying the rents."

She attended grade school and then graduated from London University and later from Grenoble in France. The intention was to make her a teacher and she furthered this foolishness by winning scholarships and tutoring Cambridge undergraduates who were not too strong in the dome. But she escaped the schoolteacher thing by getting a research job with an advertising agency. It brought her ten pounds a week, which was approximately fifty bucks in regular money, and made her almost as important as a cabinet minister, such salaries in London being reserved for the nobility.

She had a flat-topped desk, a battery of telephones and a procession of underfed little men coming in to lay important papers on her desk. In fact, she was something of a wonder and people came in from miles just to look at her. One such admiring visitor let fall the information that she was related to a man who was related to somebody in the Birmingham Repertory Theater.

"You mean it?" cried Garson. "You mean you know somebody at Birmingham?"

Although somewhat smothered by this attack, the visitor admitted everything. She knew a man who knew a man, and so forth.

"Well, now," said Garson cooingly into her ear. "I have an idea for you. What do you say you introduce me to your relative?"

Eight Plays in Three Years

So Miss Garson met a bearded gentleman named Philips, who was Sir Barry Jackson's London representative.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Philips coldly. "There are a thousand applicants ahead of you."

But a girl who could reach the pinnacle of ten pounds a week in an advertising agency was not to be put off by a man in a beard. After an hour of listening to her dulcet and alluring voice, Mr. Philips wagged his bit of beaver and agreed that if she was insane enough to persist there was no English law that could keep her away from Sir Barry. As for Sir Barry, he took one look at the red hair and received one glance from the green eyes and she went over those thousand hopefuls as easily as if they were barrels in an ice-jumping act. Just to show that her business sense had not atrophied, she held the gentleman up for four pounds a week when he was offering three.

But in the office they almost went mad over this series of events.

"Four pounds a week and you're giving up ten," cried the other girls, tearfully. "Forsaking the security of business for the hazards of the theater. Stsh! Stsh! Stsh!"

They gave her a jade silk dressing gown and a black make-up box, wept a bit silently on her shoulder and went back to their security. She went on to Birmingham, started with the part of Shirley Kaplan in Elmer Rice's Street Scene, doing an American dialect part (she's tremendous at dialects and sometimes can't be halted), and ended after two years with a road tour in Shaw's Too True to be Good. After that she tucked her book of clippings under her arm and went up to conquer London.

London resisted bitterly. She sent her name to producers; she sat; she waited. They were always out and seemed never to come back. As for Birmingham, nobody in London had ever heard of Birmingham.

Thoroughly depressed by all this, she turned up one night for dinner at the University Women's Club, the last place in the world for a dame with green eyes and red hair. It was populated with the usual crowd of academic ladies, nice, frumpy individuals who studied in books.

"Aoh-ah," she could hear them saying. "Last summer? Last summer I was with Petrie . . . digging up bones. Got some jolly good ones, too. . . ."

Just then a smart-looking female came over to her table and began talking to her, an outrage entirely unknown in a London club. Much like dropping in at Buckingham for a quick snifter. It was Sylvia Thompson, the novelist, and she had just written a play and Garson looked like a girl who could do it and would she, and so forth?

The play was Golden Arrow and Laurence Olivier was the leading man and it turned out to be a mess. But she had the part of an American girl and the critics called her the "new American actress" and she was made. In all the reviews then and for a long time after, they always referred to her as Miss Garson, B.A., meaning that she had been to college. This appeared to be something of a novelty in the little isle.

What she has now and had then was a sense of time galloping along. She was afraid she wasn't going to get everything done before they carted her away, so she was in eight plays in three years, with only two weeks off. The favorite was Mademoiselle, directed by Noel Coward. She also did Old Music, Accent on Youth, and Vintage Wine.

It was pleasant, being a big lady of London's West End, and she didn't fall for film offers, although they were after her pretty hot. Then one night the doorman came in to say that there was a Mr. Ritchie at the gate to see her.

It turned out that Mr. Ritchie was M-G-M's ambassador at large and he had a message from the great Mr. Mayer himself. She was in Old Music doing a brittle comedy part and it seemed M-G-M wanted her to do something like Jezebel, naughty, frisky, but nice. She didn't want to do it but L. B., who is a shrewd gentleman, clinched it with a slick argument.

"In that climate out there," he said, "your mother will live to be two hundred."

It happens that Mrs. Garson is an extremely energetic and youthful woman who shows no signs of decline but the argument, and perhaps the financial arrangements, finally won Miss Greer and she left London soon after—and was to regret it bitterly for months to come. If she had stayed in England she would have had the part in Pygmalion which made Wendy Hiller famous. At least she would have been working and nothing but work ever pleases her.

She Isn't Afraid of Anybody

Instead she came out to Hollywood, went the rounds of all the parties, was welcomed into the English colony, had pleasant discussions with Mr. Mayer and the more important producers at the studio and got exactly nowhere in record-shattering time. She made tests by the dozens, swishing her hair up in different styles to impress the directors and smiled upon all and sundry with an attractiveness that is entirely bewitching —and never got closer than halfway to first base.

A week before her contract was up she was given the role of Mrs. Chips and everything will be all right now if only they give her another picture as good as that.

Quite aside from the fact that she has that B.A. degree she is a smart girl. She reads a great deal and studies the theater every minute she gets free, and she wants to do a play in New York. She has a great speaking voice, an animated way of talking and that smile. She lives in Beverly Hills with her mother, has a big roadster, eats very substantial meals, wears simple clothes and doesn't like jewelry.

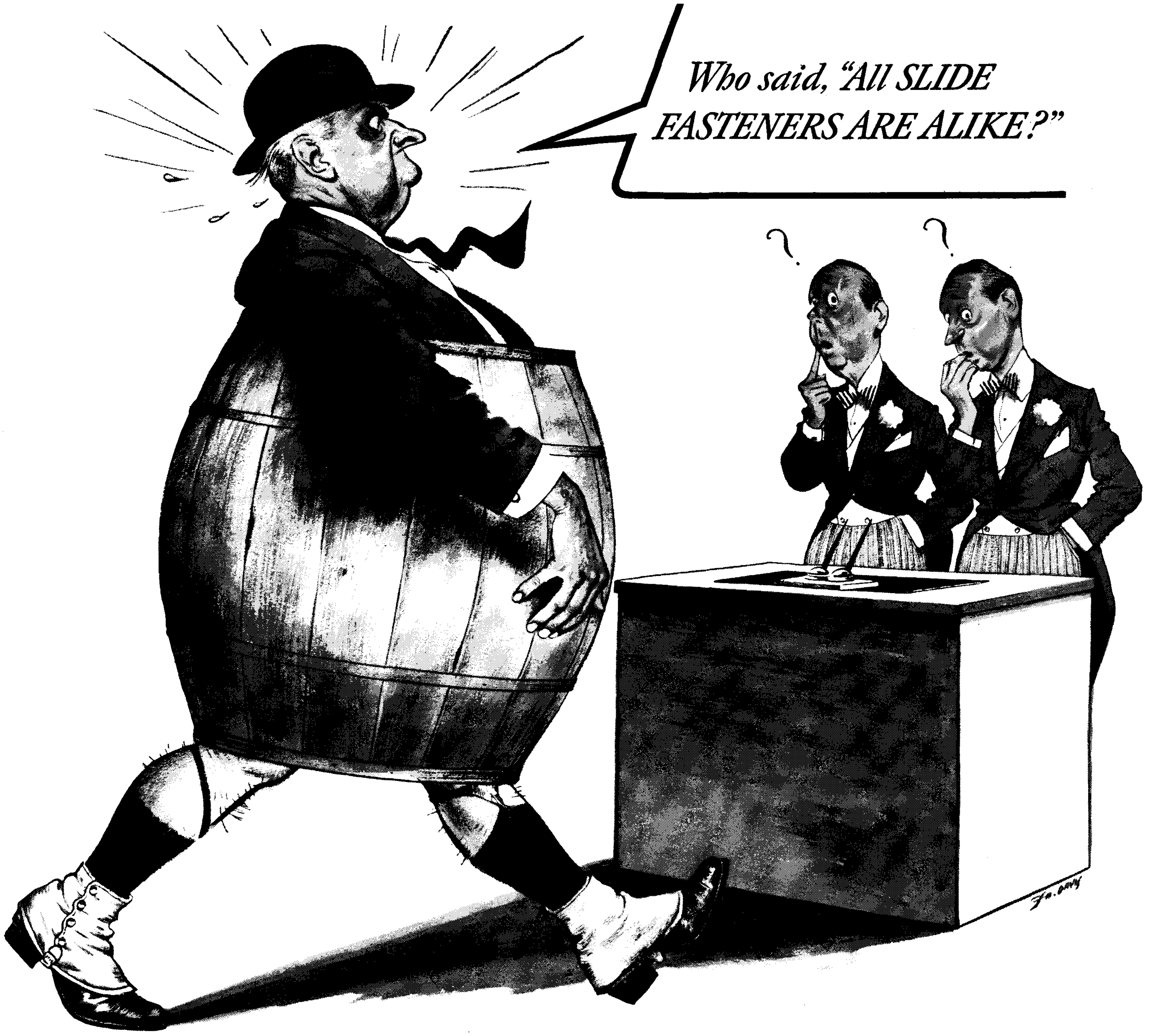
As for that red hair, she washes it herself and gives it a hundred strokes with a stiff brush night and morning. For a rinse, she uses a cup of champagne, showing how things are in the Garson household. She thinks it gives her hair lightness and sparkle.

She likes potatoes and stew and never tires of a breakfast of porridge and haddock. She would walk a mile for a haggis, which is a Scottish dish that frightens even the Scotch.

But her outstanding characteristic is her fear that she won't be able to get everything done she wants to do and her scorn of people who want to be "safe."

"Safe for what!" she demands. "To be bored to death? I don't want to settle down before I've even got started. What's the golfers' motto: Never up, never in? Well, that's mine. If you don't try you certainly aren't going to make it. What if you do fail; that's better than grousing around all your life about what you might have been if you'd only tried it."

Oh, she's an outspoken piece, is this Garson girl, and she isn't afraid of anybody and she has that hair and that smile and those green eyes. A few more like Remember? with Mr. Robert Taylor may make her pipe down a bit but it is hardly likely. All she wants to do is be an actress and it is almost impossible to keep an actress from acting. Just lately she has been acting in Pride and Prejudice and if that doesn't keep her happy nothing will.


Who said, "All SLIDE FASTENERS ARE ALIKE?"

NO DOUBT, the gentleman above is one of the thousands who answered questionnaires sent out by 43 leading stores.

80%* of these men apparently have reason to believe there are slide fasteners that slip open, jam closed or fail in some other way.

For they all sound a warning—that there are now bad slide fasteners on the market.

But also – the vast majority know how to sidestep faulty slide fasteners. *They want the* TALON *slide fastener – and no other.*

In fact, the preference for "TALON" over any other brand is not just 2 to 1 . . . not just 10 to 1 . . . but actually *more than 70 to 1.*

• • •

In other words, if you talked to thousands of men, you'd learn:

First, that most of them have found it necessary to watch out for unreliable slide fasteners.

Second, that – almost to the man – they've discovered the trademark "TALON" to be the sure guide to trouble-free service.

When *you* buy trousers, profit by the experience of the majority. Always make sure the slide fastener is marked "TALON."

**All statistics are based on the number of replies to each question.*

Because it's the dependable slide fastener—men prefer

"TALON" 70 to 1

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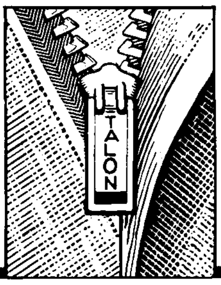

PROTECT yourself . . . always look for "TALON" on the slide fastener.

Yesterday — trousers were closed with five fastenings—had offensive gaps, bulges.

Today — the Talon fastener keeps you well-groomed—gives you ease, security.

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"I hadn't even noticed it was burning—
I'm using MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED LATHER!"

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LATHER
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Crave cool comfort?...then just try icy Mennen Menthol-iced Lather. Man, how it cools your chin! And how it wilts those whiskers! Your beard just breezes off. No yank. No pull. Say "Ha-Ha" to heat and discomfort, by saying to your druggist—"Mennen Menthol-iced for mine!"

Mennen also makes a swell plain *Lather ...and a grand Brushless, too.*

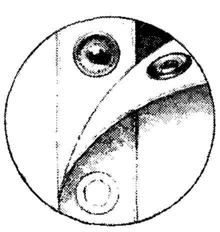
TRY THE 3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE—SHAVE CREAM—SKIN BRACER—TALCUM FOR MEN

Whitney Darrow Jr.

"Someone ought to tell him about Shorts with 'Grippers'!"

This *social blunder* would never have happened if he'd asked for shorts with GRIPPERS fasteners. No buttons to sew on—no torn button holes to mend—GRIPPERS are neater, quicker and completely laundry-proof. Why be a "button victim"? Ask your local dealer for shorts with GRIPPERS today!

*GRIPPERS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
*THE SNAP FASTENERS THAT END "BUTTON BOTHER"



*Scovill Manufacturing Co.
Waterbury, Conn.*

Room 515

Continued from page 15

another, its threads went into every home somehow, and that obligation was greater than a man's ownership, so that actually he was tied fast to this town and his life bound to all these other lives.

There was no escape. In this town he had been born and here he would die, no matter how strong his desire might be to escape. Paused there on the brow of Monitor Grade he remembered back when he had been a boy, a part of the crowd. And then one day he had grown up and, although he was still part of the crowd, he was no longer quite the same. He was Mark Qualters who owned the mill. The democracy of this town was close and strong and real. These people knew him thoroughly and had known him from birth; their judgment of him was sharp and penetrating, permitting him to be nothing more than he had ever been. Somewhere was a kindness and perhaps somewhere an affection—but always there was that sharp appraisal holding him in line. This town was a lifeboat in which all were crowded to the end of the journey; he had his seat and never would he be able to leave it.

SOMETIMES, in his moments of striving for solitariness, he hated them all because he knew them too well and because they knew him too well. Sometimes their mannerisms and ways, their jokes that never changed, the meetings that never varied, the habits that were everlastingly the same, set up in him a silent, sullen rage; and sometimes when he walked down Pennoyer Street, transparent to them as they were to him, he grated his teeth together to keep back the outburst of rebellion. These were his wild moments beating against the knowledge that nothing would ever change.

He had walked six miles when he returned through Pennoyer Street again and still felt the ferment of his restlessness. The ball game had ended and a lot of people stood inside Will Bonnecastle's. He heard somebody speak to him but he only nodded, going on to Grover. He stopped a moment to listen to choir practice in the church and through the window of the Ireson house saw George Ireson sitting low in a chair with a paper up to his face. When he reached the Ireson gate he touched it with his hand and went on by; but in a moment he turned about and went up the Ireson walk. In his mind was a clear warning: "I shouldn't do this."

He rang the bell and walked in. George Ireson lowered the paper and said: "Hello. Sit down." Then he said: "When you going to shave?"

Mark Qualters stood in the middle of the room with his hands in his pockets. Helen Ireson sat under a corner lamp, a pile of George's socks in her lap. She had looked up at his entrance; she had given him one straight, questioning glance and then had dropped her eyes. For a moment he watched her fingers move with the needle. Now and then her ring caught the light and sent its bright flash over the room. The surface of her head dropped toward him. She wasn't relaxed in the chair; she sat straight, her shoulder points square.

"What's the idea of work pants and boots this time of the night?" asked George Ireson.

"Never got around to changing them."

Helen Ireson, still looking down at her sewing, spoke in the coolest of voices: "Don't you know, George, he likes to be the tough type?"

Ireson said: "Being a big guy, you can afford to. A big guy can get away with a lot of things."

He was not a big man himself, and lately he had begun to fatten up. He was a man always eager to be pleasant, always careful to be the right thing at the right time.

"Sit down," he said.

"No, guess not."

"Don't forget, we go fishing. Early Saturday morning."

"Sure," said Mark Qualters. "Not too early though. I'm going to Portland tomorrow. Stay overnight. I'll drive back early and pick you up about seven Saturday."

"Give us time to reach the bend of Laurel Creek by eight," said George Ireson. Then he had an afterthought: "Helen's going to Portland tomorrow, too. There's an idea. Why don't you go in with him, Helen? It would save you the chore of driving."

Mark Qualters moved along the side of the room. He turned his back to Helen Ireson; he stopped, listening for her answer. Her voice, always so self-possessed, had its irony: "With Mark? Don't you know he drives like a wild man?"

"Maybe a little fast," admitted George Ireson. "Never had an accident though, did you, Mark?"

"The Qualters luck," murmured Helen Ireson. "No, I'll go by myself."

"Saturday early, then," said Mark, and left the house.

Ireson murmured: "Sometimes, Helen, I think you're a little rough with him."

She never raised her eyes to him. "I've always talked that way to him, George. Ever since we were seven years old. Isn't it all right?"

"We ought to be nice to people. Never hurts in my business."

He pulled up the paper before him and held it there. But his eyes were stationary on the page and in a moment he moved the paper slightly to give his wife one long, surreptitious glance.

MARK QUALTERS worked on at his office until late middle afternoon. He said to Esther Jericka: "I'm leaving and won't be back until Monday. Maybe Burns-Shevlin will call up today. Tell them I'll be at Eugene for the meeting Tuesday."

He was ready to leave and yet he stood by the desk, looking down with a rare indecision. All morning it had been this way—the knowledge that he faced a break. There was a willingness in him to have it and a strange, black disappointment. Esther Jericka stood by the door and when he looked at her he thought he saw that watchful expression he had earlier noticed in Gerry Loring's eyes. Maybe it was on his mind but it seemed the town looked on and waited and watched.

He said: "That's all, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said, and stood aside to let him pass.

He went out to his car and sat a moment, big-shaped over the wheel, the fire of impatience rising and the odd dread coming with it. In a moment he switched on the motor and cut through the back of town to the highway, driving fast.

He reached Portland at six o'clock, put the car in a garage and had a solitary dinner. Afterward he tramped the street, ashamed of the thing uppermost in his mind, yet nursing it with a greater and greater anticipation. He stopped at a street corner, watching people's faces—the set absorption of them, the distant-seeing, the lines that meant worry or fear or inner vacancy. He stood there making a game of this search; the end of the game was when he saw a smiling face or a pair of eyes alert and possessing joy. Street lights sprang on and he stepped into a drugstore booth and called a hotel number.

"Mrs. George Ireson," he said.

Her voice, when it came across the wire, was quick and muffled. He said, "This is Mark," and he heard her say, "Room 515."

He walked to the hotel and took the elevator, stepping off at the fourth floor because of some sense of protection to her; and climbed the stairs to the fifth floor. He went down a corridor and knocked on 515, a pulse beating hard against his neck. When she opened the door her eyes struck him one straight, black blow and then she turned back and crossed the room and paused by a window. He closed the door.

"Had your dinner?" He tried to be natural, but he was not.

"Yes, Mark."

He said: "I brought along a bottle of whisky."

She kept her back to him. "Don't," she said. "Don't drink."

"All right. I didn't get off at the fifth floor. I walked up a flight."

She said: "Do you have a feeling everybody in the place knows about this?"

HE CROSSED the room and touched her shoulder, wheeling her slowly around. He was a big man whose arms entirely enclosed her. When he kissed her and felt her response he had everything he had dreamed of wanting. The long anticipation of it boiled through him and unsettled him and left him unsatisfied. He had never kissed her or touched her during the five years of her marriage to Ireson. It had been a long wait.

But there was never such a thing as complete fulfillment and something now was here to take away the fine edge of consummation. She pulled slightly back, and a fire lighted in her eyes at his touch. She looked up at him long and earnestly and he had the feeling that she weighed him for what he was and what he might mean to her, as if this clandestine meeting and the tacit agreement it involved came up now for fresh judgment. Her arms pressed slightly on his chest; she freed herself. "Mark," she said, "how did we ever come to this?"

His wants were no less urgent now than before, but there was a part of his mind coldly self-condemning; there was still one untouched cell where the knowledge of right and wrong lay. So he said: "We have lived in the same town too long—just tantalizing each other. Something had to happen."

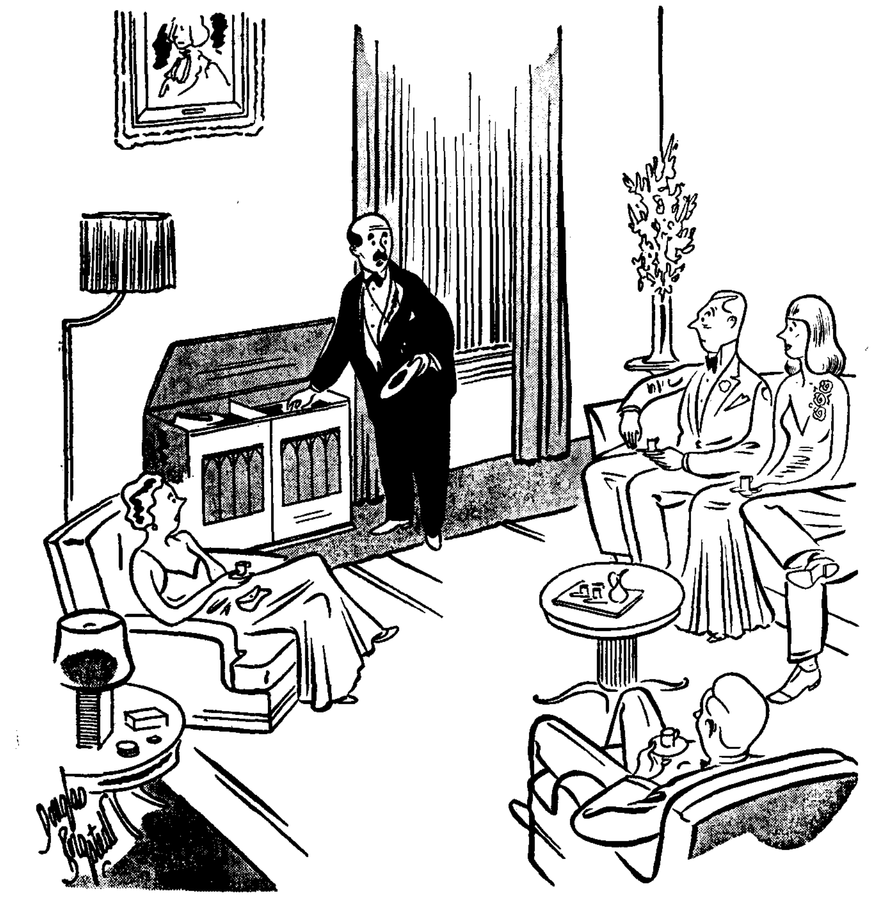
"Something has," she murmured. She looked out of the window, her mind obviously retreating from this room. He put his arm around her.

She said: "Mark, do you remember back?"

"Yes," he said. "A hell of a long way back." For he had been thinking of her as a girl in grade school, her hair done in two long braids. At that time it had been almost the color of dark honey. She had been shy and once he had tried to kiss her and she had fought him with a silent intensity, running home from the schoolyard. In high school they had gone steadily together, by turns wild and dramatic, by turns as closely in agreement as two youngsters ever could get, both longing for age to come to them. They knew, in the last year of high school, they would be married.

She turned to him. She had been following the same line of thought, for she said now, with a soft and terrible bitterness: "It might have been different, Mark. Why wasn't it?"

Then he had gone away to the university and she had stayed in this town and somehow the separation had made a difference. Now that he searched himself to discover that difference it was not to be located or named; but the old wild sweetness, the old understanding of their youngest years went away. Or maybe it hadn't gone away; maybe the screen that slowly grew up around all people had done the trick. He had returned to the mill, and he had gone east



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DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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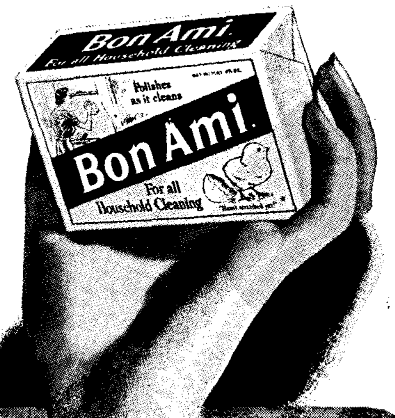

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END THIS: Windshields cleaned with Bon Ami Cake don't attract road dust. Why? Because Bon Ami Cake leaves no oily film to cloud the glass and make it sticky. Instead, it *polishes as it cleans*—tends to make your windshield "shed" dirt and stay clean longer.

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KEEP ON THE SAFE SIDE— CLEAN WINDSHIELDS WITH BON AMI CAKE

"hasn't scratched yet!"

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Will their social acquaintances find her interesting, or mentally commonplace? Will men in business be impressed with his capacity to think straight and talk well?

• • •

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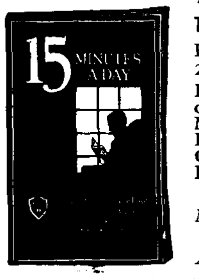

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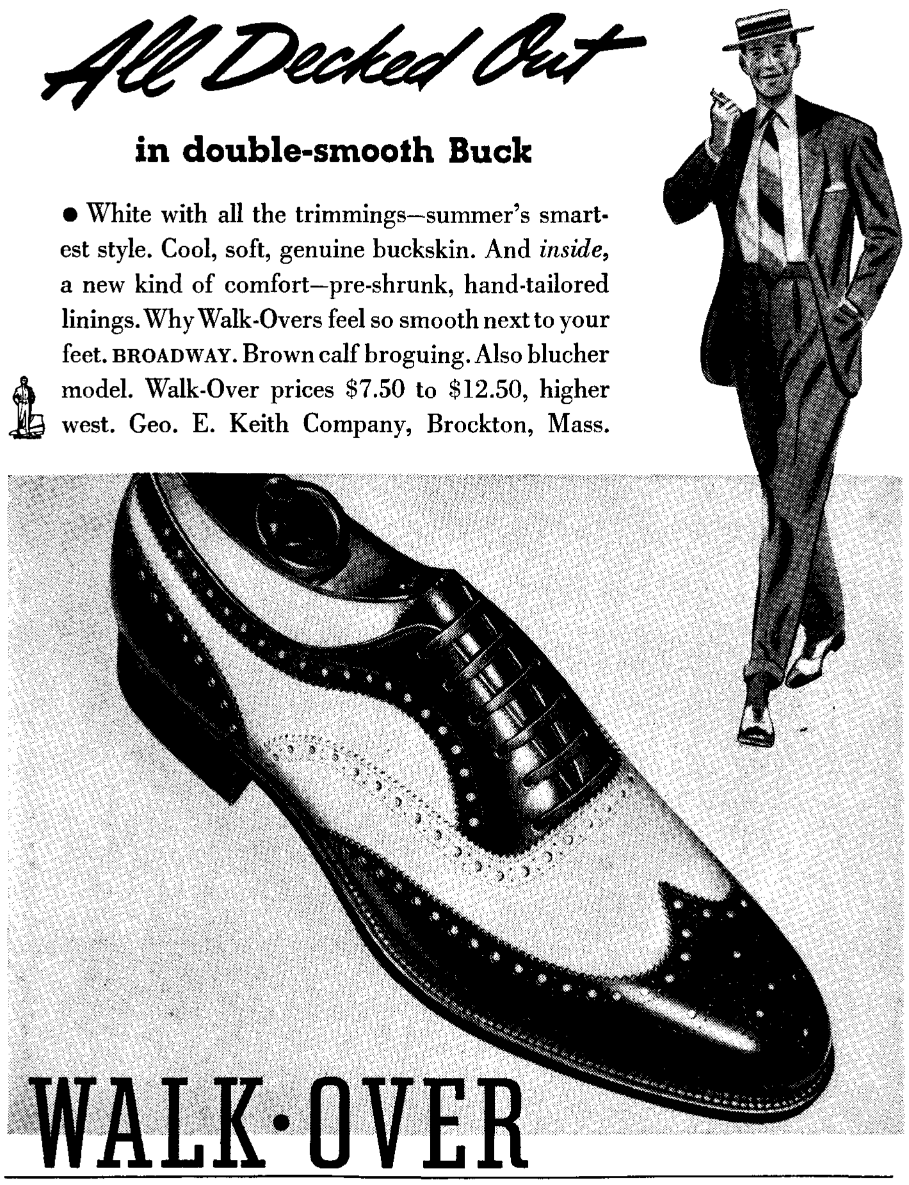
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● White with all the trimmings—summer's smartest style. Cool, soft, genuine buckskin. And *inside,* a new kind of comfort—pre-shrunk, hand-tailored linings. Why Walk-Overs feel so smooth next to your feet. BROADWAY. Brown calf broguing. Also blucher model. Walk-Over prices $7.50 to $12.50, higher west. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

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A careless chap is "Sloppy" Sneace,
His trousers never have a crease;
A fault, the well-dressed *fellow feels,*
Almost as bad as RUN-DOWN HEELS!

Look at YOUR heels!

DON'T let run-down, lopsided heels spoil your appearance and break down your shoes. Have a pair of Goodyear's new G-50 heels attached — today — for only 50¢ — at any good shoe repair shop. They're the handsomest, neatest rubber heels you can buy. Look like part-of-the-shoe; "invisible" nail holes; made of live, springy rubber so *tough* they wear down evenly; cushion every step in comfort.

• • •

When you buy rubber heels, always say, "GOODYEAR"

made by
GOODYEAR
the greatest name in rubber

G-50
AMERICA'S HANDSOMEST RUBBER HEEL

for a year. When he came back from that trip she had married George Ireson.

She watched him; she said again: "Why didn't we keep on, Mark?"

He said: "I don't know. When you married George I went to Portland and got drunk. Nothing ever hurt like that. Nothing ever has, since."

She said: "You went to school and I didn't. When you came back you were Mark Qualters."

He broke in: "It never was that."

She said: "I wonder if you hated me as much as I hated you—after I got married. For a year, perhaps. Even now, when I think about it, I still hate you. Oh, Mark—Mark!"

"Well," he said, "we'll be there in that town until we die. I'll be seeing you every day I live—and I'll think the same old things. That I loved you, and still do, and can't have you."

She dropped her head and her voice changed and lost its life: "How did we ever come to this?"

"What else could we do?"

She shook her head and moved away from him. He wanted her badly, but he held himself still. "Changed your mind about this?"

"You have," she said.

"No. Here I am."

She shook her head and something went out of the room and made it just a room. She watched him with different eyes, and judged him and herself.

"The moment you opened that door I noticed your face. You were ashamed. Do you know why? Because everything you thought about me and everything I thought about you was so nice. Up until tonight. We were pretty clean people. Even after I got married it didn't really change. We carried something in our minds that was very sweet—the things we once were."

"That won't change."

"It has."

"We've done nothing. There's the door. I'll walk out of it now and nothing's changed."

"It's already happened. We made this date and we came here. The thing's done. Nothing ever will be the same. Once it was a boy and girl and all that they dreamed—all that. Now it is just a cheap and dirty man-and-woman affair." She came over to him, looking up. She was near tears and she murmured: "I wish we could go back—I wish this had never been!"

HE PULLED her toward him. He heard her crying. Presently she stepped back from him, pressing her fingers against her eyes. Now she was self-contained again; now she had put something out of her head forever. It was in the way she spoke to him: "It is just as well. We couldn't have gone on like this forever—just dreaming about each other and everything growing worse. We destroyed something and it will be easier for us to live in that town side by side. I'm just a married woman with whom you once almost had an affair—no better than I should be. You can put away all those illusions that made you so miserable, Mark."

He had his moment of rebellion—"If I could only break that damned town apart. If I could—!"

"But you won't. Tomorrow you'll go up Laurel Creek fishing with George."

"Yes," he said, "I suppose I will."

He stood irresolute in the room, watching her face lift and show him the smallest, saddest kind of smile. Nothing would ever be the same again, for this was one of those rare moments when some acid-real certainty seized and shook up and destroyed the vague, pointless illusions a man carried around. Maybe there were three or four such moments in each life, which was all anyone had to show for living. It was hard to know why, yet he was proud of her and proud of himself, as though they had done one thing well. He bent down and kissed her and took up his hat. Her voice stopped him at the doorway:

"Mark, once in a while remember the night we walked along the creek—the night before you left for the university. Remember us as we were then."

HE PUSHED his finger on the horn button in front of George Ireson's house at seven the next morning and in a little while they were driving out past the cemetery into Emigrant Road with the sweet, dry smell of summer all around and the sun coming through the timber in gold-yellow splinters. They were at Laurel Creek by nine o'clock, each man taking a separate fork and going on alone. The water was low and the trout were sluggish. At noon they met for a cold lunch and parted again. Around five, Mark Qualters came out at Shannon's old barn and found Ireson waiting on a log.

"No luck," said George. "You got a drink?"

"Sure," said Mark, and brought a bottle out of his creel. He was surprised at the size of George's drink. "Where'd you get that capacity, George?"

"Like a lot of things," said Ireson. "You just pack something around until it's too big a load."

"Sure," said Mark Qualters. "What the hell. Don't let anything ride you, George. Get rid of it. Life's too short."

"You can say that," retorted Ireson. "You don't have to be polite if you don't want. You can tell the town to go to hell. I'm the boy that's got to grin."

"Long speech for you," reflected Mark. He gave this gray, small, pointless man a closer scrutiny. The drink had given Ireson a stout wallop. He sat on the log and seemed to build up a fire; and he took a second drink.

"Look," said Mark Qualters, "why do you have to grin when you don't want to?"

"Make my living in that town, don't I? Been there all my life. Be there until I die. If I want to make a living I can't hurt anybody's feelings. Maybe I wake up with a grouch but I can't pack it to work. When I open my showroom door, I'm the man that laughs at the old jokes and I'm the fellow that takes the dirt. You don't know about that. You're Mark Qualters." He turned on the log and he gave Qualters a queer, gray look. "I even have to get drunk to say this." Then he drew a tremendous breath, and said: "When are you going to break it up with Helen, Mark?"

Qualters dug his feet into the loose dirt beside the log. He pushed them straight and swung his head on George Ireson and saw an expression that embarrassed him—a kind of nakedness of spirit, a hopelessness, a knowledge too full for anger. Qualters looked down at the ground and felt the little man's eyes hold him. Ireson went on: "Didn't think I knew that, did you? I do, though. It's what you went to town for, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mark Qualters. "It was. But nothing happened. Nothing happened before last night. Nothing happened last night. Nothing ever will happen. It's all over, George."

"You're not lying? Don't lie."

"No," said Mark, "it is all over."

Ireson spoke in a flat, tired voice: "Thanks, Mark. I guess we better be getting back."

"Sure," said Mark Qualters.

They beat a trail through the tall, gray fern and reached the car on the road. The sun had gone down; near town Qualters switched on the lights. When they came over Monitor Hill, Ireson said: "Funny about things like these. You can't just raise hell and cut and run. We're tied right here. Things just go on. There's a hell of a lot in a small town nobody ever dreams of."

"Sure," said Qualters. He drew up before Ireson's gate and stopped. He saw Helen at the doorway of the house, framed against light. He kept his eyes on her a long moment and then dropped a hand on George Ireson's shoulder, feeling an affection for this man he had not before known. It was a kind of closeness, as though they had gone through something together; as though George had done his part well, with dignity and with a great deal of courage.

"Water was too low for fishing," said Ireson as he got out. "Next rain we ought to try again."

"Next rain," agreed Qualters. He drove on to his own driveway and left the car. Looking back he saw Gerry Loring at her porch and impulse moved him to her gate; he went in and sat down on the steps, lighting himself a cigarette.

"Luck?"

"No, water was too low."

She came down the steps and stood before him. Lights glowed along the line of houses and the smell of carnations was very strong in the night.

"Mark," she said, "please don't. Maybe for some men—but not for you. It's not the answer for you."

"What?" he said.

"You know what I'm talking about."

He drew a long breath of smoke into his lungs. He sat still, suddenly afraid. Not for himself but for the reputation of Helen Ireson. It made him say in a tired and discouraged voice: "How many people know?"

She delayed her answer a long while. Then she murmured: "Only those who —only those who know you best, Mark. I know. George knows. Perhaps Esther Jericka knows."

He let out his long-breathed relief. He said: "I told George it was over."

"Is it?" she asked in a low, deepening tone. "Is it really?"

"Yes."

She came toward him. She bent and touched his shoulders and her face was round and white near him. "You're hurt, Mark. I'm sorry."

"No," he said. "People grow up."

She was quite near him. He rose and took her hand. It lay within his palm without motion or pressure but he closed his big fingers down and, when he did, it was like sending a message into her and receiving an answer. The pressure came back to him from her fingers. Her glance remained steadily on him.

In her eyes, now that he thought of it, the attitude of the town was reflected —that silent waiting for him to come to his answer. When he realized it his bitterness died and he was proud of himself and of Helen Ireson for having done a simple thing simply—as the town had expected them to do it. It was like George Ireson had said: There were more things in this town than anybody knew. Deep in its silences and its sameness and monotony was a stouter fiber than he had guessed, an ampler knowledge of living and more tolerance. It was good to know; it took away his stinging resentment.

HER laugh was soft and sweet; it was pleasantly expectant. "You've not eaten. Eat here."

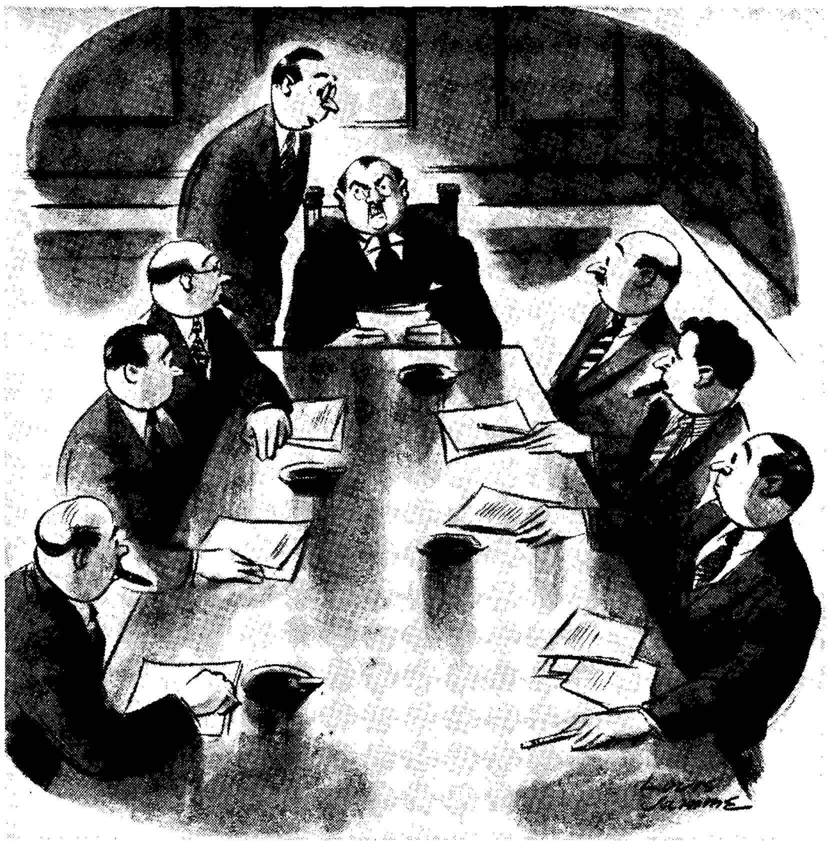
He said: "Mrs. Denn's waiting dinner for me." But the pressure remained between them and then he said: "My house is an empty place, Gerry. Eat with me."

"Do you know what the town will say, Mark?"

"Yes, I know. Do you mind?"

"No, Mark. I don't mind. It is a kind town, Mark. Kind and cruel, and little and big. It is people living together. It is you—and me."

He had taken her arm and turned her; they went together along the walk. For a moment, at the gate, they faced the Ireson house and he looked through the window and saw George and Helen seated by their table. He gave that scene one long glance and then turned his eyes to Gerry. She had been watching him, not now smiling; her eyes had a way of looking deep into him and knowing him; and no doubt she knew the fullness and the emptiness that lived side by side in him. There was never really any such thing as a final break or a complete answer; they both knew that. But this was good, this walking to his house with Gerry.



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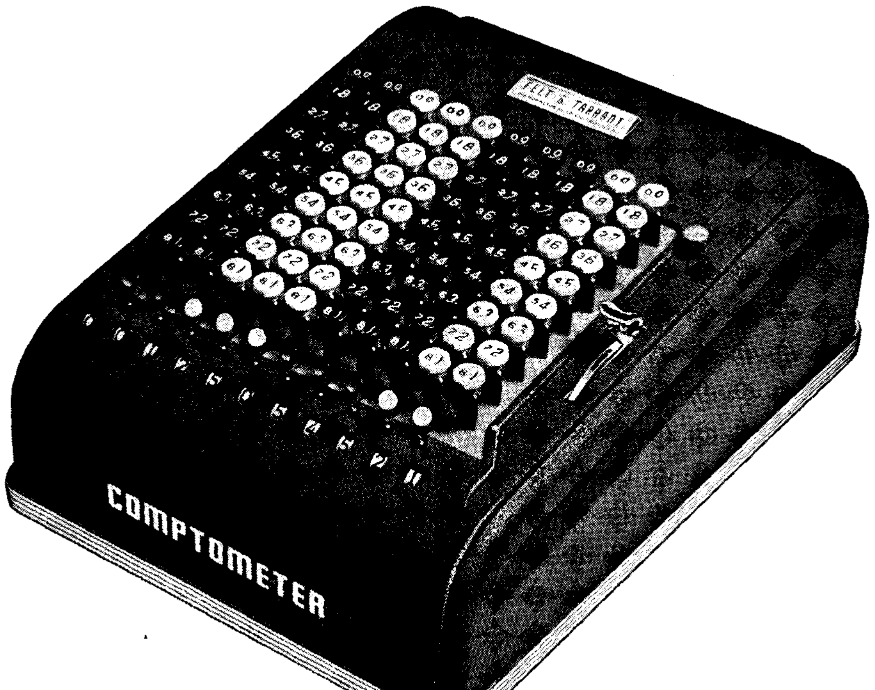

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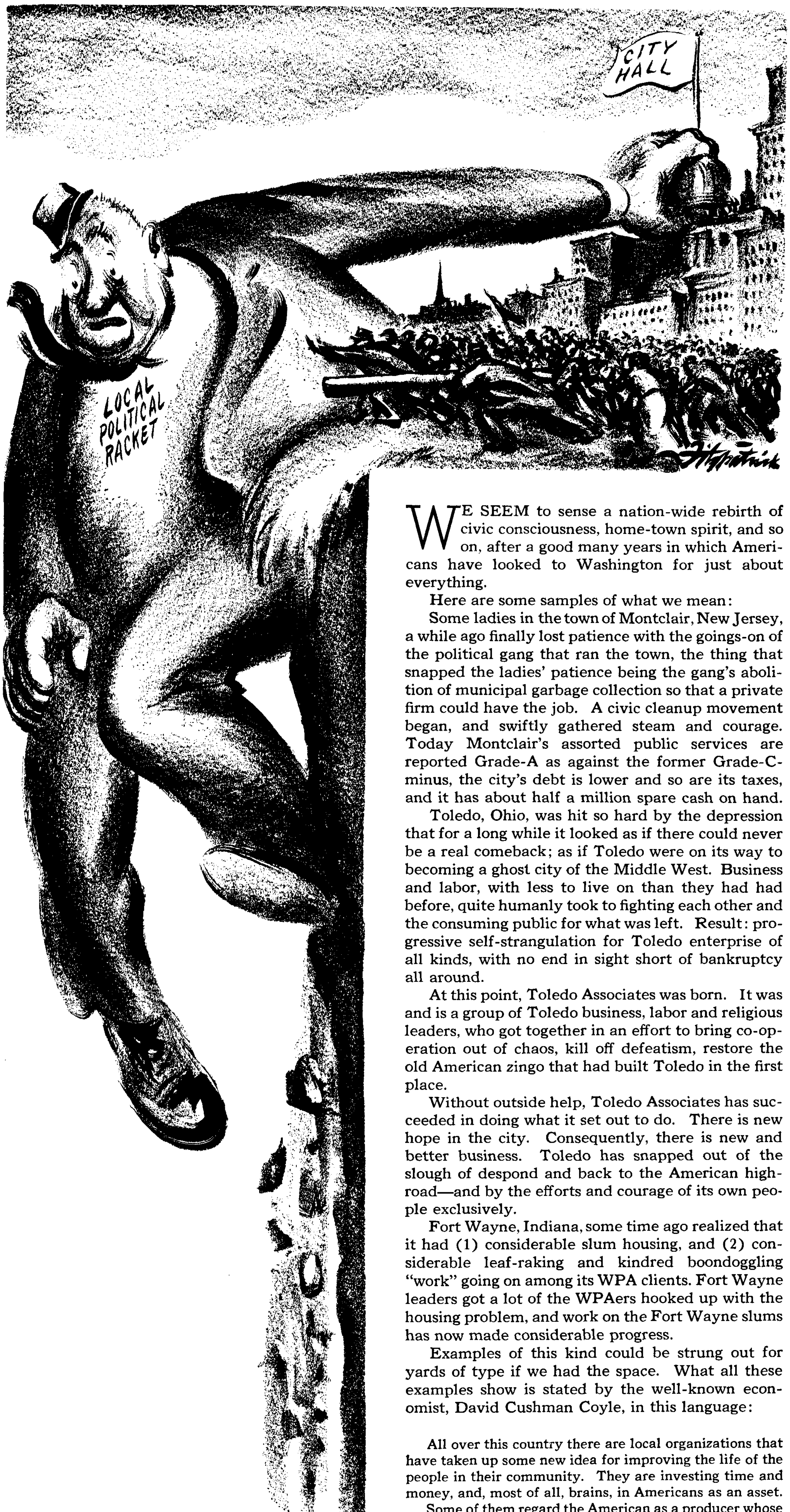


When Citizens Act

WE SEEM to sense a nation-wide rebirth of civic consciousness, home-town spirit, and so on, after a good many years in which Americans have looked to Washington for just about everything.

Here are some samples of what we mean:

Some ladies in the town of Montclair, New Jersey, a while ago finally lost patience with the goings-on of the political gang that ran the town, the thing that snapped the ladies' patience being the gang's abolition of municipal garbage collection so that a private firm could have the job. A civic cleanup movement began, and swiftly gathered steam and courage. Today Montclair's assorted public services are reported Grade-A as against the former Grade-C-minus, the city's debt is lower and so are its taxes, and it has about half a million spare cash on hand.

Toledo, Ohio, was hit so hard by the depression that for a long while it looked as if there could never be a real comeback; as if Toledo were on its way to becoming a ghost city of the Middle West. Business and labor, with less to live on than they had had before, quite humanly took to fighting each other and the consuming public for what was left. Result: progressive self-strangulation for Toledo enterprise of all kinds, with no end in sight short of bankruptcy all around.

At this point, Toledo Associates was born. It was and is a group of Toledo business, labor and religious leaders, who got together in an effort to bring co-operation out of chaos, kill off defeatism, restore the old American zingo that had built Toledo in the first place.

Without outside help, Toledo Associates has succeeded in doing what it set out to do. There is new hope in the city. Consequently, there is new and better business. Toledo has snapped out of the slough of despond and back to the American highroad—and by the efforts and courage of its own people exclusively.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, some time ago realized that it had (1) considerable slum housing, and (2) considerable leaf-raking and kindred boondoggling "work" going on among its WPA clients. Fort Wayne leaders got a lot of the WPAers hooked up with the housing problem, and work on the Fort Wayne slums has now made considerable progress.

Examples of this kind could be strung out for yards of type if we had the space. What all these examples show is stated by the well-known economist, David Cushman Coyle, in this language:

> All over this country there are local organizations that have taken up some new idea for improving the life of the people in their community. They are investing time and money, and, most of all, brains, in Americans as an asset.
>
> Some of them regard the American as a producer whose health or skill can be improved with profit. Others look at his conflicts over labor relations, or race, or social position, and see how the community can profit a little by relaxing the strain. Others are interested in the 175,000 little governments, with their relation to waste, graft and crime, offering large and sure profits to any community that can clean up even a part of the mess.

All of which indicates to us that Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Citizen, all over the United States, are snapping out of a lot of things that have hampered American progress in even the best of times.

There appears to be less and less expectation that the government at Washington will rout out the local grafters and abolish all the local poverty and maladjustment. Correspondingly, more and more people seem to be grasping the fact that there are problems that no central government, with the best will in the world, can even tackle, let alone solve.

There doesn't seem to be any letup in community willingness to take all the cash that Uncle Sam feels like shoveling into any community. But there does seem to be a growing determination in many communities that substantial and conscientious members of the community shall have more say in the management of the money.

We seem to be losing, too, a lot of the crusading zeal of the muckraking days of 25 and 30 years ago, and becoming much more businesslike in our civic reform movements. Which seems to us to be all for the best. Moral fervor is a fine thing; but in the matter of civic improvement it has too often merely blown off a lot of superheated steam in the market place, while the same old gang kept on quietly robbing the town blind from City Hall. Put reform on a dollars-and-cents basis, and you're more likely to get somewhere.

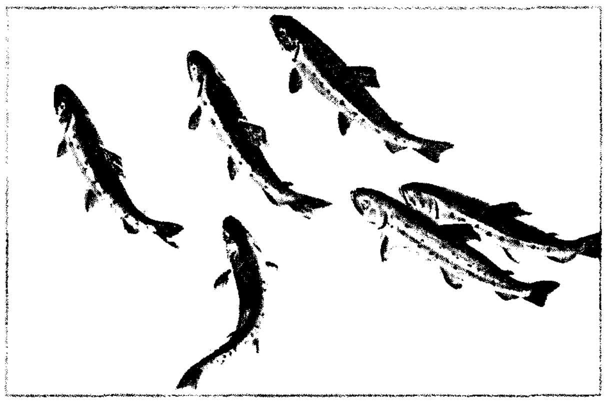
By the same token, today's civic reformers are usually doctors, engineers, businessmen, clubwomen and other persons who can add and subtract and keep their emotions under control. They go at these cleanup jobs with the express purpose of saving some tax money and improving some public services.

If the community's optimism and rectitude take an upward leap, as usually happens, so much the better. But the modern emphasis is generally on the fact that efficient and local government pays cash and other dividends, while sloppy and graft-riddled government is a taxpayers' Old Man of the Sea.

It seems conceivable to us that this awakening nation-wide interest in and keenness for better local government may turn into a tremendous force for the generation of a new and widely distributed prosperity in this country. It may turn out to be comparable to the "ladder" industries that took us out of previous slumps—automobiles, radio and so on.

Certainly we hope so. The very least that this new wave of American concern for local community health can do is to lift our general average of citizenship and blow some optimism and hope for the future into a lot of us.

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE TROUT



LEFT: In a clear pool with white sand bottom the brook trout with its brilliant speckles would be sighted quickly by prowling mink or passing fish hawk.

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